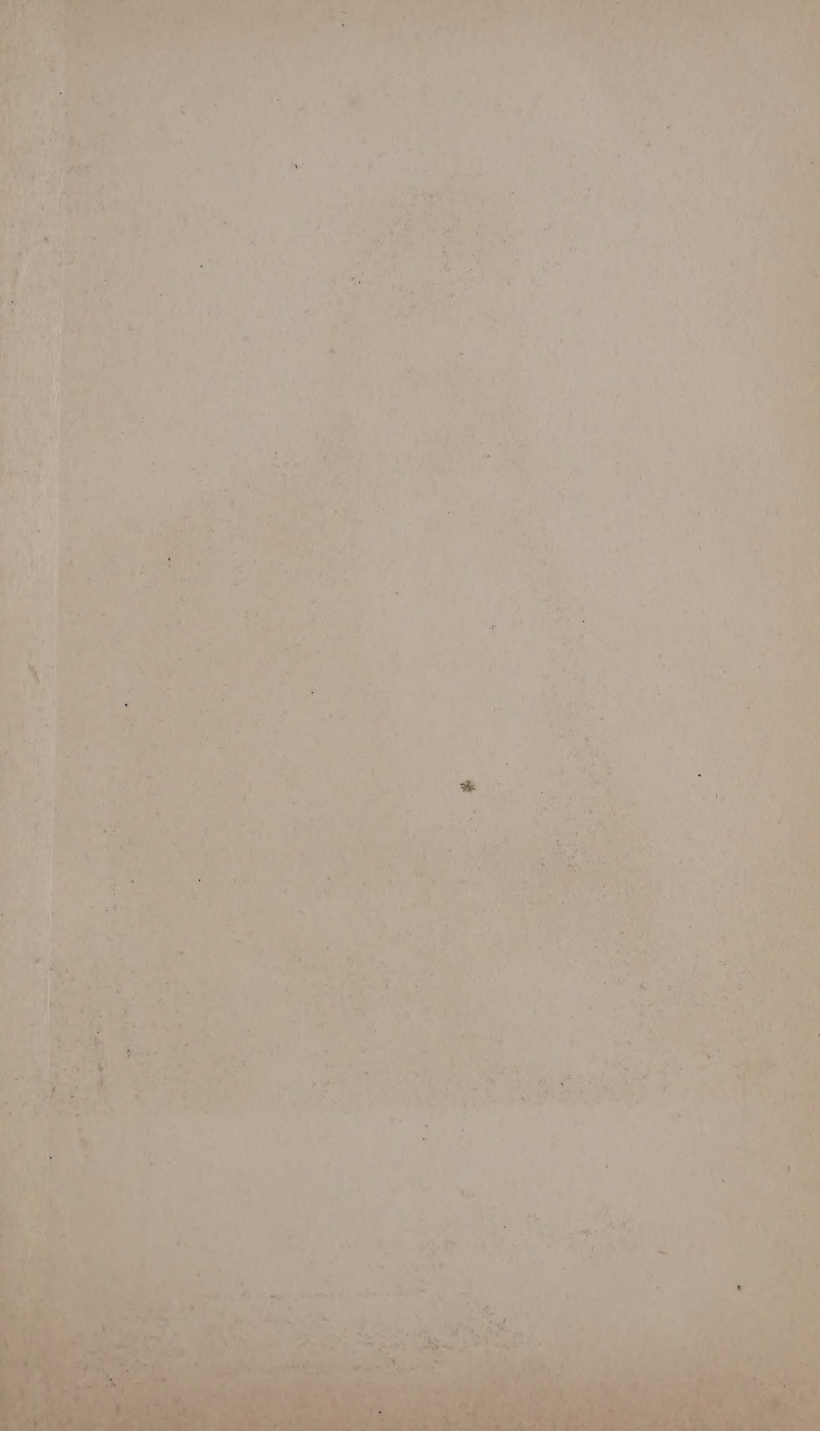


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SYRIA, AND THE SYRIANS.





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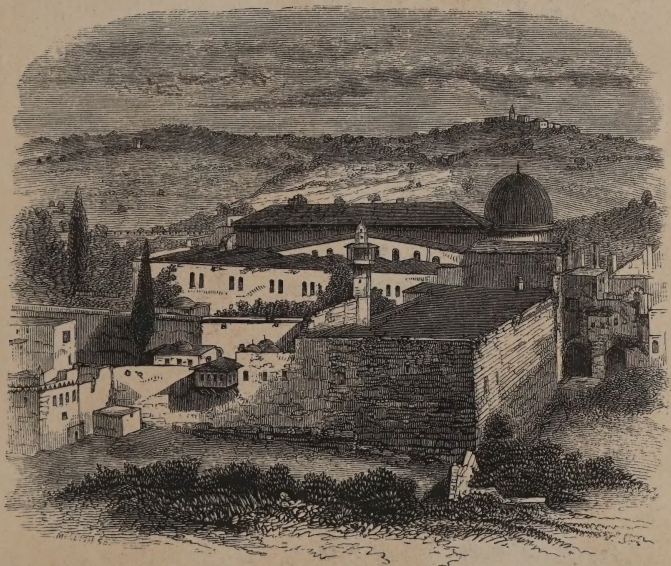
SYRIA, AND THE SYRIANS;

OR,

Turkey in the Dependencies,

BY GREGORY M. WORTABET,

OF BAYROOT, SYRIA.



El Aksa, and the Mount of Olives

VOL. I.

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TO

RICHARD REYNOLDS RATHBONE, ESQ.,

OF LIVERPOOL,

THESE VOLUMES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY

HIS ATTACHED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

It is the custom now-a-days, to make an apology for intruding a new work on the PUBLIC, especially when the subject thereof has been so often written upon. The history of Syria (including Palestine), has been the theme of many an author; and there is, perhaps, no country in the world upon which more books have been written.

This is excusable: the subject is one of ever fresh import; the scenes where the Christian faith had its origin and completion can never become dry to a Bible reader; the land which is replete with testimonies, in fulfilled prophecy, to the truthfulness of the word of God, as uttered by His prophets long ago, can never cease to be a subject of regard. To write on a land where Jesus trod, walked, and on whose waters He sailed—which was invested with undying interest by having witnessed His presence, and been hallowed by His prayers—where He went about “doing good,” and at last died for fallen man, is most natural, and one the most likely to be read by a Christian public.

I cannot help remembering in this connection, the feeling which swelled my heart when my teacher, the late Rev. Story Hebard, returned from a tour in Palestine, and told us of the interesting spots he had visited—how he was in Bethlehem where Jesus was born—in Nazareth, where He worked with Joseph—in Nain, where He restored the widow’s son to life—in Bethany,

where He raised Lazarus from the dead—on the banks of the Jordan, where He was baptized—on the shores of Genesareth, where He oft sailed—in Cana of Galilee, where He turned the water into wine—in the Garden of Gethsemane, that scene of agony and of woe—in Jerusalem, where He was condemned, scourged, mocked, and finally suffered for guilty man.

So great was the effect made by his narrative on my youthful mind, that I had scarcely been a month out of school, when I made the tour of those scenes, and the impressions then and there made on me are such as will never depart. Still as fresh as yesterday is the recollection of my first view of Jerusalem. I have since then read innumerable works on the subject, and I trust shall yet read as many more—so great is the interest attached to that land, and the power it holds over the mind of the Bible reader.

These are sufficient grounds for an author to appear before the public without an apology, but independently of these, I do so on other grounds, which I trust will warrant me in bringing forth this work. I have always had a prejudice against an apology for writing a book—the thing looks so hackneyed. It seems to me like a person who helps himself to your money, and *then* asks your leave to borrow it; or a man who calls upon you, and then apologises for doing so. Why need he apologise? It will not alter the sentiment of the public in regard to his work. If the book is worth reading, it will speak for itself and gain a reputation; if not, *he may be assured* it will be condemned without mercy to contempt and oblivion. Under these circumstances, having been bold enough to write the book and *publish it*, I will not apologise for letting it see the light of day.

My object in writing this work, is not simply to enable the reader to beguile a leisure hour, but also to arouse a deeper interest in Syria, physically, morally, and politically, and to awaken the slumbering sympathies of the British public, for a people whom it is their duty as Christians to endeavour to elevate, and their interest as a nation, who have a large empire in India to contend for, to protect and support, if they want to save Turkey, see her integrity maintained, and the aggressions of Russia at an end.

The author, who is a native of Syria, having re-visited his country after a tour of several years in Europe, Africa, Asia, and America, and having felt the want of a work like this for the *British public*—a nation the most interested in the affairs of the East—to point out to them the evils of the Turkish government in the provinces subjected to her rule, and to draw public attention more especially to the measures necessary to be adopted to effect a permanent remedy for those evils out of which, in truth, the present war has originated.

In order to invest the work with greater interest, the writer has thought it most advisable to throw into the shape of a narrative of a journey through Syria and Palestine, his notions concerning the wants of the Turkish dependencies. Not only has he gathered materials from every source within his reach, but from his acquaintance with those countries, the author hopes that he has been able to supply information not likely to be met with in ordinary books of travel.

Hence the work will appear as a guide to the Holy Land, intended to interest the reader by its narrative of a journey through that country; amuse and instruct him by a description of our customs, habits, and manners, so different from those of European people, and

yet so much resembling those of olden times; inspire him with reverence for the Sacred Volume by showing the literal fulfilment of the predictions uttered by the Prophets; show the contest between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism; and, finally, point out the causes of complaint against the Turkish Government; so that now, the destiny of Turkey being in the hands of the Allies, means should be taken to remedy those evils which have engaged Europe in a frightful contest, and which, unless removed, are likely again to occasion another war, perhaps more sanguinary than the present; and to indicate means which once used, will, in all probability promote the regeneration of Turkey, and re-establish her morally, physically, and politically.

In conclusion, I beg to draw largely on the indulgence of the reader for any inaccuracies—grammatical or idiomatical—which his eye may detect in these volumes, as in writing them and carrying them through the press, I called in no extra aid; the short time they were printing (less than three weeks) admitted of no alteration in the manuscript, so the sheets remain very much as they were when penned on the spot after the fatigues of the day's journey. I trust, therefore, that all the readers who may honour them with a perusal will make every allowance for my education and national style of expression. For more than that I ask not, preferring that they should abide the estimation of their merits by an impartial public.

LONDON,

14, BRUNSWICK SQUARE,

10th *March*, 1856.

SYRIA AND THE SYRIANS.

CHAPTER I.

The 21st Day of December, 1854—A Day on the Heights of Caramania—Scenery—The Storm—Our Steamer—The Cove—Our Party—The Garçon—The Plan of this Work laid out—A Tour in Syria—Its Advantages, Comfort, Expense, etc.—Quarantine—The Waves of the Mediterranean—A Scene on Deck.—The old Bashi-B'zook and his two Negresses—Arrival at Mersina—Its Importance and Rise—Going Ashore—A fearful Landing—The French Consul's House—Our Reception—Nargeelés—An Incident—Tarsoos—The Legend of its Origin—History and Association—The Rain-shelter—Backsheesh—Return on Board—Our Luggage—The Last Resort—Our Captain—En Route—Gulph of Alexandretta—Meeting the Mentor—Water Spouts—Alexandretta—Aleppo, Massacre of Christians in 1850—Battle of Issus—Alexander and Darius—The Orontes—Swaidia—Antioch—Lattakia—A Revolt—The Accused—Tripoli—The Captain and the Passengers—Cape Madonna—Coast of Phœnicia—Arrival at Bayroot.

READER! had you stood on the heights of Caramania on the morning of Thursday, the twenty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and fifty-four—on the mountain top of that part of it, which under the name of Cape Cavaliero, projects into the sea—you would have experienced, what the world terms a *rough and stormy day*. The sky was black and threatening, and the clouds, like some direful omen,

encompassed the earth; sharp gusts of wind bent with hurricane force the boughs of mighty oak trees, and laid low the shrubbery around; startling flashes of lightning, which now and then rent the sky in streaks of fire, broke through the awful gloom, and which, for a moment, lit the horizon far and near, revealing a picture of awful sublimity; peals of thunder, mighty and deafening, broke in ruthless succession over the main, convulsing, as it were, the whole arcana of nature, and causing the mountains and the seas to echo in long fearful sepulchral moans the roar of Heaven's artillery; the waves of the sea, as they rose mountains high or dashed on the base of the headland whereon you stood, added to the confusion and sublimity of the scene, and kept up a fearful requiem between each blast of thunder. Save the sea-gull, which danced on the crested waves of the rolling deep, nothing animate was to be seen.

Like a feather tossed on the waters with the wind in her teeth, and the huge waves dashing on her in merciless fury, you might have seen, at the hour of noon, a small steamer, about five miles off, making for the land. For forty-eight hours had she been disputing her way with the elements, which, it would seem, had combined their power to thwart her purpose. At one moment you would behold the sea making a breach over her, deluging her from stem to stern; at another you would see her on her side, as if she would turn keel upwards; now you would see her ascending a wave as high as her funnel, and again sinking into the trough; she has hardly recovered from her plunge when a head-wind strikes her most unmercifully on the bows, and sends her reeling backwards. Staggered and stunned, she makes another effort to oppose the league made against her by

sea and wind; she struggles as if with a mighty enemy—rising, falling, trembling, quivering, leaping—now she is on the top of a mountain wave—now she descends headlong into the yawning abyss—now rising again, now rolling furiously; her timbers creaking; her whole form trembling and straining, she keeps up the strife. Loud shrieks the blast—high mounts the sea—furiously dash the waves, but she perseveres in the combat. It is now late in the afternoon and she is nearer to the headland; the wind and the waves have become less turbulent, and she makes a better headway; she is now coasting the rocky shore, seeking a place where she may anchor till the storm has lulled. A most beautiful little cove, mountain-locked on every side save at the narrow entrance, presents itself; the helm is put hard “*a-port*,” and leaving the raging billows behind her, the little vessel skims over the surging surf, and enters the tranquil bay. Slowly she creeps, fearful of striking on some hidden rock; the sounding has ceased; the anchor is cast, and now she rides safely at anchor.

That steamer was the “*Télémaque*,” by which I had secured my passage from Smyrna to Bayroot: my fellow-passengers were five Americans; one of whom, a Mr. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, had come on board with me at Smyrna, and with whom I was previously acquainted, and had intended accompanying in a tour of the Holy Land; the other four were a party who had come on board at Constantinople, and now were on their way to Jaffa and Jerusalem. As far as Rhodes we had fine weather, but afterwards a continued gale; nor am I aware that, on the two days after leaving the last-mentioned port the table was once set.

And in the recollection of that storm I can never

forget the poor *garçon*. Poor fellow! how he must have been bewildered by six of us shouting at once—"Garçon!" "Garçon!" "Garçon!" One wanted something to eat; another, a glass of lemonade; and another, a bottle of champagne. He ran—that *garçon*—as few *garçons* would run; at the door of each state-room he stood giving us our wants, and such a pleasant look had he that we unanimously voted him a prince of his tribe! But let it not be supposed that the first cabin of the "Télémaque" had only one steward; three we had—one was maître d'hôtel, a head steward or butler, who did nothing but take care of *number one* and scold the other waiters; another was a freshwater man, shipped this voyage for the first time, and consequently lay in his crib sea-sick, vowing to the Madonna, that this voyage once over he would never set his foot on board another ship again; and thus it was that our three waiters resolved themselves into one.

It was a glorious sight to see the table set for dinner once more, and on that day we all did justice to the *cuisine*. Immediately after dinner we went on deck and enjoyed a walk. We were lying at anchor in five fathoms water; on each side of us rose mountains covered with trees and brushwood to the height of about a thousand feet.

Late in the evening we went down into the saloon, and here, in this small cove, we laid the plan of the tour which is the subject of the following pages. At that time Mr. Mitchell was the only one who was to accompany me, but ere we retired to bed that night all had formed the resolution of landing at Bayroot, and going to Jerusalem by land together. Hence it is that I begin this narrative here.

A tour through Syria is by no means so frightful as many of the good people of the West suppose. The journey is not over fatiguing, nor is the expense great; indeed, I know of no tour which combines so much cheapness and comfort as a trip to Syria. Leaving England the traveller proceeds to Paris and to Marseilles; then he takes the French steamer, and proceeds either direct to Malta, or goes by way of Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, and Messina; from Malta he can either go to Syria by Alexandria, or by way of Syra, Smyrna, Rhodes and the coast. At Syra he can branch off and visit Athens, returning to Syra in time to take the next steamer which touches there weekly on its way to Smyrna and Constantinople. The steamer arrives at Smyrna on Thursday, and leaves forthwith for Constantinople; the steamer for Bayroot leaves once a fortnight, so that the traveller, if he is in the odd weekly boat, can have time to visit Constantinople, and then take the steamer to Bayroot. Landing there he makes a tour of Syria, and then takes the steamer again for Alexandria. Here, after visiting Cairo, he takes the Austrian steamer to Trieste, whence he can easily reach England by way of Vienna and Paris.

The reader will now observe that a trip to Syria necessarily takes in the whole of Europe. Now, if we can bring the expense to a reasonable rate, it must prove that a tour to Syria includes all that is most interesting in it; as for the comfort, I need only say that most of the journey is by rail or steam. Everywhere the traveller will find good accommodation, and he need not be fearful on this score.

The expense is exceedingly moderate. You can reach Marseilles, by a first-class carriage, for the trifling sum

of 5*l*. From thence you take a ticket for Bayroot, which allows you a scope of four months, landing wherever you please and re-embarking again. This ticket allows you to go by the Italian line, thus enabling you to stop at Leghorn, proceed to Florence and Rome, and catch the next steamer at Civita Vecchia. These steamers of the Italian line sail at night and anchor all the day, so that plenty of time is allowed you to go and see all that is worth seeing in every town you touch at. After arriving at Malta you are transhipped on board the Constantinople steamer. At Syra, another steamer meets you and takes you on to Athens, and brings you back for the next boat. I am not sure whether this diversion is allowed as part of your ticket, but, at any rate, if not it cannot be very much, as the distance is very short. Arriving at Smyrna you have now, perhaps, to wait ten days for the French steamer to go to Bayroot; this interval you can profitably spend by taking a return ticket to Constantinople, which costs you something like four pounds. From Smyrna you are taken to Rhodes and Syria, as part of your ticket from Marseilles to Bayroot, and this costs the traveller four hundred and sixty-three francs, or eighteen pounds and ten shillings sterling; to this you add, board on the steamer fifteen days, which includes all the travelling days you have between Marseilles and Bayroot; they charge for your food eight francs a-day, which makes an additional sum of one hundred and twenty francs, or less than five pounds.

The tour in Syria, which you can perform in about four weeks ought not to cost you more than a pound a day at farthest; the larger the company is the cheaper you can travel. From Jaffa to Egypt the

sum is trifling—something less than three pounds being the fare.

Returning back, *vid* Trieste and Vienna, your passage costs about 35*l*.

If a party of three travel together the French company makes a discount for them of 20 %. Should one person take a return ticket from any place, and does not exceed four months in returning, he is also allowed 20 %.

As he travels through Europe the traveller will require a passport. This passport is taken from him on board the French steamer and delivered to him again on landing. In Turkey passports are not asked for so much. I travelled through the whole of Turkey without ever been asked to show my passport, and the only place where it was demanded of me was by the French agency as they were about to issue me a ticket of passage by their steamer. In Turkey, however, you are obliged to have a Turkish ticket or pass, which at once enables the various civil or military officers to recognise your nationality. This ticket costs about a shilling; I procured one at Smyrna, but never had occasion to show it, as nowhere was I called upon to do so. The truth of the case is this, that as far as the nuisance of a passport system is concerned, Turkey stands far ahead of many parts of Europe; the same may be said as regards the custom-houses.

I have hitherto spoken of the French steamers; here I would add a word about their movements. A French steamer, connecting the Marseilles and Asia Minor line, leaves Smyrna on every other Sunday, and proceeds to Bayroot and on to Alexandria, where it arrives on the Thursday of the following week, having passed Bayroot on the Sunday intervening. On Friday the French

steamer from Marseilles arrives, and then the Bayroot boat starts again with European and Egyptian mails, and arrives at Bayroot on Monday morning; next day she continues her voyage to Smyrna and Constantinople and on to Marseilles; thus Bayroot receives a weekly mail from Europe *viâ* Marseilles. An Austrian line, which brings mails from Trieste, makes the same voyage to Bayroot and Alexandria in connection with the Trieste steamers to Smyrna and Alexandria as the French steamer does, with the exception that the Austrian steamer leaves on the alternate Sunday, when there is no French steamer for Bayroot; thus people in Constantinople and Smyrna have weekly steamers for Syria, and if they are in a hurry need not wait for the French steamer, though they are by far the most preferable. The reader will observe now, that on the day the French steamer arrives at Bayroot from Alexandria with European mails, *viâ* Marseilles, the Austrian steamer arrives from Smyrna with European mails, *viâ* Trieste, and *vice versa*. Thus the traveller need be in no fever either about his letters or movements, as he can have two opportunities to communicate with, or go to, Europe every week. The steamer leaving Smyrna touches at Rhodes, Mersina, Alexandretta, Lattakia, Tripoli, Bayroot, Jaffa, and, after eleven days, arrives at Alexandria, and the next day returns as above to Smyrna. English and Austrian steamers run weekly between Smyrna and Alexandria. Two English lines of screwsteamers ply monthly between Liverpool and Bayroot; sometimes they run oftener.

In touching at the various places, the steamers generally spend the day at their anchorage, thus giving the passengers an opportunity of going ashore and enjoying

themselves as well as they may. Sometimes these places may be in quarantine; in which case, the yellow flag may be seen flying at the mizen-top, which tells you that you cannot communicate with the shore. The French captains, generally, speaking, are very civil, and if asked will allow you a boat to pull about the harbour, or take a sail. We had been put in quarantine in Rhodes, and the captain of the "Télémaque" offered us his gig to pull round and inspect the tower and harbours if we chose, as a consolation for our being deprived of going ashore. Rhodes, in this respect, is the most unfortunate city I know; if there is any quarantine in one place of the Levant, it is sure to be there; three times I visited it, and only once was I so fortunate as to find myself in *pratique*.

These quarantines once prevailed a great deal in the East; almost every port had its limited days of quarantine. To go or come from Alexandria was sure to put you into one, and so also between Syria and Asia Minor. Latterly they have fallen off very much; indeed, during the past year I was not aware of any whatever, either on the coast of Syria, Egypt or Asia Minor. Rhodes was the only place where we were subjected to it coming from Smyrna, in which place the cholera was raging; on my return from Syria I found that here also it had been given up. And so it will be now, unless some epidemic arises which renders it necessary. It is universally believed that the Venetians were the first to adopt regulations for guarding against the introduction of infected persons into their ports. The word itself is derived from the Italian, and means *forty*, or, in other words, if in forty days no infectious disease breaks out then no further danger is to be apprehended.

Bankers, who will exchange your drafts on England

and elsewhere, are to be met with all over the Levant. Drafts on a good London banker are easily changed, and for them the best premium is given.

Such are a few of the inducements I would offer to the intending tourist to the East; a tour through France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and then through Germany and Switzerland into France and England. Comfortable accommodation, quick travelling, easy transit, good living, much to see, and all in a short time and for a small outlay. A traveller, occupying three months in visiting those places, living in the best hotels, travelling in first-class cabins and first-class carriages, if he is economical need not exceed 150*l.* in all. One more advantage he has, that he is not bound to go to all these places. From any place he can find immediate conveyance to carry him home should anything call him back.

On waking up next morning, I found that we were once more on the "broad deep sea." The wind having abated during the night, the "*Télémaque*" tripped her anchor and gaily pursued her course, keeping under high peaks and precipitous mountains, and making about seven knots an hour in a nasty swell, such as generally succeeds a storm; but bad as this was I preferred it to the short chopping waves of this sea when its bosom is convulsed by a storm. It is a true remark that people who never got sick on the Atlantic get so on the Mediterranean. The reason is obvious; the long swell of the Atlantic gives the boat time to rise and fall gently, but in the Mediterranean she rides on three or four waves at one time, all of which beat her, jerk her and make her reel to and fro like a drunken man; hence the truth of the remark alluded to.

Our deck this morning was the scene of great bustle. Most of our deck passengers, who were invalid *Bashi-B'zooks*, were on their way home from the seat of war. They came from Adana, and as they were to land at Mersina, which we expected soon to reach, they were huddled together on the quarter-deck, with their things already packed ready to go ashore as soon as the anchor touched the gravel bottom of the bay of Mersina. Crowding around them were a few Turks of distinction and some Christian merchants, from Tripoli and Lattakia, who had been on a purchasing expedition in the better provided bazaars of Smyrna to replenish their small shops, listening to the tales of wonder which the invalids, now recovered from the horrors of sea-sickness, were relating of British bravery and French courage. The Cafedgi, a person of distinction among them and in great demand, and who had a small coffee-shop set up on deck (for a Turk must have his coffee-shop wherever he goes), was making his way between them and providing them with that beverage, which, to a Turk, seems as necessary as porter is to the Englishman. Conspicuous among the *Bashi-B'zooks* was an elderly man, who, for the proceeds of his toil on the shores of the Danube, had bought two black negresses of unexceptionable form and features. He had bought both for something less than a thousand francs; each of them would have fetched nearly double the amount in dollars in any of the southern markets of the United States. Mitchell, more in joke than in earnest, offered to purchase them; a handsome margin above the price he paid was offered him, and on his refusal Mitchell bade higher till he nearly doubled the price the man had paid for them, but all in vain, as the old fellow swore by the beard of the Prophet that he

would not dispose of them *for much or for little*, an Oriental expression, which signifies that it is futile to make any further overtures, as nothing would tempt him to sell them.

The sun shone brightly, and the mountains looked grand. During the course of the morning, we amused ourselves by gazing on the shore, noticing its head-lands, crevices, villages, and inns. At ten o'clock, we passed a Roman ruin, said to be Pantiopolis, and of which we could see the remains of sundry columns still standing. Precisely at half-past eleven we dropped anchor in the bay of Mersina, that bay from which I deem the apostle of the Gentiles must have oft sailed on his way south.

Mersina is a small place, whose importance has arisen from the fact of its being the port of Tarsoos, which has of late been invested with a spirit of enterprise. Several English, French, Austrian, Greek, and Turkish vessels were riding at anchor in the bay, loading with the produce sent from Tarsoos. Its being now also made a touching station of the Austrian and French steamers has given it an impetus, and many have flocked to it from all parts of Syria; the result is that land has risen in value. A merchant told me on landing, that last year he bought property here for 700*l.*, and for a part of which he would not take now 2,000*l.* The soil hereabouts is rich and fertile; the only detriment to the rise of Mersina is, I apprehend, its unhealthy locality.

Tarsoos being the ancient Tarsus, the birth-place of St. Paul, and being only a few hours distant, Mitchell and I determined on going ashore at once, and see if we could not manage to go there and back before the hour fixed for the boat's departure, which was to be at seven o'clock. We made known our wishes to the captain, and

he at once offered us a seat in his gig to transport us to the shore; he further promised to introduce us to the French consul, and request his good offices to procure us horses and guides if our object could be accomplished in time. Not a moment was to be lost, and ere five minutes had elapsed we were in the gig some yards from the steamer. A heavy swell reigned in the bay, and a heavier surf broke on the unsheltered beach; and it was with the utmost difficulty we made a landing, Four times we made the attempt to reach the shore, and as often we were driven back by the fury of the waves.

"Voila la Turquie!" said the captain, in disgust, as every attempt to land was frustrated.

On landing, our good captain led us through heaps of mud and amid droves of camels, donkeys, and mules (who were there ready to take any goods we had for Tarsoos) to the house of the French consul. A dirty and broken staircase admitted us to a frame house erected on the terrace of some large granary. This we were told was that dignitary's house. On the top of the staircase we were met by that worthy himself, a tall sickly-looking man, who bowed us into a saloon furnished in Europeo-Oriental style, divans and chairs, books and pipes lay side by side; a picture of "Napoleon the Third, by the grace of God and will of the people, Emperor of the French," graced one of the walls.

He received us kindly and politely, ordered for us sherbet, coffee, pipes, and nargeelés in a truly oriental style, and on all of which I shall descant in a future chapter. I would here inform the reader about the nargeelé, as the name may seem strange to him, and as its use is very common, I may have occasion to mention

it often ere I enter into the details of our customs, habits, and manners.

The chibook and the nargeelé are two different kinds of pipes, and both are peculiar to the East: the chibook is the common long pipe; the nargeelé is an apparatus from which the smoke is drawn by means of a long serpentine tube, and before reaching your mouth, has to pass through water contained in a glass vase, resembling a decanter. In smoking the nargeelé you draw upwards, and though difficult at first you will soon get accustomed to it. It is much liked in the East, and used by both males and females.

Whilst at the consul's, an incident occurred which caused us great merriment. On entering a house in the East it is customary to offer you a cup of coffee, but, much as you may like it, it is not considered fashionable to ask for a second edition of it. Poor Mitchell, not knowing this, and liking the coffee, said he "*would take another cup.*" This unusual request raised a momentary smile on the lips of the company present. The boy gave it to him; drinking this, he again, for the third time, handed his cup to be replenished, when the smiles gave place to an immoderate burst of laughter. On being told the cause, he was much amused at the difference in the customs of the East and West, and joined in the laugh though at his own expense.

The consul now told us that our intended trip to Tarsoos was impracticable. "In fine weather," says he, "it takes four hours to ride there, but now, in the present state of the roads, it would take us five or six hours to reach it," so that it was impossible for us to go and return in time. Passengers, however, arriving early in the morning, whose boat will not leave till the

evening, could accomplish the trip. The greatest interest with which Tarsoos stood invested in my eyes, was its being the birthplace of St. Paul, and as such the traveller will visit it with pleasure. As an Oriental city it is remarkable for nothing, and, like all other Turkish cities, presents a pleasant exterior not justified by the interior. Beautiful as it may look from without, it is within a conglomeration of dirty streets and narrow lanes running in all directions, without any idea of order or symmetry.

Beside its being the Tarsus of the Scriptures where St. Paul was born, Tarsoos possesses traditions of its origin, which to the general reader may not be destitute of interest. One of its legends gives us to learn, that it was built by Sardanapalus in one day; but when the Greeks established themselves after the conquest of Alexander the Great, the inhabitants of Tarsus rejected this legend of the origin of their city, and adopted the more poetical one founded on the old fable, that Bellerophon had been conveyed in the course of his wanderings by the winged horse, Pegasus, to the country of Cilicia. They engrafted the tradition on this, that Pegasus had stumbled here, and left a deep impression of his hoof, and hence, in their language, the word Tarsus signified a hoof or heel. According to another account, Pegasus lost a hoof in this quarter. Strabo, however, states, that Tarsus was founded by Triptolemus and his Argive followers, who, when in search of the wandering Io—the beautiful mistress of Jupiter, changed by him into a heifer—found here the traces of her hoof. Under the Persian supremacy, Tarsus was the residence of the dependent kings of Cilicia, who had here a noble palace. It is a city of Asia Minor, and was once the

capital of Cilicia Proper; the river Cydnus runs through it, and in bathing in the cold waters of which Alexander nearly lost his life. Here it was that Cleopatra paid her celebrated visit to Anthony in all the pomp and pageantry of Eastern luxury, herself attired like Venus, and her attendants like Cupids, in a galley covered with gold, the sails of which were of purple, the oars of silver, and the cordage of silk. It was also the seat of a school of philosophy and philology, and the city became so popular for its learning and refinement that it at one time rivalled Athens and Alexandria.

It now began to rain, so that even a ride to Pantiopolis was denied us; we walked, however, amid the few shops, where we met our other friends, who had just landed to take a look at the place. The rain now poured in torrents, and we sought shelter in the house of a merchant formerly of Bayroot, but now resident here. The servant brought us chairs, and the ladies sent us coffee and nargeelés, for which, on leaving, Mitchell offered the boy a *backsheesh*, but which he *peremptorily declined*. We were then a party of six; and I trust that the five survivors (for poor Mitchell has since gone to his rest, as the reader will yet learn from these pages) are all prepared to bear witness to the fact, that a *Syrian knows how to refuse a backsheesh*, notwithstanding all the hubbub which has been made about this word in Europe and America. It is monstrously ungenerous in travellers who visit the East, and partake of its warm-hearted hospitality, to go back home and say they never saw a Syrian refuse a backsheesh! Why forget that it was they who first taught the Syrian the word backsheesh? and why forget that in their countries backsheeshs are not only not refused, but asked and even extorted: take,

for instance, a visit to the palace of Andrea d'Oria, in Genoa, it cost the author *upwards of a dollar in backsheesh*, before he could see its interior. But this is Italy: I will not speak any more of it, nor bring instances from the Continent or Ireland. He that has travelled in those countries knows how little right the inhabitants of those places have to the fuss they make about the word backsheesh in Syria. But take, for example, a visit to Westminster Abbey. I never visited it without being relieved of some surplus sixpences that lay in my pocket. Take also a visit to the steeple of Trinity Church, New York, St. Michael's Church, Charleston, and other places in America and Canada, and there also I found that a backsheesh of some kind was not only expected but asked. The most monstrous, however, is a visit to Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh; and really, dear reader, I cannot tell you of how many shillings I was fleeced before I had gone through its rooms. I could multiply instances, if they were necessary, to shew that backsheesh is not despised in more civilised countries than Syria, and where the sights they shew the traveller are *professedly gratuitous*. But here the reader may say *that was because you were a stranger*. Remember that in Syria you are a stranger also; and if, in a civilised country like Scotland, the stranger can be thus imposed upon, what can you expect from a country like Syria? The truth of the matter is this: that whilst I would not deny that there are those in Syria who have been spoiled by Franks into the habit of asking a backsheesh for nothing, on the same principle as a beggar in the streets of Ireland asks "your honour for a penny;" yet there are others, and these are by far the larger portion, whose request for backsheesh is for services rendered: and there are others who know how to refuse a

backsheesh even for a real service. I beg the reader's pardon for this digression; and, if an apology is necessary for it, I hope he will accept it as a vindication of the unjust, sweeping charge made by tourists in the East, that a Syrian has never been known to refuse a backsheesh: in fact the author was astonished to find the word backsheesh not only well known in Europe and America, but considered as a synonyme for a Syrian.

The rain having ceased we now prepared to return on board. The captain was not yet ready, so we left him to the prosecution of his duties, whilst six of us and an Englishman, a passenger of the second cabin, engaged a boat for *fifteen piastres* (about half-a-crown English money) to take us on board. The surf had now so increased that we could hardly get into the boat: one after another gained it with difficulty; the sea all the while breaking over us fearfully; so that by the time we had all fairly got in we were wet through; and, what was worse, we were more than once in danger of being upset. We were off at last, and reached the steamer in no enviable position. On stepping on board we at once ordered our baggage from the magazine, hoping to find some dry linen to replace our present habiliments; but, lo and behold! on fetching our portmanteaus on deck, they were also wet. It seems that the storm of the last two days had originated a slight leak in the ship; and hence all our baggage was saturated; so that, under the circumstances, we had to have recourse to the engine-room; and, thanks to its heat, it was not long before we were in dry apparel again. It was not till ten o'clock that our captain managed to reach the deck of his steamer; he came on board in a country barge, for which he paid the trifling sum of

three dollars, or about fifteen shillings ! Hardly had we gained the steamer when a fresh breeze started, and sent the waves dashing against each other with fury, and breaking on the shore with vengeance. In this state of things the lieutenant, fearing it might get worse, dispatched a boat for the captain, but it returned without its being able to make the shore; and hence he had to come in a native *jerm*, or barge, sustaining much inconvenience by the way. As soon as he was on board the anchor was ordered to be weighed, and, in half-an-hour afterwards, we had turned our backs on the village of Mersina.

On Saturday morning we woke up to find ourselves in the Gulph of Alexandretta; Cape Khauzeer (the promontory which forms the head of the gulph, and which is about twenty-six miles distant from Alexandretta), was close on our right. It was a dark and gloomy morning; heavy clouds hung on the tops of the mountains and hovered around us, and to add to the discomfort of such a scene a drizzling shower of rain saturated our decks.

Early in the morning we passed the French steamer "Mentor," (belonging to the same company as our boat did), bound to Mersina, Rhodes, and Smyrna. We exchanged good wishes and continued on our course—we entering the fine mountain-locked gulph of Alexandretta, and they out of it. At nine o'clock an interval of great excitement took place on board our boat. We were called on deck to see a water-spout. It was only a couple of miles from us, and presented a glorious sight. It seemed a perfect Niagara, only the appearance of that column of water standing by itself, connecting as it were the heaven and the sea, made it a more im-

posing and grander object to look at than even that stupendous waterfall. I was regretting that I had not seen the commencement of it when another one began. At first, a commotion in the water was observed like the foam of a cataract, which then ascended like the mast of a ship towards the clouds; the scene was magnificent, but it was not completed; the clouds which at first were heavy and black now assumed a dark green colour, and finally resolved themselves into a small stream hardly bigger than a cord. This descended and joined the rising cataract; they had hardly done so, when, in the twinkling of an eye, it seemed to draw it up, and in a few moments a colossal column was completed, standing erect as it were between the clouds and the sea. Both waterspouts continued visible for about twenty minutes, at the end of which time they gradually thinned down to a spiral stream, and finally disappeared. I confess never to have set my eyes on a sight more glorious than those two waterspouts; they were at once grand, stupendous, and unique!

At eleven o'clock we dropped anchor before the dirty, miserable, marshy, and unhealthy village of *Skandroon*, called by the Europeans, *Alexandretta*, whose only importance is that it is the port of Aleppo; nor would that honor have been conferred upon it had it not been for its fine sheltered bay, which gives it the best harbour on the coast of Syria.

Aleppo is about three days' distance from it; the goods destined for it are carried thither on the backs of mules; its commerce with Europe and elsewhere is considerable and daily increasing. In number of population it ranks the second city in Syria. The American missionaries have a station at Aleppo; the result of their labours for

about eight or ten years has been the organisation of a native Protestant congregation. The place has suffered greatly from earthquakes. One evil which retards many from visiting Aleppo is the fear of having the *Aleppo button*, a cancer which arises on the body after a few days sojourn in it. Oft-times it makes its appearance on the face and disfigures the otherwise handsome [features. It is very troublesome, and it is sometimes a year before it heals up.

The name of Aleppo will awaken in the minds of Christendom the excitement which it caused in the year 1850, when at an unexpected moment the fanatical Moslems fell upon the Christian population, plundered their houses, violated the honour of their females, burnt their churches, and killed some of them—a piece of wanton ferocity which one would hardly have expected at the hands of Moslems, fanatic as they be. But as this tragedy is still fresh upon the minds of Christendom, I will say no more than hope that the Allies, who are now supporting the cause of Turkey in bringing this war to a favourable issue, will not forget to stipulate with the Porte for the Christians in the East an assurance against Moslem intolerance and rapacity—a guarantee that such a scene will not occur again. This war once over, it will remain with the Allies to fix the government of this land and to influence its destiny.

To spin out the time, Mitchell and I went ashore, as was our wonted custom, and wound our way amid hosts of factors, clerks, and whole caravans of mules, and camels, and after a walk on the beach returned on board, having seen nothing of interest; indeed, the only interest which Alexandretta claims is in the grandeur and wildness of the mountain scenery which rises above

it. It was near here that the battle of Issus was fought, which decided the fate of the Persian army, who were routed before the young Macedonian hero with a loss of one hundred and ten thousand men, and poor King Darius only escaped by jumping from his lofty chariot, getting on the back of a horse and galloping off, leaving his mother, wife, and two daughters, in the hands of Alexander, who, it is said, treated his royal captives with the greatest delicacy and respect.

The account of the captivity of the family of Darius, as given us by various writers, is deeply interesting, and renders an apology unnecessary for bringing it before the notice of the reader; indeed, it now becomes part of the history of the country which forms the subject of this work. Hitherto we have been coasting Asia Minor, but once in Alexandretta we are in Syria.

But to the account: when Darius heard of Alexander's kindness towards his family, he sent him an embassy, offering him, as a ransom, the sum of ten thousand talents, or about two millions of pounds sterling, and proposing a treaty of peace and alliance, with the further offer of his daughter in marriage, and all the country between the Euphrates and the Ægean Sea as her dower. When the offer was laid before Alexander's council, Parmenio is reported to have said,

"If I were Alexander I would accept the terms."

"And so would I," replied Alexander, *"were I Parmenio."*

The answer which he returned to the proposal imported that he had invaded Asia to avenge the unprovoked aggressions of the Persian monarchs; that if Darius would come to him and ask for his wife and family he would willingly deliver them to him; but if he proposed

to dispute the sovereignty he would find him ready to oppose him. What a pity that a man endowed with such talents and generous feelings should, finally, not only prove so vicious and so licentious, but also so cruel, for we read in his annals that after he had wasted Tyre, he crucified, in cold blood, two thousand men, besides many whom he killed by the edge of the sword. And when he took the city of Gaza, he sold ten thousand of its inhabitants as slaves, and Achilles-like, dragged Betis, its brave defender, at the wheels of his chariot.

Having conjured the memory of the Great Macedonian, he rises before us in all the imagery of romance—the most renowned hero of antiquity, surpassing all others in the rapidity, extent, and splendour of his conquests. Other conquerors have shed more blood, and have waged war on a more cruel system; but no one ever bestowed such fatal brilliancy upon the hateful lust of conquest; nor has any other person, perhaps, been the cause of more misery to mankind, if to the slaughter occasioned by his own wars, we take into account the influence which his example has had on the career of others who have made him their model. His extraordinary abilities, his romantic and daring spirit, and the unparalleled splendour of his successes, have been the most mischievous in their example, from the amiable and generous qualities which formed a part of his character. He possessed talents which might have rendered him distinguished as a statesman and a benefactor to his species, yet it was to his military renown alone that he owed the surname of *Great*.

About eight o'clock in the evening we left our anchorage. Off Cape Khauzeer (which signifies the head of a pig, a name given to it either from its resemblance to the

head of a pig, or on account of the dirty weather, to use a nautical phrase, which is almost always prevalent here) it blew a hard gale. About midnight, we were off the river Asy, the Orontes of the ancients. On its banks, and not far from where it empties into the Mediterranean, is Swaidia, where the scenery is most beautiful and romantic, and compares well with other fine scenery which I have seen elsewhere in my varied wanderings.

Here was the residence for a long time of the Barker family, late British Consul General in Egypt. Dr. Yates of London has also built a house here, but which at present is unoccupied. A silk factory belonging to an English firm was also once established here, but which, from mismanagement it is said, never flourished. At present, I understand, an English doctor is settled there; how long he may remain where he is I am not able to say. To the lover of the romantic and the beautiful, Swaidia offers a charming retreat; the scenery is lovely, and the land thereabouts is exceedingly productive.

A little higher up the river, and thirty miles from Alexandretta, is Antakia, the Antioch of the Scriptures, where the Christians first received the name of their Lord and Master, and from whence the apostle of the Gentiles first set out on his missionary expeditions. It is now a small dilapidated place, with few ruins to mark its former splendour; and the place which once contained a population of upwards of a quarter of a million now hardly numbers eight thousand souls, of which one hundred and fifty families are Christians of the different Oriental sects. But alas! that the place which was once called the "Eye of the Christian Churches," where the apostles met, where the "golden-mouthed" Chrysostom preached, and where the name "Christians" was first adopted by

the followers of Jesus, there should be no Christian edifice for public worship, and that the Christians are obliged to meet in a cave east of the town for the performance of their devotions. The scenery on the banks of the Orontes hereabouts is pleasing; gardens of mulberry and fig-trees meet the gaze, and tall slender poplars throw their shadows in the murmuring stream beneath, where the natives oft-resort in summer. One of the principal businesses of the place is the catching of a certain fish, called by them *Hanklees*, which they salt and preserve. It resembles a thick snake, and is about a yard in length, and is much used by the Christians in Syria during Lent, when meat is prohibited. In 1098 the crusaders captured Antioch, but surrendered it in 1263 to Bibars, sultan of Egypt. An additional interest invests Antioch, from the tradition that it was the birth-place of St. Luke the Evangelist, and that St. Paul was baptized in the Orontes, a little way out of it, and to this day the gate leading to Aleppo is called by the natives *Bab Boolus*, "the gate of St. Paul," in honour of that event. Poor as Antioch now is, it is nevertheless held in great repute in Christendom, and three prelates (although none of them, I believe, reside there) claim the title of "Patriarch of Antioch," viz., the patriarch of the Greek Church, of the Syrian Monophysite, and of the Maronites.

At half-past eight next morning, we were off Lattakia, once and for a long time supposed to be the Laodicea of the Scriptures, but which it is not, that being on the confines of Phrygia and Lydia, and now desolate and solitary. Considering that we were one day behind our time, our captain refused to come to an anchor here, or receive any goods from this place; in vain the people

came alongside in boats, but the captain would have nothing to do with them, and, with the exception of some cases of specie and a few passengers, we took nothing from Lattakia. We remained off and on for about an hour, enough to give the mail agent time to exchange mails.

The view of Lattakia from the sea is exceedingly beautiful, being built on several hills, amidst which gardens of green luxuriance fill up a pleasant picture. The town is divided into two portions, the city and the harbour, which are about ten minutes walk from each other. In the city there are some ancient remains. The harbour has a light-house lit for and at the expense of the French agency. It is only lit on those nights when the steamer is expected. Its commerce is mainly with Egypt, to which it exports a great deal of tobacco, the genuine *Abu riha*, and from which it imports rice and other Egyptian commodities. Much as the Lattakia tobacco is prized in the West, the Easterns think that *Djebail* tobacco (a town a little to the north of Bayroot) is by far the most superior; at any rate, it is dearer than the *Abu riha*.

I was astonished to find several boat-loads of respectable men accompanying one of their townsmen, who evidently was coming with us on board the ship, and who, on parting with him to return to the shore, kissed him most repeatedly; and some wept. On inquiry, I learnt that he was a native of the place, and was now on his way to Bayroot to answer to some charges in a curious affair which took place in Lattakia, and in which it is said he had had a finger. It so happened, that about a month ago a party of Ansariaya, from the neighbouring mountains, refused to pay any more taxes to the Turkish

government; on which the *Mutsellim*, or governor, had seven of their chiefs inveigled into the town, and imprisoned. This irritated their friends, who came down *en masse*, broke the prison door, and carried them off in triumph. The governor with a host of guards followed them, and a skirmish ensued, in which the governor's party were worsted, and he with several of his chief men (it is said between one and two hundred) were killed. This caused a great excitement in Lattakia, and it was supposed by the Turks that the Christians were at the bottom of the affair, and therefore they brought an accusation against this man, who was one of the leading Christians of the place, and had him sent for trial to Bayroot. He was now on his way thither. On talking with him, he told me that he was under the French protection, and hence was not afraid.

At seven o'clock in the evening we were off Tripoli; but as a dense fog was on the land, and as there were no light-houses to guide the wandering mariner into the harbour, the captain declared in a rage that he would not go in: in vain pleaded the poor passengers destined for Tripoli; but the captain firmly declined, saying, that he would not be justified in risking his ship and the lives of himself, crew, and passengers, for their sakes in a dark night like this; that if Turkey could not afford to build light-houses, she must not expect ships to enter her harbours at night, and, consequently, she alone must be made responsible for the damage to those visiting or trading in her territory. So saying, he ordered the pilot to keep the head of the steamer towards Bayroot, taking with him about twenty passengers and upwards of ninety cases of goods destined for Tripoli. This suicidal state of things requires no comment.

An hour later, and we were under a rocky headland, called Cape Madonna. It is a bold promontory, jutting out into the sea, and rising several hundred feet almost perpendicularly from the water. On the top of it is a Greek convent dedicated to the Virgin Mary, erected and sustained mainly by contributions from mariners. By eleven o'clock we had seen successively the lights of Batroon and Djebail, besides other minor villages; and we were now in a fair way of soon reaching Bayroot.

The reader, by a slight glance on the chart, will observe that we were now coasting what was once the ancient Phœnicia, and which extended, according to the most accredited authorities, from a little north of Tripoli to Dora, a little south of Carmel, an extent of one hundred and twenty miles or thereabouts. Here arts, sciences, and navigation once flourished to a great extent, and from here many migrated to colonize Europe. It is said that a Phœnician colony were the first to settle in Ireland. The merchants of Phœnicia were called merchant princes, and her mariners were famous in song; she was the England of her day, abounding in colleges and much that tended to civilize man. Shades of the past awake! inspire the lute, and rouse the energies of present Phœnicia: and welcome be the hour when the past will be told in the present!

It is now past midnight, and we are approaching Bayroot. A thousand lights like stars peeped from the town and suburbs; Mount Lebanon seemed to be one blaze of fire: here, there, everywhere rose lights from its hills and vales, and shed a halo on the scenery around. But I pass over the excitement of the scene. At two o'clock of Christmas morning the anchor of the "Télémaque" was dropped at Bayroot.

CHAPTER II.

Monday, 25th December, 1854—First View of Bayroot—Warburton's Testimony—Roadstead of Bayroot—Turkey—Former Grandeur compared with its Present Condition—European and Oriental Life—The Sale—A Merchant at Home—Improvement in Bayroot—Comparison with Twenty Years ago.—Progress of the Gospel—Opposition to it—Course of the Maronite Patriarch—History of the American Mission—Messrs. Parsons and Fish—Goodell and Bird—Incident at Jerusalem—Opposition to the Roman Catholics—Reports circulated of the Missionaries—Difficulty of the Syrian Field—Progress of the Work—Martyrdom of Assaad Esh Shidiak—Departure of the Missionaries for Malta—My Father—Unjust Remark of the Author of the "Holy City"—Reply—History of Three American Ecclesiastics—Return of the Missionaries—Mr. Thomson—The School—Death of Mr. and Mrs. Hebard—Termination and Influence of the School—Printing Press—Present Condition of the Mission, and Developments.

BAYROOT! happy home of my youth! Once more at Bayroot! Surely the reader need hardly be told how little I had slept during the night. I was on deck when the anchor first touched the gravel bottom of the roadstead. There I remained, unwilling to leave the scene before me, waiting till the gloom of darkness made way before the first streaks of early dawn; I watched the shapeless objects emerging from the shades of night, slowly but surely to become more defined. As the boy imperceptibly is developed into the man, so did the grey

light of morning gradually succeed darkness; and now everything has taken shape, though still wrapped in the azure mantle of dawning morn. My eyes once more sought the familiar spots of my youthful days; some I still recognised, but new buildings and new improvements have covered the rest.

Yes, there thou art, as beautiful as ever, Bayroot, thou happy home of my youth, where most of the years of my short life were spent, where I was brought up, educated, and sent forth on the great "bivouac of life," and from the sacred soil of which I had long been a wanderer!

Many are the sights I have seen since I left thee to become a wanderer on the face of God's earth. My feet have strayed amid the scenes of both the Old and New Worlds. I have gazed on the shores of "Sunny Italy"—on the plains of laughing France—amid England's sweet scenery—on Scotia's lovely lochs—on the mountains of New Hampshire—and the shores of classic Greece; but I declare I know of no picture in all my varied wanderings half as beautiful as thou when viewed from the sea. Thou art a picture of romantic grandeur on the one side, and luxuriant loveliness on the other combined. High above thee, its hoary snow-capped head meeting the clouds half way, its base kissed by the lovely Mediterranean as its waves dash and recede from its now bold and rocky, and now level and city-lined shore, rises Lebanon, "that goodly mountain," even Lebanon; whilst thou ensconced in its shade lookest not less beautiful. Mounted on the top of a long ridge or promontory, which slopes gradually to the sea-side, and with thy new suburbs extending on both sides of thee (contrasting strangely with the dingy gloom of

thy old habitations), to the cape, which takes its name from thee, on the one hand, and the slopes of Lebanon on the other, half-covered by the foliage of green mulberry-trees, rising in luxuriant relief between and around thy villa-like houses, make thee look like an ocean queen, or an eagle with outstretched wings ready to fly.

Such was the first view of Bayroot as it lay in the arms of the sombre dawn, its houses half concealed by the green foliage which surrounded them, looking all the while as bashful and as modest as a coy maiden; but now the rising sun begins to gild the mountain ridges, and descend to bathe the scene in a chaos of light and shade, lighting the tops of the houses with the brilliancy of its golden streaks, and converting into rainbow colours the spray of the classic Mediterranean. Everything is now bright and cheerful; even the shadow by its contrast contributes greatly to the effulgency of the scene. The coy maiden is now changed, and you are reminded of the dashing girl, with her laughing mouth and glossy ringlets, wafted along on the wings of merry song in the bright ball-room or well-lighted hall. It is a picture of brilliant beauty difficult to be equalled by any scenery. Warburton, the author of the "Crescent and the Cross," thought so too. "Beautiful Bayroot!" writes he, "it is not only now when seen through the Claude Lorraine glass of memory that I yield to thee the palm over all the cities of the earth! Exacting, indeed, must be the spirit that does not rest content with thy beauty, even while lover-like gazing on thee!" Our doctor, who was up betimes this morning, not knowing that I was a native of the place, began, with all the enthusiasm of a Frenchman, to expatiate on the beauty of the scene before us. He directed my attention to the

many villages which like birds'-nests studded the slopes of Lebanon, beaming with sunshine glory, basking as if it were in peaceful and thriving serenity, whilst its "thousand and one" lights (so to speak) at night from high and from low, from hill and from dale, from projection and from declivity, gave it a wild air—I was going almost to say, that the scene became one of savage delight.

"How divine!" he said, as his eye surveyed the scene from the towering heights of Lebanon down to the small skiff which danced on the wave before him, rowed by a Syrian boatman, clad in a striped vest and calico trowsers. "How majestic!" exclaimed he, as he gazed on the promontory of the Dog river.

I mentioned Italy.

"Bah!" said he, "where in all Italy do you see such a picture of natural beauty and dignity as your eye meets here?" and he rubbed his hands in gleeful ecstasy.

But alas! that a site of such natural beauty should not meet with a better fate at the hands of its masters—the Turks. Beautiful as it is, Bayroot has no lighthouse to guide the wandering mariner into it, nor a harbour where he may safely rest after the toils of his voyage. No! here, as at sea, he must be up and watching, for he lies in an open roadstead which promises him no security. In winter the ships have to go down to St. George's bay, about three miles off, for greater safety, and the merchants have to get their goods from there in open barges, ever liable to great damage. Bayroot duly pays her revenues, and yet one is led to inquire where is the paternal return of Turkey? If the traveller is pointed to the paved and European *Scala* on shore, let me tell him that this has all been made by private individuals, and

indeed, for a long time, the only broken part of it was immediately before a *Khan*, which is used as a Turkish barrack, and where Turkish soldiers may have been seen standing before a tottering quay, which they had not the conscience to repair, and in consequence of which the merchant, whose office was in the western part of the *Scala*, had, in order to reach the custom-house, to make a circuit of one or two streets! What a shame! Should the intelligence and daily improvement of the inhabitants and the place be expatiated on to the tourist, let me admonish him not to put this to the credit of *Moslem* Turkey, for if it had it in its power, these things would not be so, as he can see from the state of the Mahomedans of Bayroot; who, in face of the rising intelligence of their Christian fellow-citizens, are in the same *statu quo* they were fifty years ago. Islamism is, and unless regenerated will ever remain, a dead stand-still community. And under these stereotyped people this beautiful country now is! If, therefore, we see any rise in Bayroot, which, thanks to its Phœnician spirit, has not yet died—and which we trust, will still goad its inhabitants on till they become what they once were—the traveller has to look for it in the *natural talents of the Syrian mind*, and their intercourse with Europeans and Americans, from whom they have copied, and are daily copying, the refinement, intelligence, and civilization of the West, and the far West; and I am glad to say, also, with not a few, the pure and undefiled religion of the word of God.

At eight o'clock we landed at Bayroot.

Whilst rejoicing on its present progress, the traveller cannot but lament that Bayroot wants much yet to restore it to its pristine glory when it was the seat of

learning, of commerce, and of law, which then opened a sure road to wealth and dignity; and when its schools were filled with the rising spirits of the age—when the institutes of Justinian addressed themselves to the youths of his dominions who had devoted themselves to the study of jurisprudence, and when the sovereign condescended to animate their diligence by the assurance that *their skill and ability would in time be rewarded by an adequate share in the government of the Republic*. A writer of reputed veracity, says “the rudiments of this lucrative science were taught in all the considerable schools of the East and West, but the most famous of all these schools was Berytus, on the coast of Phœnicia, which flourished above three centuries from the time of Alexander Severus, the founder, perhaps, of an institution so advantageous to his native country. After a regular course of education, which lasted five years, the students dispersed themselves through the provinces in search of honours and of fortune.”

And no wonder those young men rose, and with them their country, when *worth and talents, ability and skill* entitled them to a share in the government of their loved and lovely country. And what was the result of it? “Had it not been,” says another writer, “for an earthquake which overthrew Bayroot in A.D. 551 they might have lived to be the guardians of this their land. But how different is the story now, and what a blow it must be to the rise of Bayroot, when the Christian, be he ever so learned, able, talented, or skilful, is debarred from sharing in the government of his country, simply because his head happens not to be ornamented with a *green turban*, or, in other words, because he is not a follower of the Prophet—when he is looked upon as a dog, and

in *many parts* of the Turkish empire is still treated as such — when his testimony against a Mahomedan up till very recently (and it still is so in the interior) was not considered valid, but a Mahomedan porter's word, low and vile as he may be, was enough to hang him in any court of justice! What a difference between the happy sons of Phœnicia of former days and her still not less able sons of the present generation? Happy youths of bygone days, yours was the honour—yours was the glory! to us the misfortune! But we pass to material points, leaving the past to sigh over the present.

The suburbs of Bayroot are exceedingly beautiful, and contrast strongly with the city, whose old, gloomy, and dingy buildings remind one of a charnel house. But the contrast is pleasing and flattering to the natives; it affords the traveller an idea of the improvements which twenty years have wrought upon the people and place. And gazing upon the high tapering houses, the narrow streets, the gloom of the city, and then looking upon the neat white houses in the suburbs, ample in their accommodations, with all the improvements which civilization has wrought upon Bayroot bearing upon them, the traveller is reminded of Old and New Edinburgh. Indeed, Bayroot may be fitly called the Edinburgh of Syria!

And when the traveller remembers that he is in a Turkish city, making all the necessary abatements for European cleanliness, he will be pleased to remark that Bayroot is cleaner in its aspect than many cities of the East; nor is this all—its whole atmosphere astonishes him. Its shops and stores are well provided from the factories of Europe and America. The produce of the Indies he finds in almost every street. Suspended on a

rope from the verandahs of the various shops, he will see exposed for sale New England drills, Manchester greys, Scotch Zebras, French silks, Swiss handkerchiefs, &c., and all bearing the stamps of the various factories where they are manufactured. A scene of hurry-scurry and bustle meets him at every step—steamers arriving, steamers departing—merchants hurrying to save the mail—clerks running with bills of lading and bills of exchange—goods being landed, and others being shipped, brokers bustling, and a thousand other incidents connected with a commercial town—a European air of business runs throughout, and when the traveller takes into consideration the many natives he will meet who speak his tongue fluently he begins to feel himself at home, and almost regrets that his search for Orientalism has been in vain, and that Bayroot is only a second edition of his native place.

I doubt not the traveller will be amused at my speaking thus of Bayroot, and the critic might take upon himself to review what he sees in London or Marseilles, and then Bayroot again falls into insignificance; of this I am aware, but my object is to show how the place has advanced in the short space of twenty years. Those who knew Bayroot twenty years back and the condition of its inhabitants *then*, will acknowledge the midnight and midday difference between 1835 and 1855. As for me, I think that, considering the obstacles which the natives have had to contend with, from ignorance, old customs to which they had become attached, and from which they would be loth to depart, and the evils of a Mahomedan government, their progress in civilization has been wonderful.

But I despair of giving the tourist an idea, however faint,

of the improvements herein wrought; he ought to have been in Bayroot a quarter of a century ago, and seen the complete air of listless Orientalism, to comprehend what I mean now. In one word, should he ever visit Nazareth or Nablous, I would say *there* is Bayroot twenty years ago. Look at the difference—*this* is the work of less than a quarter of a century!

But what arrests his attention most is to see the European air combined with an Oriental atmosphere. Behind yonder silks, greys, and handkerchiefs of European manufacture, an Oriental may be seen, sitting tailor fashion, smoking his long *chibook*, or drawing at his *nargeelé*. The pipe and coffee are still as much the appendages of the office and the shop as they are thought necessary to the comforts of a house. An air of Orientalism mixes itself strangely with all that they do. See the Syro-Europeanized counting-house, with all that makes a merchant's office in the West—the desk, the chair, the letter-press, the check-book, ledger, safe, book-keeper and other clerks, and then see the sale:

A shopkeeper comes to buy a bale of goods from the merchant; he is accompanied by a broker. The merchant, understanding the object of their visit, invites them with all the compliments of the East to be seated, and despatches his servant to fetch them pipes and coffee from a neighbouring café (these are found in every street). See the broker now approach the merchant and whisper to him—they whisper—their faces serving as an index to what is going on between them. The broker now returns to the shopkeeper, and whispers to him, as he did to the merchant; he goes and comes between them till he has brought them near to each other's mark. All this time not an audible word is uttered,

and looking upon the merchant and the shopkeeper you would suppose they were bent upon out-smoking each other. Having come near to the point the broker *drags* the shopkeeper to the merchant, and *nolens volens*, links their hands in each other's grasp; he, at the same time, holding their hands within his own, lest they should be separated, in which case the sale is supposed not to be legal. He now calls upon the merchant to make the sale, or, as in the Arabic, "*to make the sale a blessing to the purchaser, at twenty piastres the piece.*" "No!" grunts the merchant. "He wants twenty-one piastres, and draws his hand back in token that he will not sell at that price. The ever ready broker joins them again, whispers something to both, and finally screams aloud, "Cut the difference, and let the price be twenty piastres and a half." This being agreed to, the broker again calls upon the merchant to make the sale. This he does in this wise: while the hands of merchant and shopkeeper are grasped the broker utters the finale, "*Ala una;*" here he stops to breathe. "*ALA DUE;*" here he coughs. "*ALA TRE;*" here he stops, and the sale is made by a silent but *hearty* shake of the hand between merchant and shopkeeper, which means, "I have sold," and "I have bought."

But now come the terms; the merchant wants cash, the purchaser a credit of three months, the sale is likely to be spoiled; but the ever watchful broker now comes upon the stage, and settles the matter at perhaps "*two months and one month,*" the usual credit of Bayroot, which means that for the space of two months the shopkeeper pays nothing of the debt, but that, after the lapse of which, he is to pay it in four weekly instalments, which make the *one month* reckoned. These weekly

instalments are paid on Saturdays, and on that day you find the cashiers of the principal merchants running about the streets dunning the shopkeepers. You will be sure to know these cashiers by a canvass *bag* they carry to put their money in, such a thing as paper currency not being known in the country. I would remark, however, for the benefit of those desirous of trading with the East, that a credit of three months generally extends to six months before it is wholly paid.

The people, generally speaking, are honest, and will pay if time is given them. It is said that the Mahomedan is more trustworthy than the Christian; *this fact is true*; and is thus accounted for on the same principle as the Christian of the interior is more honest than he of Bayroot, so is the Mahomedan of Bayroot honest than his Christian neighbour. The spirit of duplicity which characterises the Christians of Bayroot, they have learnt from their intercourse with foreigners. Not so the Mahomedan, he is reserved, and has no interchange of habits and customs with the European population of the place, hence his *honest* predilections remain intact, and consequently are noticed to the disadvantage of the Christian. Take the Christian before Europeanism visited Bayroot, and he was as scrupulous and as honest as the Mahomedan. So is the Christian of the interior now. This is one of the evils which foreign influence has wrought upon the land. It must not be supposed that every Western importation has benefited the country. By no means. While their being among us has taught us an idea of European habits and trade, we have included in that teaching some of their vices. But I am glad to say, that it is my conviction that missionary labour has been a great

counteraction to more Western vices to which Europeans in Syria are addicted, but which we have not picked up; thus God in his wisdom is preserving the land. I would here remark, to the credit of their country, that the British merchants, residents in Syria, have by no means dishonoured their British nationality; they are good and worthy people, and are greatly loved and esteemed by the natives. They stand high in the moral regard of the Syrians, and their word once spoken is taken for a *truthful* oracle.

Follow the merchant to his house, and see also a scene of Europeanism and Orientalism combined. Once reaching his home, he forgets all business, as it were, and gives himself up to ease and home enjoyments. Lounging on his *divan*—his feet encased in light green slippers—a pipe or a nargeelé by his side, and a servant presenting him with a small cup of coffee, sugarless and milkless, and no larger than an egg-cup—reclines the Bayroot merchant, in all the laxity of Orientalism, whilst around him are strewed European relics, tables, books and bureaus, and his walls graced by American and European paintings—a file of the last European papers are lying by his side—a happy combination! Without entering into all the hurry-scurry of European and American life in search for the “all-mighty dollar,” or the soul-stirring guinea, he nevertheless discards the slow-going Easternism of the past—the caftan is changed to the easier trowser—the bag of tobacco and the handkerchief, which formerly he slung to his belt, are now put aside—the European boots have taken the place of the yellow slippers—the sofa and the chair are put by the side of the ottoman and the divan. Enough Orientalism he retains to divert his mind and rest his

body, and enough European hurry-scurry to make him active and drive him on in the world.

And fortune has smiled upon him. A few years ago our principal merchants were foreigners, *now* they are natives; they now do all the exporting and importing business, and to them foreign ships come consigned. A few years ago they lived in small houses, dingy and gloomy, which had come down as heirlooms in the family from father to son for perhaps many generations, but now they have built new houses, spacious and splendid, with garden lots, and furnished them in Europeo-Oriental style. Formerly they slept ever so many (the sexes distinct and separated) in one room, lying down with their clothes on, rarely washing their faces; but now they have their separate bedrooms and drawing rooms, beautifully furnished, whilst their habits of cleanliness have changed materially. A few years back, man and woman, beyond the circle of near connexions never associated, but now a more European life is being introduced in that respect. Not long ago, those were but few who could read or write. It is within my recollection when a letter used to come to Bayroot and had to go a great round before it found one to decipher it; *now* there are few who do not know one or two languages at least besides their own. Formerly their stock of knowledge extended to reading the Psalter of David and signing their name, and when these acquisitions were acquired, such boys (for no girls were taught, they being deemed unfit for anything save to sweep the house, cook the dinner and wait upon their husband lord), and at most, they were but few who were considered highly educated. Ask them how much twice two made, and they would be obliged to have

recourse to their fingers to count it. Tell them that the world is round and that it goes round the sun, and they would laugh at you at the very idea, which to them would appear nothing short of insanity. "If," they would say, "it is true that the world is round and goes round, why dont we fall on our heads now and then, or slide into the great vacuum!!" but now, few are the Christians in Bayroot who remain in this condition. And the females, too, behold they have also come in for a fair share of civilisation, and a new era is dawning over their history. Male and female education is now the universal rage.

Pleasing as is the picture thus drawn, it must still be more pleasing to know that this change has taken place within the brief period of a quarter of a century! Intelligence, refinement, and wealth have only begun to dawn since then, and still I deem them in their infancy. Before this improved state of things the old regime of Moslem intolerance had to give way, and the government, to keep up with the rising intelligence of the place, was impelled to adopt new laws; laws, which though not yet put in force in all the East, have begun here to be extended gradually over the country. Twenty years ago, Bayroot hardly numbered ten thousand inhabitants, and was governed by a *Sheikh el Balad*, and subsequently a *Mutsellim* a sort of mayor; but now I think it must contain between forty and fifty thousand inhabitants, the absence, however, of any census taken prevents me from being accurate on this point; but, I believe, I am not far from the truth in giving my present estimate of the population. It is now the seat of the Pashalik, which then was Sidon, and the Pasha, and the consuls and consul-generals now reside in Bayroot. But the best

part of it is, that twenty years ago Bayroot was a poor city, and a man possessed of a thousand piastres, equivalent to nine pounds sterling, was called an "*Alfee*" or *thousandaire*, as in the West a man is called a "*millionaire*;" and now a man of a thousand pounds is called barely well off, whilst there are those who have amassed their ten, twenty, and thirty thousand pounds sterling. A few years ago, all the shipping of the place were the lateen sailed boats, which went up and down the coast with fish or fruits, or some other produce of the country. Opportunities to go to Egypt, Cyprus, or Smyrna were very rare, and months would often elapse before such an opportunity offered, but now look at the roadstead of Bayroot and see its tonnage; gaze on the almost daily steamers that touch there from all parts of the Mediterranean, and be hindered not a moment in your movements!!!

This is also a brilliant picture, but to the Christian the most brilliant achievement is that of the Gospel, which has begun to dawn on the priest-ridden inhabitants. Others will judge for themselves; but I consider this as the beginning of all these improvements. It is only since the missionary went there that these improvements began to develop themselves. Far be it from me to depreciate the influence of European society on the place; but I think the great lever which moved the mass was missionary labour. I, however, will give the facts, and let the reader judge for himself. One word I may be permitted to say, that though we had foreign merchants in Syria long before the missionaries went there, yet, it is singular, if European influence was the main spring in this wonderful rise from ignorance, poverty and degradation to knowledge, wealth and refinement, it did not shew itself till the missionary went there.

Be it so or not, one thing is certain, that the progress of a pure Christianity is the most wonderful part in the great change. Well is it remembered that twenty years ago, the name of a Protestant was a bye-word, contemptible, and even shunned as leprosy, but now it is no longer so, and viewed in a better and a more honourable light by almost all the sects in the East, though they may differ from its sentiments. Though the Gospel has not yet finished its achievements in Bayroot, yet how different now is it from the time when, on the 3rd of August, 1827, a proclamation was read in all the churches, signed by "*the ignoble JOSEPH PETER, Patriarch (Maronite) of Antioch and all the East,*" excommunicating those who would receive "*that deceived man and deceiver of men, Bird the Bibleman,*"¹ declaring that "*they are therefore accused, cut off from all Christian communion; and let the curse envelop them as a robe, and spread through all their members like oil, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel, and wither them like the fig tree cursed by the Lord himself; and let the evil angel rule over them to torment them day and night, asleep and awake, and in whatever circumstance they may be found. We permit no one to visit them, or employ them, or do them a favor, or give them a salutation, or converse with them in any form; but let them be avoided as a putrid member, and as hellish dragons: Beware, yea, beware of the wrath of God!*" or, when on the sabbath following, as Mr. Bird (an American missionary) was sojourning at the house of *Sheikh Nami Lattuf*, of *Ehden*, a letter was received from the patriarch, "*ignoble and holy,*" commanding the people to "*persecute the Bibleman from the*

¹ The Protestants were first called Biblemen in Syria, from their holding the bible as their rule of faith.

place, EVEN THOUGH IT BE NECESSARY TO KILL HIM!" Now Bayroot is blest with a native organised Protestant church, acknowledged by the other bodies, and numbering about *thirty native communicants*, whilst many more are under instruction!

And the more wonderful will this appear, when the reader has had cognizance of the difficulties which first beset the work of the Gospel in Syria. To point out these, I have to detail the history of the American mission in Bayroot. Were I to enter upon the subject with the fulness it deserves, an interesting volume on this one topic could be given to the public; but I will content myself with a few statistics, and leave the reader to glean the rest from the *Missionary Herald* published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and which contains ample accounts of the proceedings of the band of missionaries whose sphere of labour is now the subject of discussion.

The idea of sending missionaries to Syria, or rather Palestine, as we have it in the records of the Board, was first considered in the year 1818, and being approved of, Messrs. Levi Parsons and Pliny Fisk were set apart for the work, and sailed from Boston in the ship "*Sally Ann*" on the 3rd of November, 1819, for Malta, which they reached the 23rd of December following. Hence they embarked for Smyrna, where they arrived on the 14th of January, 1820. Here and at Scio they spent most of the year. On the 6th of December, Mr. Parsons, leaving Mr. Fisk in charge of the British chaplaincy, proceeded in a Greek vessel to Jaffa, where he arrived on the 10th of February, 1821. He was the first American missionary who landed in Syria. Intending to make Jerusalem the seat of his labours, he left Jaffa

on the 16th, and entered the Holy City on the following day; but it seems he did not stay there long, as, after visiting all the localities of interest thereabouts, we see him again leaving Jerusalem on the 8th of May for Smyrna, which he finally reached on the 3rd of December. On the way he had fallen seriously ill, which caused his friend Mr. Fisk much anxiety; so, for change of air, they left Smyrna on the 9th of January, 1822, and reached Alexandria about the 14th, where, after lingering till the 10th of February, Mr. Parsons, the first American missionary who landed in Syria, departed this life. Mr. Fisk then visited Cairo, and returned to Malta, which he reached on the 13th of April. Here he was joined by the Rev. (now Dr.) Jonas King on the 3rd of November, and both of them left on the 3rd of January following, for Alexandria and Cairo, and hence across the desert to Gaza, Jaffa, and Jerusalem, and thus on to Bayroot, which they finally reached on the 10th of July 1823. And now begins the date of the history of the American Mission in Bayroot. Here they were joined by Messrs. Goodell and Bird, two more American missionaries, who arrived in Bayroot on the 16th of November.

They now began operations, and in July of the second year, we see them commencing a school under the superintendence of Mr. Tannus Haddad, *an excellent and a good man*, and now the respected and honoured deacon of the native Protestant Church of Bayroot.

The mission was now divided, Messrs. Fisk and King were stationed at Jerusalem, and Mr. Bird at Bayroot, whilst Mr. Goodell was studying the Armeno-Turkish language, with an Armenian gentleman residing in Sidon, with a view of ultimately becoming a Missionary to the Armenians.

But, perhaps, I ought not to omit an incident which occurred in the early part of the year, as it will serve to show not only the obstacles which the Missionaries had to contend with from within and from without, but also the jealousy of the Roman Catholic party, and the ignorance of the people as to the object of the Missionaries. We find, that in the early part of February Messrs. Bird and Fisk were at Jerusalem distributing Bibles. On the 10th of February, the head of the police, attended by eight or ten soldiers and the Latin Dragoman (interpreter of the Roman Catholic Convent) came into their lodgings, took possession of their papers and keys, sealed up their doors and carried them before the *Cadi* (Judge). Here they showed their firman; but the *Cadi* told them "this is merely for travelling, and gives you no permission to sell books." Holding up a copy of Genesis, he said, "These books are neither Mussulman, Jewish, nor Christian, and nobody will receive or read them." He afterwards remarked, "*The Latins (Roman Catholics) say that these are NOT Christian books.*" They were sent to the *Mutsellim* (Governor) with the assurance that they should be kept in confinement till orders should be received from the Pasha at Damascus. The Governor repeated the assertion of the Judge, "*The Latins say that these are neither Mussulman, Jewish, nor Christian books.*" This at once proved that the arrest was at the instigation of the Latins Thus Popery is always wide awake to crush Protestantism in the bud; but they overdid themselves as the sequel will serve to show. A crier was, however, sent out (as is the custom in place of the drummer of Scotland, and the bell-ringer of America) forbidding all persons to receive their books, and requiring all who had them to deliver them to the Judge.

Learning from their *firman* that they were under English protection, the Governor said he could not imprison them, but they should be lodged in the Latin convent; whither they were conducted, but the convent refused to receive them, and they were lodged in the Governor's palace. The next day he sent for them again, professed to be satisfied with their statements, threw the blame of their arrest upon the Judge, and sent them to lodge with his nephew, where they were treated with marked respect. The next day, after some vain attempts of subordinate officers to extort presents from them, they were released. In a few days, through the prompt interference of the British Consul at Jaffa, to whom they had written, all their papers were restored. The Governor and the Judge now quarrelled, mutually laying the arrest to each other's charge. The Judge asserted that the prohibition to receive books extended only to Mahomedans. This they knew to be false; but it was a virtual repeal of the order, and the sale of the Bibles went on as before.

But the trouble from the Latins was not allowed to end here. It had been reported at Rome that Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Wolf had hired the Jesuit College at Antura for the use of Protestant Missionaries. The College had, indeed, been hired for that purpose by Mr. Way. The Cardinal Somaglia, Dean of the College of the Propaganda, wrote without delay to the Patriarchal Vicar of Mount Lebanon, the Maronite Patriarch and Vicar of Syria and Palestine, to counteract the evil. He declared that such men ought not to have an asylum on Mount Lebanon; exhorted the Patriarch to make it his first care to drive away this spiritual damage; and required the Vicar of Syria to lend his aid "in every possible manner

to render ineffectual the aforesaid mission undertaking." These letters were dated 21st January, 1824. In February, a *firman* was addressed by the Sultan to all the Pashas in Western Asia, forbidding the distribution of the Scriptures, commanding those who had received copies to give them up, and that copies in the hands of distributors should be placed in sequestration till they should be sent back to Europe. As the Latins alone had condemned the Scriptures as books "NOT CHRISTIAN," and opposed their distribution; as the Propaganda had sent out its letters just before the firman was issued, and as it was for the interest of the Sultan, especially during his struggle with the Greeks, to secure the friendship of his Maronite and other subjects of the Latin faith, no one can doubt what influence it was which moved him to this act, which was not rigidly enforced, and but partially obeyed. In the end, the Turkish authorities at Constantinople and elsewhere thought fit to consider it as having been intended merely to be a salutary caution to Mussulmans.

The Maronite and Syrian Patriarchs, but especially the former, issued their anathemas against the "*Bible-men*," as the Missionaries were called, and against all who should receive or retain their books. A copy of the curse issued by the "ignoble *Joseph Peter*," Maronite Patriarch, has already been given in former pages. Indeed, everywhere the Missionaries were branded as "*vile heretics*," which means that they were out of the pale of the visible Church; consequently they could not belong to the invisible one, and hence were condemned by God, should be condemned by men; and even the devils curse them. No person, vile as he may be, could be so bad as a heretic. For the thief, or the murderer, there was

absolution if his holiness was well paid; but for the heretic there was no such thing as "*Dear Peter, Admit the bearer. Yours truly, P. P.*" The vilest portion of hell was the destined eternal home of the heretic. The clergy warned the people against them as against "*hellish dragons*" (to use the words of the ignoble Patriarch Joseph Peter) who were coming to seduce them from their faith *as the serpent tempted Eve!* Nay more, they were said to be possessed of witchcraft, and had dealings with the devil; and a man actually came to the British Consul at Jaffa, and asked him if it was true that these men hired others to worship the devil with them; and it was a common report that it was they (the Missionaries) who caused the great earthquake of Aleppo! and these men, it was said, were come to buy people to their faith, and that the price they gave for common people was *ten piastres, or one shilling and eight pence* sterling, and that these ten piastres always remained with the man who received them, however much he might spend from them. Some said that when a man engaged to be of their faith they took his picture in a book, and that if at any future day he should go back to his former religion, they would shoot the picture and the man would die, although they should be in England and he in Asia! And the people believed all this, for so said his holiness the priest. Was it a wonder, therefore, that the Missionaries found it hard to operate on a people who were so priest-ridden as to gulp down these stories?—Yea, so priest-ridden were they, that whatever the priest said was a gospel to them, though their common sense militated against it. But what wanted they of common sense? the word of the priest was enough. Tell a man that his handkerchief is silk, he may tell you "*no, it is*

cotton;" tell him to feel it; he cares not to do so. The priest had said it was cotton, and there was an end with him to all argument! Nor knew these people what they believed. Ask a man, "What is your belief?" "I believe," said he, "all that the Church believes." "And what," you again ask him, "does your Church believe?" "All that I believe!" he answers. "But what do you and the Church believe?" He knows not—the argument is new to him.

And now I say to the reader, my wonder is not that the missionaries found it hard to operate on a people so priest-ridden, but my surprise is that they did ever operate on them. Few of the Christians of Britain and America know the disadvantages under which a missionary labours in opening a new field; but especially a field like this, where Popery, with all its cunning devices, is brought to bear on an ignorant people. Herein, therefore, is what I say, that the progress of a pure Christianity is the most wonderful link in the chain of recent improvements. And this is the work of the Gospel in less than a quarter of a century; for I deem the work only began in earnest in 1836, as the reader will soon discover.

But to return to the history of the Mission. On the 26th of September, 1825, Mr. King left Syria; but a melancholy loss to the Mission was the death of the Rev. Pliny Fisk, who departed this life at Bayroot on the 23rd of October of the same year. His grave is in the Protestant cemetery at Bayroot. Thus the two first Syrian missionaries closed their career far from their cherished homes.

Messrs. Goodell and Bird continued, however, to labour in the field, assisted by two Armenian ecclesiastics, of

whom more afterwards. Meanwhile the alarm reached the hierarchy of every sect, the Greek church included, who, let it be said to the credit of its members, were at first approvers of the scheme, and who, on the first entrance of the missionaries to Jerusalem, entertained them hospitably at the monastery of the Archangel; and on the return from Jaffa of Messrs. Fisk and Bird, on the evening of the 29th of March, they were, according to the missionary records from which I am gleaning this sketch, received with great cordiality by the Greek priests, "who offered up prayers for their welfare." Why the alienation which afterwards and even now had taken place, the intelligent reader will discover from the fact, that the operations of the missionaries were likely to overturn their institutions, abolish their usages, destroy their power, and introduce a religion substantially different from any among them. Rome itself was more thoroughly aroused than before, *sent twenty priests and twenty thousand dollars this year* to Syria. Repeated excommunications directed against the Mission, and all those who favoured their views, were read in both the Latin and Greek churches, who, though enemies before, now made common cause to crush down Protestantism. Archbishop Abkarius, one of the Armenians mentioned above, and who was then British consul at Sidon, was deprived of his office by the ambassador at Constantinople, who was misled by the misrepresentations of his enemies. Nay, so hot were his enemies in his persecution, that they even obtained a firman for his arrest, which, however, thanks to the Greek war, and their attack on Bayroot, which engrossed the public attention, was not carried into effect. The sphere of missionary influence was, however, greatly

reduced, and their school almost given up. And all this was still helped by the arrest and martyrdom of the pious Asaad Esh Shidiak, the proto-martyr of Protestantism in Syria. Notwithstanding all this opposition and evils of war, the missionaries still rejoiced in three Armenian converts, who, during all the remainder of their life, honoured Christ in the flesh, and died full of hope and faith; as also the continuing steadfast with them of that good and excellent man, Mr. Tannus El Haddad.

Not far from the snow-capped heights of Sunnin, in the district of Kesrawan, among peaks of mountains, isolated by itself, is the direful convent of Cannobin, where the martyred Asaad Esh Shidiak suffered for the truth as it is in Jesus. The history of this young man is deeply interesting. He belonged to a respectable family of Mount Lebanon, and was himself a successful graduate of the college of Ain Warka in Kesrawan, which gained for him the pupilship of the American missionaries then resident at Bayroot. Here he taught them the Arabic language; and, whilst doing so, often discussed with them spiritual things, and as a matter of vain glory, as he afterwards confessed, he was preparing a book against them and their Bible, when, by the grace of God, he himself became converted—saw the errors of his church and renounced them. The patriarch then tried every means which sophistry could dictate to bring him back; but failing to allure him, he, as a last resort, incited his parents against him, who, by entreaty and stratagem, enticed him to their house in Mount Lebanon. Here he was at once arrested by his nearest and dearest relations, and taken to the patriarch. His uncle walked by his side brandishing a naked sword in his hand, and

reminding him every now and then, "*that if the patriarch would not kill him, he would, and thus sweep away the stain of heresy from the family.*" His own mother told him, *that rather than it be known that she bore a heretic, she would poison him herself.* To all of which he answered, "*Softly, dear uncle! Softly, dear mother!* for thus it was foretold, that 'a man's foes shall be those of his own household.'" Once before the patriarch, he was called upon to recant; but he asked the patriarch to reconcile the errors of the church to his conscience and common sense. He was asked to offer prayers to the Virgin Mary: he answered that he would tender his prayers to his Divine Redeemer. Finally, finding all efforts vain to bring him back to the Maronite church, of which he was once a member, the patriarch imprisoned him in a dark and gloomy cell, from which he ran away, but was caught and brought back. It is said, that when his pursuers came up with him, they asked him—

"*Art thou Asaad?*"

"*Yes,*" answered he, "*I am Asaad.*"

On telling him that the patriarch had sent them to catch him dead or alive, his reply was—

"*I am ready; take me.*"

They took him to the patriarch, and that is the last that has been heard of him, though this event occurred upwards of thirty years ago. My father, who was a fellow convert and friend of Asaad, armed by powers from Ibrahim Pasha, the ironside viceroy of Egypt, now also the conqueror of Syria, accompanied by a number of soldiers and a Scotch merchant, a Mr. Robert Tod, presented himself at the convent about the time, and demanded Asaad in the name of the viceroy of

Egypt and Syria; and, in reply, got the answer that "*Asaad was dead.*" The convent was searched, the walls were made to echo back the name of the loved proto-martyr, but in vain; and my father returned to mourn in the flesh over his fellow-convert, but rejoicing in the spirit that God had deemed him worthy of suffering for His sake. Rumours reached Bayroot afterwards that Asaad had been strangled; others said that he was buried alive in a damp cellar, which was closed over him, and thus starved to death. Be it one death, or the other, one thing is sure, that Asaad since then has never made his appearance again, nor been heard of. O lamentable fate! O power of priestcraft that *could* make a *mother accessory to the death of her son!* Surely no greater proof is required to show the power of priestcraft, how much the people implicitly bowed before it, when a mother can sacrifice her son merely at a priest's behest; surely it must be a great thing which in the space of a few years overthrows this power! This is what I call the wonderful achievement of the Gospel.

The Rev. Eli Smith arrived at Bayroot to join the Mission in the early part of 1827; but the times were hard then. The school at Bayroot, which was only of a primary nature, was totally broken up; intercourse with the inhabitants had become difficult and even dangerous; the plague was again approaching; the prospect of war between England and Turkey increased; the British consul, Mr. Abbott, thinking his life unsafe, had secretly left the place, so that the missionaries now were no longer under consular protection; commerce had almost ceased, and vessels in which they could depart were seldom to be found. In this stagnation of affairs the transmission of funds would be difficult and uncertain;

and, all things considered, the American missionaries determined to abandon the place till a more favourable opportunity, when they could resume their labours with better success; consequently, on the 2nd of May, 1828, they, Messrs. Goodell, Bird, and Smith, accompanied by two Armenian ecclesiastics, one of whom was my father, embarked for Malta, where they arrived on the 29th. Here they remained for some time translating books; not so, however, my father, who soon afterwards returned to Bayroot, where he laboured single-handed for some time, but meeting with great opposition, he was induced by his friends to remove to Sidon. In this town he opened a small retail shop, which prospered vastly; the shop had soon to be changed to the store; the retail merchant soon became a wholesale merchant. In his prosperity, said the missionary records, he never lost sight of the "*Giver of all good things*;" and up to the time of his death, which occurred on the 10th of September, 1832, he never failed to direct the attention of his customers to the only Mediator between God and man—CHRIST. His death is narrated very feelingly in the records of the "Missionary Heralds" of England and America; and were I not afraid to be supposed giving an undue importance to my father's history over any other portion of the missionary field, I would have gladly made a few extracts from the records of the Board, relative to his life, labours, and death, but I earnestly refer the reader to them; meanwhile I beg to make one remark, that my father was *not* a pensioner of the American missionaries; and, save the time when he first joined them in the capacity of teacher and helper—a time when he was in great destitution on account of the persecutions of his patriarch, who despoiled him of

ecclesiastical and every other honour save that of being a Christian gentleman—he *never was in their pay*. And this remark I make as a vindication of my father's motives in joining the Protestant movement. The remarks of the author of the "Holy City" are as unjust as they are unworthy of a British divine, who professes to love the truth for Christ's sake. *It is not true* that my father and his two colleagues left their church and the high offices they held in order to be married; nor is *what he asserts* true, that the American missionaries have taken charge of the families of what *he* calls "*these unhappy men*." No such thing; and the indefatigable Mr. Williams, who was so diligent in supporting the Greek church, right or wrong I will not say, *ought* to have taken a little more trouble to learn the truth on this subject. Knowing him personally as I do, and being convinced that he is a good man, I do not accuse him of a malicious desire to malign the characters of men who looked dire persecution, and utmost penury and degradation, in the face, when they might have lived in all that made man comfortable, simply because they thought their souls of more value than their bodies; but I regret, and that deeply, that his prejudices carried him so far as to blind his sense of justice, and for ever to blast his good taste.

The history of these Armenian ecclesiastics, whom he calls "*unhappy men*," is simply this:—They met the missionaries; received the Bible from them; read it diligently; saw its truths and the errors of their church; renounced the latter and espoused the former; were persecuted directly and indirectly for its sake; lived to testify of its truth in their lives, and finally died in the glorious hope of its sacred promises being fulfilled to

them; and on their death-bed they did not rely on man, be he an American or an English missionary, but in the presence of these and many more who stood by their death-beds, they commended their family to God, the Father of the orphan, and the husband of the widow. "JESUS," were my father's *last* words, "I commend my wife and children to Thee." And these are the men whom a Protestant divine, in face of the Christian and Infidel world, charges with false motives! Well, indeed, if Mr. Williams can believe that such men were purchased over, then I no longer wonder at the credulity of ignorant Syrians who believed that these harmless missionaries had dealings with the devil, or caused the earthquake of Aleppo, or bought people to their faith! Mr. Williams will also die, and I trust none will be found to deal with his memory and motives as uncharitably as he has dealt with the history of the three ecclesiastics whom he calls "*unhappy men*." I leave him now.

In May, 1830, Mr. Bird, accompanied by Mr. Whiting, another American Missionary, landed in Bayroot, and now turned their attention to the object of their mission. Hardly had they arrived when the Maronite priests, faithful to the doctrines of Rome, on the day after their arrival announced that "the Bible men, that is, the followers of the Devil," had again made their appearance, and commanded the people, under the penalty of their curse, to abstain from all intercourse with them. Notwithstanding this fresh outbreak, the Missionaries continued to labour, and on the 24th of January, 1833, were reinforced by the Rev. W. M. Thomson and Dr. Dodge, American Missionaries who had sailed from Boston on the 30th of October last.

At this time, it was thought advisable to establish a permanent Mission at Jerusalem; and for this purpose Dr. Dodge and Mr. Whiting repaired thither, and operated with Mr. Nicolayson of the London Jews' Society; but on the 28th of July, 1835, it pleased God to remove Dr. Dodge to a better world—he died, and was buried in Jerusalem. Mr. Whiting, however, remained there, and was successively assisted by Messrs. Lanneau (who arrived in 1836) and Mr. Sherman (who arrived in 1839); and thus this Mission continued till some years afterwards, when the field was abandoned, perhaps owing (as I have since heard from a friend) to the labours of the Anglican bishopric, with a view to the division of labor. Be it so or not, it is clear that when the Anglican bishopric was established at Jerusalem, the American Missionaries retired.

To return, therefore, to the Mission at Bayroot; it was, indeed, in a poor condition. None but Mr. Thomson was there—Mr. Bird had, on account of the poor state of his wife's health, departed to Smyrna, and since then to the United States; whilst Mr. Eli Smith was on a travelling tour in Syria, and the Mission was all but abandoned. In this extremity, Mr. Thomson opened a boarding-school, perhaps as a last resort, in the year 1836, and six pupils were admitted into it, who, for want of proper books in Arabic, were first taught in English, and all their education was conveyed in that language. I was one of the six pupils who were entered in that school, and well do I remember our attempts to learn the English tongue. One of the rules of the school was this: two months' grace was given to every new scholar wherein he could speak Arabic, after which he was expected to speak English, and for every Arabic

word spoken between sunrise and sunset the penalty was that the delinquent should stand with open arms before the other boys whilst they ate their meals; and should he choose he may eat what they left. This was a hard process, but one which enabled us soon to learn the English tongue, and to have access to its rich and varied literature; and in one short year the difference was so marked, that notwithstanding the remonstrances of the priests, more boys were entered, and the school began to flourish, and high hopes were again entertained. During the year, the Mission was reinforced by Mr. Hebard, to whom was assigned the charge of the seminary; Miss Tilden, who was to act as matron to it; and Miss Williams, who took the place of Mrs. Smith in teaching a female seminary, Mrs. Smith having died in Boujjah, near Smyrna. Thus, with the exception of the last melancholy loss, everything was again on the "*qui vive*."

Mr. Thomson, having founded the school, now left it to other hands, whilst he turned his attention to preaching and visiting; and thus things went on till the year 1840, the school daily prospering. In February, 1840, Miss Williams, then Mrs. Hebard, having been married to Mr. H. for some time, died, and was interred in the Bayroot Protestant cemetery, *leaving many a mourner behind her*. Mr. Hebard also, broken in health, soon left Syria, in order to revisit his native land, with the hope also of obtaining a larger grant of funds for the seminary to which he was so dearly attached, and by the members of which he was as sincerely loved; but he did not reach his home, having died in the succeeding year in the quarantine of Malta. The news of his death was sensibly felt by all who knew him, but by none *more sincerely and more earnestly* than his pupils, by whom his name, as

also that of his kind and tender wife will ever be cherished with the utmost affection and reverence. He was considered the English pillar of our seminary, as Tannus El Haddad was considered the Arabic pillar. Mr. H. has gone, bearing the love of his pupils; nor less is the survivor respected, he is now a deacon of the native Protestant Church of Bayroot. Long may he continue to be a pillar in it, and may more rise up to call him blessed.

In the autumn of 1840, the British squadron blockaded Bayroot, and the school was for a time suspended on account of the absence of the Missionaries in Cyprus, but it was again continued towards the end of the year, and continued to flourish till the 12th of August, 1842, when it broke down for want of funds.

Mr. Whiting, who had of late years visited his native country, returned to Syria in the early part of 1840, bringing with him, as Missionaries, Messrs. Woolcott, Van Dyck, Keyes, and L. Thompson; all of whom, with the exception of Dr. Van Dyck, who acted as physician to the Mission, and Mr. Whiting, who went to his station at Jerusalem, were engaged in teaching the seminary, and who, after its discontinuance, returned home; Mrs. Woolcott having died at Bayroot, was buried in its cemetery, beneath the shadow of the seminary.

Thus closed, in my humble opinion, one of the best institutions introduced to Syria in the nineteenth century—an institution, the walls of which will ever be regarded with tender affection by those who studied within them. Whatever may be the opinion of others as regards the influence of this seminary, mine is, that it has been decidedly beneficial, and productive of good to the town of Bayroot. Not only has its literature counteracted in

a great measure European vices which have been introduced into Syria, but to which the Syrians have not generally taken up, but it has also caused an emulation among the other sects who called upon the heads of their Churches for schools, and which they were obliged to afford them. It caused the Bible to be received in a new and better light; and helped, in no small degree, to excite a spirit of inquiry, which I doubt not has had its due share in the improvement of Bayroot. Since that day the Missionaries have got on better and with less opposition. The females, too, have been educated, from a few girls in the families of the Mission, the cry for female education has arisen like a hurricane; and now the girls of Bayroot, like its sons, have sought and attained education, and well have they shown that they deserve it.

A printing-press had also been long ago imported into Syria, but which was doing nothing till Mr. Hurter arrived at Bayroot in 1841, when it assumed active operations, and has since then been in constant work.

I have now brought the reader to a history of the Mission when it began to develop itself. Of these developments I shall speak fully as we come upon them; meanwhile, as a closing paragraph to this brief history of the Mission, let me say that other missions were now attempted elsewhere. In the first place, a native Protestant Church was organized in Bayroot in the year 1847, which numbers about thirty communicants, and of which Mr. Whiting¹ is the acting pastor till a native should be called to it. Besides the members mentioned, the attendants on its services are many; and often have I seen the

¹ Since these pages have gone to press, I have received the melancholy intelligence of the death of this good man. He died on the 8th of November, 1855.

room so crowded with hearers that there was no standing room to be found. In connection with it, there is a small primary school under the care of Maalim Tannus¹ *Sabinji*. In Abailh, on the slopes of Lebanon, a new seminary has been commenced to replace the one of Bayroot in which I studied; it is carried on on the same principle, with the exception that the education is now given in Arabic. Mr. Calhoun is the principal of it, and is at present assisted by Mr. Bird, son of the early Missionary. Here, also, is a native Protestant Church, numbering upwards of a dozen members. Messrs. Thomson and Van Dyck moved to Sidon, where now they are dispensing the Word of God to those who will hear it. At Bhamdoon, a village on Mount Lebanon, a Missionary is also stationed. Tripoli and Aleppo are now Missionary stations; in the latter a native Protestant Church has been organized; whilst at Hasbaiya a similar organization exists, and of which my brother is pastor. The Rev. Dr. Smith, with the help of a native who was once connected with the Bayroot seminary, is now making a new translation of the Bible into Arabic—one the language of which will prove more acceptable to the people.

And now I have run over the leading features in the history of a Mission under whose care I was educated and brought up—one to which I am attached, not so much for the sake of the Missionaries whom I love and respect, as for the cause which they advocate and which begins to tell on Syria—in conclusion, I have only to say, that the account I have given of the Mission has been gleaned mostly from the “Missionary Herald” of the American Board, to which I refer the reader for more ample details.

CHAPTER III.

Tuesday, 26th December, 1854—The Promenade of Bayroot—Ancient Remains—Hotels—Coffee-shops—Lateen sailing Boats—Process of reeling Silk—The Mission Grounds—Old Scenes and Old Associations—Printing Press—A new Translation of the Bible into Arabic—Protestant Cemetery—Reflection—A Mahomedan Funeral—Treatment of the Dead—Public Cemeteries—Anecdote of a Bedouin and the Bath—The Seraglio—Pashaliks of Syria—Pasha—Government of Bayroot—Town Court—Roman and Turkish Rule—The Way Bayroot is lighted at Night—Soldiers and Cities—Revenues—Turkey and Islamism—Tribute Money—Dr. Olin's Testimony—Conscription—Its Unpopularity—Board of Trade—Mosques—Endowments—Liberality of Mahomedans—Meanness of the Maronites—Anecdote—Streets—The Gold Coins—A Scene at the Custom-house—Turkey and her Revenues—Abaih—The Road thither—Ain Ksoor—Deyr el Kamar and Bteddeen—Scenes of civil Discord.

ONCE more, gentle reader, behold me amid familiar scenes!

The sun had just began to tinge with its golden beams the mountain tops, when, accompanied by Mitchell, I sallied forth for a walk. . . . Bayroot has no Regent-street or Broadway to boast of; but it has, nevertheless, a promenade, which, if not as fashionable as those just mentioned, yet for *air* and *exercise* it certainly bears a material improvement upon them, and is better entitled to that term than either. The scene of this walk (for the natives have not yet become so fashionable as to

dignify it with the name of "*Promenade*") skirts the sea-side for about a couple of miles or more. It runs from the walls of the city to the Cape, which takes its name from it. The noise and glare of a street are here changed for nature's scenery—the confusion of cabs and omnibuses rattling along the street is favourably displaced by the rolling billows of the stately Mediterranean, bearing on their surface countless lateen sailing boats. You meet no ladies, for here they make no exhibition of themselves; but the eye gazes not with less interest on the groups of young men, dressed in the picturesque costume of their country, walking to and fro, or sitting in knots, redolent with artistic effect, in some friendly coffee-shop (of which there are many lining the shore), sipping their coffee, and gurgling through the long tubes of their nargeelés. An uncommon interest is attached to this favoured haunt. It is *tout-à-fait* Oriental. Oft, oft have I walked here in bygone days. Here some of my dearest thoughts had their birth, and here many a struggle in after life first took form, then shape, and was afterwards put into practice.

Leaving a Mohamedan cemetery on our right, we skirted the sea-shore; and in about five minutes reached some ancient remains, partially under water; a few rooms can be traced, and a great circular building, perhaps an amphitheatre, whilst on the high road immediately opposite to it may be seen some mosaics. The remains by the sea-side suggested the idea that much of old *Berytus* has been submerged under the encroaching waters of the Mediterranean. A little further on we reached a small cove, called by the natives "*Minet el Husn*," a beautiful little basin of water, of the depth of fourteen or fifteen feet. Here, in this cove, on a sum-

mer's evening, hundreds of young men may be seen swimming, now rising gaily on the swelling wave or falling in the trough. A melancholy incident occurred here a few years ago. As the boat of an English man-of-war was attempting a landing in a season of high surf, it was upset, and the officer and some of the crew were drowned. Their bodies were washed on the shore a few days afterwards, and were decently buried in the Protestant cemetery, of which more anon. A monument is erected to their memory by the sea-side, nearest the spot where they met their untimely end.

We entered a coffee-shop, at the head of the cove, and a boy brought us nargeelés and coffee. A long perpetual swell reigned in the roads and the cove, which set in motion all the vessels in the roadstead; three or four small boats were listlessly riding on the waves, whilst their occupants were engaged in fishing by means of a long line. Sundry lateen sailing boats came capering before the wind, and to complete the picture, Lebanon towered with all its majesty far above our view into the morning mist.

Here, at the head of this cove, is a comfortable hotel, kept by one Antonio Truchino;¹ there is another good hotel in the city, kept by a Demetrius Kara; both possess the same name of *Bellevue*, and both are good hotels, the best in the place; their charges are nearly two dollars a day for breakfast, dinner, tea, bed, and attendance. The traveller wishing to patronise either will have to designate which of the "*Hotel Bellevues*" he wishes to go to, whether *within* or *without* the city.

A word about the coffee-shops. They are numerous and are to be found all over the East. Every five

¹ Since then dead.

minutes walk within the precincts of a town is sure to bring you into one. They have a lawn outside, where small stools (in Bayroot chairs are now used) like a cubic foot are placed for the accommodation of the customer; a raised fireplace is in the corner, whereupon the coffee-pot is heard simmering, whilst immediately above it are two shelves where the nargeelés are placed. The customer here enjoys the luxury of a smoke and a cup of coffee for the trifling sum of ten paras, about two farthings. Some of the large coffee-shops have the appendage of a story-teller, who comes of an evening and either entertains the audience with a story from the Arabian Nights, or relates to them some gallant deed of some deceased warrior. These stories are well received. In relating the story, the speaker does not stand on a platform as in the West. The customers are divided to two sides, and an open space is left between them. In this space he walks to and fro. He begins his story by clapping his hands, which at once secures for him breathless attention. In place of the "Ladies and Gentlemen!" of the West, the story-teller, on clapping his hands for attention, addresses them thus:—"My Honoured Sirs!" He speaks a little, then helps himself to a whiff of nargeelé from one of the customers, who gladly offers it to him; he speaks a little more, takes another whiff from the nargeelé of another, and so on till he has done. The entertainment generally lasts about an hour, after which he and the shop-keeper go round with plates and make the collection.

See you those small lateen-sailed boats? they are hardly two tons burthen, and yet they are not only considered sea-worthy, but their men trustworthy. I have often seen them come into port in the fiercest

storms, and I have known their captains, men, who to judge from appearances, you would not trust with a penny, entrusted with groups of specie, worth thousands of pounds sterling, simply on their word that they will deliver them safely, without signing a bill of lading for them. And what is more to their credit is, that I never knew a single case of dishonesty among them!

Hence we directed our steps towards the Mission-house, where was once the seminary wherein I was educated. Our road was an ascent between gardens of mulberry trees, on the leaves of which the natives feed their silk-worms. The process is interesting, and as silk is one of the staple products of the country I will give the reader an account of the manner it is prepared. The silk-worm, in its caterpillar state, which may be considered as the first stage of its existence, is fed on these green mulberry leaves, and after acquiring its full length, which is about two, and sometimes three, inches proceeds to enclose itself in an oval-shaped ball or cocoon, which is formed by an exceedingly slender and long filament of fine silk, emitted from the stomach of the insect preparatory to its assuming the shape of the chrysalis or moth. In this latter stage, after emancipating itself from its silken prison, it seeks its mate which has undergone a similar transformation; and in two or three days afterwards the female having deposited her eggs both insects terminate their existence. The raw silk is produced by the operation of winding off at the same time several of the balls or cocoons (which are immersed in hot water to soften the natural gum on the filament) on a common reel, thereby forming one smooth even thread. When the skein is dry it is taken from the reel and made up into hanks. It is both pleasing and interesting to hear

the people of a summer's evening sing at their *Helalé* where they immerse the cocoons into hot water, and where the smooth thread is wound on the reel, or, in other words, where the raw silk is manufactured. There are many of these *Helalés* in the gardens about Bayroot, and the traveller will be interested in visiting one of them, as also a silk-worm house. They are to be plentifully met with during the season, which is in spring. The natives formerly sent their raw silk to be reeled in Europe, but they have awakened to the benefit of reeling it themselves, and hence the traveller will now meet in the vicinity of Bayroot, as also in Mount Lebanon and other parts of Syria, silk factories for the purpose. In the suburbs of the city, I know of two factories—one English, and the other a native; another is at Shemlan, a village on Mount Lebanon. This last is owned by a Scotch house. There are others in Mount Lebanon, but it is unnecessary to enumerate them here.

After turning two or three lanes, whose right and left were bounded by groves of the tree just noticed, amid whose rich green foliage rose up the new houses of the natives, we gained the heights—a sort of table land, from which may be had a beautiful view of the scenery around. Here a Turkish barrack of extensive dimensions has recently been erected and looks well. A little beyond it, we reached the Mission grounds. We entered the pretty domain, if I may be allowed to dignify it with such a name; and now, once more, I was amid scenery the most interesting to me. Every stone and every tree in this yard were familiar. They looked like old friends. Seven years of my boyhood's days were spent here. Not only now as I see them, but often in my wanderings have I conjured them up before the vision of memory.

I gazed on the avenues of Pride of India trees planted by the goodly Hebard, and thought of the many hours I spent under them, playing marbles or chasing the ball. I visited our little garden lots; there was mine, and though the lapse of years has filled the bed with weeds yet I still can call to memory the time when it was the object of great care, when every little sprig in it was watched, watered, and cared for, with a mother's tenderness. And there was the great *Karoubé*—husk tree—under the venerable shade of which we oft resorted in summer. Ah! how everything seems to call back the past to life again. The calendar seems to have retrograded some fifteen years or more, and I thought myself once again a boy among other boys; my eyes wandered forth to seek my playmates—where are they? They were not there—all was silent.

High above me towered the Mission House, looking somewhat more grey with age. It seems, too, to have felt the hand of time. I lifted my eyes to gaze on its venerable form, and thought I saw, as of old, the goodly Hebard and his wife looking down from its terrace on their children, as they called us. In the basement were the dormitories and our schoolroom; the latter has been converted into a chapel. All was locked. I climbed to one of the windows of the chapel, and oh! there it is, the self-same schoolroom where I had a seven years' tuition. But I will not weary the reader with the associations of my early life, the days of my sweet childhood. Oh! those days they will come only once; and once passed will have no returning. Dead, dead must be the sensibilities, and void, utterly void, must be that heart which cannot always preserve a lively impression of them.

Immediately above the chapel, and where once successively resided the Birds, the Goodells, the Thomsons, the Hebards, the Woolcotts, and the Keyeses, is the printing establishment, under the care of Mr. George Hurter, and which, as detailed in the last chapter, is now in active operation, and which one day will doubtless be a great and powerful auxiliary in the work of evangelizing the Arab race, not only in Syria, but wherever the Arabic is spoken. In the issue of the books from its depository, we read in the annual report of the Mission, that Egypt, Assyria and India have shared in its benefits—a fact which clothes this press with great importance.

In an upper story of the house is the study of the Rev. Dr. Smith, so chosen that he may always be at hand. He is still engaged in translating a new version of the Scriptures into the Arabic language. On this head, says the report of the American Board in their last meeting, “We view this work as curious, complicated, and of the most excellent worth. If the sacred volume rendered in good classic Arabic, enabling more than forty millions of that ancient and unique nation, in all their discussions and their nomadic companies to read in their own venerable vernacular language the ‘wonderful works of God,’ may thus be given to them, it will be an achievement indeed worth infinitely more than it can ever cost, and on which both our cares and the toils of exemplary missionaries in Syria may be well congratulated with high rejoicings and higher thanksgivings to God.” The work will not only be an improved edition of the former one, but it also contains marginal notes and references which will render it of incalculable worth. It is a work of great labour, and its difficulties at first

were all but insurmountable. First of all, a native Arabic scholar was wanted who knew Hebrew to help in the translation; but none such could be found; so the missionaries had to take one and teach him the Hebrew tongue.

Leaving the Mission House, we crossed the playground, and descended into the Protestant cemetery. It is full of graves, and soon it will have to be enlarged. We wandered among the tombs. Many were the sepulchres of those I knew. Missionaries—their children—their wives—converts—travellers—officers—sailors—soldiers—merchants—clergy—young and old—the infant at the breast—the interesting child—the man—the woman—pious and worldly-minded—blooming youth and mouldering age from different parts of the world sleep together here. There is something exceedingly solemn to a churchyard where

“The voices of the dead rise like a distant torrent’s fall.”

and join in the warning to the *proud living*, that many of those who now sleep there, once trod this earth as buoyantly as we. Here, in the midst of this *city of the dead*, what profitable lessons may not be learned, if we were only to apply our hearts to wisdom? How each turf and sod warn us of our end! From the earth we came, and to the cold earth we must return! Oh! why is not that still solemn voice heeded? Why should death *sure and unevaded* be so little thought of by us, that we procrastinate so much to prepare for our future state? Whence comes this foolish sense of our security? How comes it in view of all these monitions of Providence, we remain indifferent to our eternal prospects?

Apropos of this, as we sauntered amid the graves, a

Mahomedan funeral passed close to us. First came a host of blind Sheiks, chanting short pieces from the Koran, then came the bier, on which the dead body lay, carried by the relatives of the deceased, and, last of all, followed a large train of mourners and friends.

The treatment of the dead, the funeral and the burial, in the East are only shadows of the past, and as it may serve to illustrate Biblical customs, I hereby proceed to give an account of the same. So long as the vital spark has not been extinguished, the family of the deceased still hope for recovery; nor do they cease to hope until the spirit has taken its flight to that "bourne from which no traveller returns." During the illness, the kindness and attention of the family are overwhelming; nor does this attention cease till the corpse is laid under the ground, and even then he is not forgotten, for his friends continue to visit his grave on stated days. As soon as it is known that he has yielded the ghost, the relations gather round the body and with doleful lamentations rend the air. The eyes of the deceased are at once closed by some of his nearest relatives; the toes of his feet tied so that the legs may be kept near each other, and the hands are placed on his breast. If he is a Mahomedan he is washed with warm water first. I am not aware that this last custom prevails among the Christians; but in both cases the body is enveloped in its burial robes, which consist generally of an ordinary dress, and in this state he is laid out on a parapet open to the view of visitors, who come in great numbers to join in the lamentations. The style of Oriental grief, especially among the females, is very violent. To add to the *melée*, the Mahomedans and natives of Mount Lebanon actually *hire* mourners to come and rend the

air with their shrieks. This last custom does not prevail among the Christians.

As soon as the deceased has ceased to breathe, preparations are forthwith made for the burial, which generally takes place within *twenty-four* hours of the decease, and this is rendered the more necessary as the process of decomposition commences very soon in this country. At the hour of the burial, the body is wrapped up in a white shroud, and placed either in a coffin or borne on a bier, as was the case with the widow's son of Nain. The bier in use among the people is nothing but a plain wooden board, on which, supported on two poles and carried on the shoulders of four men, either the friends of the deceased or others who volunteer, lay the body covered only by its shroud. The moment the deceased is carried out of the house, a more violent outbreak of grief, superseding if anything the first one which accompanied the spirit as it took its flight, takes place. It is not customary for the women to accompany the dead body—the men alone go, headed by their respective priests.

The public cemeteries occupy a place *out of town*, a great extent of ground being allotted for the purpose. Generally speaking, the graves are distinct, but in the case of a poor family one grave generally serves the whole race of them, depositing one coffin on the top of another and so on. In the case of a man dying with the plague, he is not buried under ground as usual, but in limestone, in which he is burnt. This custom seems to have been prevalent in olden times, so as to prevent contagion, and we see mention of it in Amos vi. 10.

A Mahomedan cemetery is interesting—the cypress waves mournfully over the whited sepulchres—Sheiks

and females, the one blind and the other enveloped in her white *eiza*, may be seen roaming about the cemetery, the one mourning and the other praying by the side of the graves, which are generally a slab placed upright at the head and feet, whilst the intermediate space is either planted with flowers bordered round with stones, or paved with stiles. A Mahomedan is always buried lying on his side with his face to Mecca.

After gazing on this melancholy train, we took a circuitous route, keeping near the walls, and finally entered the town by *Bab Es Seráia*, or the Gate of the Palace, from the fact that the Pasha's palace is close at hand, and of which more soon. On our way we passed a grove of sycamores; an old aqueduct and a ruined fort, the face of which was much disfigured by the cannon balls of the British squadron, during the blockade of Syria in 1840. It looked as if it had an attack of the small-pox.

We entered the city, and passed by a bath, said to be the best in Bayroot. I dare say I shall have another opportunity of describing this greatest of all Oriental luxuries—*greatest!* only listen to this anecdote. A Bedouin, wild and fresh from his nomadic tribe, found himself once in Bayroot, and as he sauntered through the streets he passed a confectioner's shop, and stopped to gaze on it; the master invited him to enter and partake of some of the dainties. Nothing loth, he complied, and the master set before him a dish of *Baklawa* (Oriental sweetmeats). He ate and ate, and after thoroughly making way with the contents of the dish, he looked askance in the shopowner's face; the shopowner asked him if he knew what he had been eating. "No, *ya effendi*," says he, "but I suppose this is what

I heard my father speak of as being the greatest luxury in the world, a '*hummam*,'” i.e., a bath!!!

The next building is the Pasha's palace, already referred to. It is a large building, and has been much improved of late. Entering by the dilapidated gateway, where Turkish soldiers are seen doing duty, we are ushered into a square. Immediately on our left is the city jail, in which might be seen a few malefactors, rarely those, however, of murderers. It is a great deal to say for a country like Syria, that in the cities we seldom hear of thefts, and still less of murder. It is only now and then, with cases “few and far between,” that such events occur, and when they come to pass, being so rare, you will it hear it spoken of in every part of the town. The Western tourist will be astonished at the absence of any massive walls, the jail being composed of only two or three rooms, where the *mauvais sujets* are huddled pell-mell together. An inner room is called “*Habes el Damm*,” or the bloody jail, which signifies that it is a place for murderers. But what will astonish the tourist more, is that he will see the door of the prison open during the day, and free access given to the friends of the prisoners to visit them, unwatched by any guards; indeed, unless we except the few soldiers on duty at the gate, few, if any, are to be seen; and were it not for the filth and vermin which abounds in the place, I would feel disposed to say that the jail in this part of the world, however undesirable it may be, is by no means such a hard matter. Perhaps it is this which accounts for the rarity of runaways. We seldom hear of them. In an upper story of the building to our right is the insolvents' prison, where prisoners are placed for debt. This once

formed the residence of the British officers, in the campaign of 1840-41, when the country was wrested from the Viceroy of Egypt and given to the Sultan. It is more airy and spacious than the jail below. Here, also, the traveller will notice the absence of guards. In cases of insolvency, the debtor is imprisoned *ninety-one* days, after which he is released of his debt. This, however, if both creditor and debtor are Turkish subjects; but should the creditor be a European and the debtor a *Rayah*, no one knows a limit to the insolvent's imprisonment. The consul of the creditor can remand the man as long as he pleases. The rooms of the subordinate officers and guards are on the basement floor, opposite the jail, and here these officials may be seen lounging on their carpets, lazily puffing the smoke of their *chibooks*. The whole of the northern corner of the quadrangle is a newer building, where the pasha holds his court. His residence is in the suburbs.

Bayroot is now the seat of a resident pasha, though the pashalik properly belongs to Sidon. The introduction, however, of European customs into Bayroot; its being the rendezvous of the mail steamers, as also the residence of the foreign consuls, and its increasing commerce, have all conduced to remove the pashalik to it. And here, it may be well to say, that Syria is divided into five pashaliks, viz., Aleppo, Damascus, Bayroot, Acre, and Jerusalem, of which, I think, Bayroot is the most important. Each pashalik is under the surveillance of a pasha, sent from Constantinople for the purpose. During his pashadom, his excellency is considered for the time all but the Sultan of the place. He is called Viceroy, which means the substitute for the king, or representing the king in the dependency. He

is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland *in miniature*, for it must not be forgotten that he only governs one-fifth of a small province, and yet he makes more fuss about himself than Queen Victoria. The peers of England, whom I have often seen walking quietly and unnoticed in the streets of London, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or the Governor General of Canada, stand no chance with our fussy Pasha. He always moves in great state, accompanied by a large retinue of officers, guards, and *chibook* (pipe) bearers!!

There are two divans, or government courts, in the town of Bayroot. The one is the Pasha's divan, the residence of the Pasha's suite, and serves only as a political agency of the Porte. The other divan is called a *mejlis*, or a sitting-place, which in this case means where justice is administered, and might resemble the court of justice before which our Saviour was tried, and where were assembled Caiaphas, the high priest, the scribes, and elders. Indeed, the more I think of this *mejlis*, headed by its Cadi and Mufti, the high-priests and magistrates of Islamism, and the others of the council, who are generally the representatives of the various churches, am I reminded of the court which tried the Messiah eighteen hundred years ago, which was similarly composed of "high-priests, scribes, and elders," or, in the words of another verse, "chief priests, elders, and all the council." The fact impresses itself upon my mind that the whole government of Syria now resembles much that at the time of Christ. The Sultan has taken the place of the Cæsars; Turkey the place of Rome; the Pasha replaces a Herod; the Mutsellim a Pontius Pilate; and the *mejlis* takes the place of the court before which our Saviour was tried. It is actually the same, but with

this exception, that Jews, who were then the heads of it, if not composing its whole body, are now, if not *positively* excluded from it, only retained as under-clerks or money-lenders. And the same intrigues still go on as ever. *False witnesses* and *bribery* are the order of the day; and he that can bribe most gains his suit. The poor, consequently, unless they can fall back upon the protection of a foreign consul, generally go to the wall. This is what is called the *people's court*. It is true, that there is an appeal from it to the higher one at Constantinople; but unless the parties are rich, few go that length for fear of losing more.

Bayroot is not lighted at night, but in order to supply this deficiency, every man walking in the street after dark is obliged to be his own lamp-post; if seen walking without a lantern in his hand, he is taken up and put into jail for the night, and released next morning on his giving a good account of himself and paying a fine of *seven piastres and a half*, or about fifteen pence British money.

Until this war called them away, the country had a goodly number of soldiers. Their duty is to live as well as the government affords them, and to take their turn in standing at the gateways, unless in the case of an insurrection, when they are called out. Speaking of the gateways, I am reminded to say, that all cities of importance in the East are walled round. The gates of a town are open at sunrise, and shut at sunset. In some places where the town has suburbs, the gates are kept open till a certain hour of the night.

Also, in the collection of her revenues, Turkey follows the Egyptian and Roman policy. The revenues consist in the custom duties levied, as also in the farming of

the land, or, in other words, the land-rent. This last system is a great evil; and, as in the days of Egyptian and Roman rule, so now does it tend to impoverish and depopulate the country, as I will try to show in succeeding pages. Besides, these the government levies a head-tax from all her subjects, and, till lately, an extra tribute-money from the Christians. This last, however, I believe, has been recently abolished. The reason for its former extortion was in the Christian's being ineligible to the conscription: not fighting the Sultan's battles, it was considered right that he should pay extra, or in plain words *for being tolerated in Mahomedan countries*. Of course, I am understood as speaking of the government hitherto. I am aware that new laws are now being framed; and one of them is, that the Christian should be received into the army; but that is only for the moment, and hence, therefore, I must be allowed to speak of Turkey as it has hitherto been rather than of what she might be; the first we know, the latter we must wait till the future has revealed it properly. "No time," says the *Times* newspaper, has there ever been "when a fortnight would give so little right of pronouncing dogmatically on the East as at present. The tourist may find his book contradicted before it has reached its second edition; the politician may dread that in another twelvemonth his too faithfully reported words will be quoted triumphantly by an opponent who, though perhaps equally ignorant, was too wise to be prophetic." Hence, I should like to wait and see the new laws pass into effect—the Christian, a soldier and an officer in the Turkish army, holding civil rank, his words respected *all over* the Turkish empire, his testimony in the interior as good as the Mahomedan's—ere I give them to the

world as *bonâ fide* facts. Laws can be easily framed; but it is not such an easy thing with Turkey to carry them out; she has a fierce Islamism to contend with. And here I will say, that Turkey and Mahomedanism are daily becoming two distinct things. I doubt not that Sultan Abd-ul-Mejid and the better part of his cabinet mean well to their subjects; but what between the meanness of pashas who are easily bribed—a corrupt court which will not redress the wrong—a weak government which cannot promise the traveller safety in its dominions, and Mahomedan fanaticism—the most difficult to deal with—the benevolent intentions of the government, if she has any, are frustrated. Hence it is that I agree with an author of reputed veracity (Dr. Olin), who, speaking of the natives as “a fine and spirited race of men, industrious, and having the right elements for becoming, under better auspices, a civilised intellectual nation,” adds most justly and correctly, “I believe, however, it will be found impracticable to raise any people to a respectable, social, and moral state under a Turkish, or Egyptian, or any other Mahomedan government. The *inherent vices* of the religious system enter, and from their *unavoidable* connection *must* enter, so deeply into the political administration, that any reform in government, or improvement in the people beyond temporary alleviations of evils too pressing to be endured, cannot reasonably be expected.”

Return we to the *tribute money*. Here also Turkish and Roman rules assimilate; one is reminded of the Pharisees questioning our Saviour, “Whether it was lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not?” The system seems always to have been galling to an intelligent mind. To oppose the levying of this tribute, Judas the

Gaulonite raised an insurrection of the Jews, asserting that it was not lawful to pay tribute to a foreigner, *that it was a token of servitude*, and that the Jews were not allowed to acknowledge any for their master who did not worship the Lord. They boasted of being a free nation, and of never having been in bondage to any man. These sentiments were extensively promulgated; but all their efforts were of no avail in restraining or mitigating the exactions of their conquerors. Thus we see Turkey is another Rome, with the exception that Rome raised up and Turkey pulls down; so that what might be right with the one will not only be questionable but wrong in the other. We look in vain for Turkish improvement; we look in vain for her schools; we search but find none of her literary institutions; aye, indeed, gaze over all Syria, and you find not the least of the encouragement given in days of old to men of ability and talent. In many parts of the Turkish empire the Christian is still degraded, and his testimony in a court of justice is not valid against a Mahomedan; while a Mahomedan's word, be he ever so low, is allowed to hang him: indeed, till very recently such was the case in Bayroot and other civilised cities of the Turkish empire.

One word about the conscription, or those soldiers which the government levies to swell her army, and of which the Christian, by reason of the tribute-money he has paid, has been hitherto exempt. Until this war broke out, the levying of the conscripts fell upon the Mahomedans and kindred sects, Druzes, Metwalis, etc. The reason of the Christian's ineligibility for the army is from no liberal views; but because the Mahomedans will not trust the Christians in fighting their battles for them, especially against their co-religionists. The way the

conscripts are levied is this: every town has to give up a certain number of young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five; I believe a tenth of such young persons are required. For instance, Bayroot has a thousand of these young men, she is therefore required to give one hundred of them; these are not chosen but balloted. A hundred black slips of paper are thrown into a bag with nine hundred white ones: each young man puts his hand into the bag and draws a slip: the drawers of the black cards are taken for soldiers. The young men to whose lot it falls must either go or substitute themselves by other men, which is often done. I know one young man who substituted himself by paying the substitute about eighty pounds sterling. The system of conscription is very unpopular in Syria, and every one shirks it that can. The Druzes of Mount Lebanon would sooner fight the government than fight for it. So unpopular is the system, that many men maim themselves in order to be rendered unfit for the army. Some put out one eye so that it may be said they cannot take good aim; others cut their fingers in order not to be able to pull the trigger; and others pull out their teeth in order not to be able to bite the cartridge, and so on. But this maiming system is practised more in Egypt, where almost every second person you meet has only one eye!

Besides the two Courts of Justices, already mentioned, Bayroot boasts a *Board of Trade* under the superintendence of the mercantile community, where they are allowed to investigate such cases as immediately connect themselves with commerce, and their sentence thereupon is, I believe, considered valid.

Opposite to the seraglio is a Mahomedan mosque.

Most of the mosques were originally Christian churches. The finest mosque they have in Syria is what was once the Church of St. John in Damascus. They, therefore, have all the appearance of a church. These mosques are endowed with landed property, which brings in an adequate income for repairs, the support of sheiks and imams, Mahomedan priests and teachers; and for distribution of alms on Friday to the poor. Here let me say a word on Mahomedan benevolence. Really it is too good a virtue to be allowed to pass unnoticed. The Mahomedans are exceedingly charitable; and, unless their religious prejudices are excited and their fanaticism called out, they are very kind-hearted. Not only do they distribute money and food to the poor on Friday at the doors of the mosques, but many of the Mahomedan merchants keep open stores on that day to all the poor; that is, the merchant orders one or two hundred loaves of bread and a large can of helawé, a sort of sweet much used by the natives, and which they eat with their bread. Nor are the Christian beggars exempt from that charity on account of their creed. No! let it be said, to the everlasting credit of the Mahomedans, that none are refused who choose to come and partake of the bounty offered. But what is more singular is, that most of the beggars who resort to these stores for charity are Maronite Christians—a sect in Syria notorious for the begging propensities of its members. They are a shame to the Christian community of Syria. Nor let it be supposed that it is out of want they beg. O no! a great many of them are as well off as they can possibly be, but they are a mean-hearted set. They have a regular season for begging, when they leave their homes in Kesrwan, the northern range of Lebanon—don the clothes of poverty,

and come to live upon other people. See them, clergy and laity, going about the streets of Bayroot, begging with extended hands of Christians and Mahomedans. They have become a regular nuisance; and I hope a law will soon be passed to keep them at home. The Maronites are altogether the *meanest* sect we have in Syria. But what is worse, is that, unless in rare exceptions, they are, perhaps, the most uncharitable and inhospitable race in the world.

An anecdote is related of them. Once of a summer's day, as a Bayroot merchant was making his way into one of their villages, and ignorant as to where he can find lodgings, behold a respectable looking man, well clad, accosts him, and invites him to stay at his house; the merchant gladly complies, as a minute ago he was wondering whither to go for lodgings. He entered a well-furnished lodging house, apparently possessed of all the comforts which the district can furnish—the wife and the children were, if anything, sumptuously clad. The dinner hour came, and a grand entertainment it was. The Bayroot merchant slept comfortably, and next morning, after thanking his host for his hospitality, started on his way. His host accompanied him a little part of the way, and as he was making his last farewell behold, to the astonishment of the Bayroot merchant, his host made known himself to his guest as a certain beggar who paid him an annual visit, and to whom he had been in the custom of giving a loaf of bread, some helawé, and a ten para piece. The reader can now easily conceive the surprise of the merchant in finding that his annual visitor, with torn clothes and dishevelled hair, was so well off!

It was now near breakfast time, and I had to guide

Mitchell to the hotel. Now within the city our road lay through the bazaars, and an interesting sight it is—a hedly-medly of Greeks, Jews, Turks, and peasantry, with their diversified garbs and peculiar characteristics, throng the streets. The markets are well-provided, and on the whole, a scene of bustle and thrift meets the eye everywhere; and, after wending our way through two or three streets, where we made sundry purchases, among which were two gold pieces which bore the name of Philip and Alexander and which had lately been dug out in a garden near Sidon, we returned to the hotel.

The story of these coins is this: whilst a few workmen were digging in a garden near Sidon, their spades hit on something hard; they dug, and found three leaden boxes (some say jars), which, on opening, they discovered to be full of the gold pieces of which my friend Mitchell had bought two, each of which was nearly as large as an American eagle, and of pure gold. The price my friend paid for them was thirty shillings sterling, apiece. The labourers at once determined to divide the gold between themselves, and say nothing more about it. A woman, however, saw them, and went and told the Governor, who at once had them arrested. He now used various efforts to extort all he could from them, and succeeded in obtaining a large portion of the coins already mentioned, though on what grounds he did so I am sure I cannot tell. Report, however, says that, with all his artifices, the Governor extorted only about the third of the coins! Be it so or not, the fact of this discovery is interesting, and more so from the antiquity of the coins. Some bore the name of Philip and others of Alexander.

During the day I accompanied a native friend to the Custom-house, where I wanted to clear some things which

on leaving England I had sent direct by a screw-steamer from Liverpool. Having seen the things in the warehouse, I now ascended a ricketty staircase to the office in order to do so. Here I met hosts of Turks and *chibook* bearers hurrying in and out. I made known my wants to a grave-looking Armenian who stood on the top of the staircase. Without saying a word he led me into a small room to the left. Here I saw another, if any thing, graver than the first, engaged in smoking his pipe and counting his beads. There he sat like a statue, and save the intervals when he lifted his head to puff the smoke of his pipe in the face of the bystanders, he stirred not.

"Ya, Effendi!" spoke one, with a bundle of papers in his hand.

"Ya, Effendi!" again muttered another, hoping to wake him from his apathy. No; they must wait till he can conveniently transact their affairs. My companion made the usual *salâam* and stood with them. Now, I must confess that this did not at all come up to my ideas of dispatch and business; but seeing that I would not be able to alter things I had to take my chance with all the rest. A tight pair of boots I had on hurt my feet, and I could but ill stand. There were no chairs in the place, and save the bit of *divan* where sat the melancholy spectre of an Armenian Custom-house Director, I saw no place where I could sit. This was provoking.

"Ya, Effendi!" groaned a bystander, and now he deigned a reply through the smoke of his pipe. "What was it? Is it business?"

"*Yawash oglan! Yawash!*—Take it easy boys; take it easy," was all he said; and, sure enough, he was taking it easy. Abstracted, lost, he seemed either to be dead in love or belonged not to this world. I could not stand

it any longer; the crowd was every moment getting greater and greater, and when should I be off? But, ah, it was my boots that made me take the desperate step which cleared me. Putting on a bold face, I slowly pushed my way till I reached the divan, and then as quietly sat me down. He stared at me as much as to say, "Do you know what you are about?" It was now my turn to use nonchalance, and I acted it to perfection. He puffed his pipe in my face (this is no affront in the East) and looked hard at me. I sneezed, and in the most self-possessed manner told him my errand; he gazed at me once more to be sure that my audacity was not a dream, then puffed his pipe, and grunted out the word "*Beki*"—well. I at first thought that this was equivalent to leaving me there till he was ready. But no; he called a guard and told him that there was no occasion for me to open my things here, but that he may accompany me to my rooms and there inspect them. And so I was off.

This is not the way Armenians do business; but here in Syria every understrapper in office thinks himself some "great shell of a swell," and makes every one wait his convenience: it is so from the Pasha to the Cavass. Allowing me to pass off without opening my things is no uncommon occurrence in Turkey; your word that you have nothing on which to pay duty is generally enough. They, however, send a porter with you, not exactly that he should inspect your things at home, as the order goes, but that he may take a backsheesh.

But the amusing part of the business is, that this Custom-house man is not a Government officer, nor for the time being is the Custom-house a Government concern. The fact is this—Turkey lets out her Custom-

houses to private speculators, and they take their chance, which they take fine care is, or shall be made, a good one. The reason of this I learnt was because Turkey had no confidence in her officers. But more of this in another chapter.

Meanwhile, permit me to close this by speaking of Abaih, a missionary station on Mount Lebanon. I have referred to it more than once already, and as the traveller may have nothing better to do at Bayroot, and whilst his dragoman may be preparing for his long tour in Syria, I advise him to fill up the time by taking a run up there. The village is well situated on the slopes of Lebanon, and commands a beautiful view of the Mediterranean for many a mile. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird reside in it and take charge of the seminary, as also officiate in the native Protestant Church organised there. The place is exceedingly healthy, and the district good and tolerably secure.

The way leading up to it is beautiful; it first perambulates the plains of Bayroot, and then ascends the slopes of Lebanon, at the base of which the traveller passes through Kefr Sheema, where the American Missionaries support a native school. On his right, he leaves a Maronite Convent perched on the top of a hill, and then ascending up a sandy declivity, where a grove of pine trees shelters him from the beams of the sun, he reaches a small spot called *Ain Ksoor*. Here the lover of the beautiful and the romantic can, by a clear spring—cold and crystal-like—and under the shade of a venerable tree, enjoy a pleasant luncheon; nor only a luncheon, but the murmuring of the water as it bubbles and then falls into the ravine beneath; the whistling of the soft breezes as they fan his brow and rustle in the leaves above him;

the calm and beautiful view before him; the green verdure which surrounds him; and the warbling of a hundred birds, all conspire to tempt him to take a siesta.

The road now winds along a hill, leaving overhead the village of Shemlan, where a silk factory is established, owned by a Scotch firm. After a slight ascent, the village of Anianoob is gained; while further on, by a very bad piece of road, appropriately called *Daraj*, or ladder, the traveller reaches the village of Aniab. Leaving this last, he now proceeds to the end of the ridge, where he sees two roads; the one leading to the right takes him to Abaih; the other to the left, after a couple of hours' more riding, brings him to Dejr el Kamar the capital of the Mountains and Bteddeen, the seat of the late Emir Bsheer—the mention of whose name was once enough to keep the whole of Mount Lebanon in abeyance.

Go, if you have time, to Bteddeen; the buildings and their beauty shew his taste and resources; the dirt and the filth which now meet your eye in every corner, please put to the debit of the Turkish troops who are quartered there; the contrast calls up your ire; a tear fills your eye; wipe it not, it mourns fallen grandeur.

And where you now stand has ever been the seat of civil discord. Could the stones of yonder village speak, they will tell you of the many sanguinary engagements which have plunged this region into the direst woe. Druzes and Christians have deluged this part of Lebanon with blood—their own blood. And as you listen to the narrative of your guide, as he tells you, “There, *Ya Sanyoor*, the Druzes overcame the Christians,” or the vice versa, as he recounts to you the bloody deeds en-

acted by each, or speaks of the mountain chieftain, you are reminded of the ancient clans of "Bonnie Scotia" and their fierce struggles. And one asks, Is it possible that men after God's own image should turn into fierce blood-hounds, to destroy each other—to slay and be slain? Is it possible that these glens so green and lovely—those water-brooks, so crystal-like, witnessed their conflict, and saw how one dipped his hand into the blood of another? Oh! could it have been in some desert nook—upon some sultry plain, where everything is dry, parched and brown, yea, as dry and as black as their own hearts—one might understand their rage; but here it is inexplicable; one might suppose that the beauty of the scene around would have arrested the destroying arm! Humanity shudders at a review of the desolation and hideous wrath which has occurred here. You wait to hear no more, but, mounting your horse, you turn your face towards Bayroot. Farewell, ye scenes of strife! Farewell, for ever! May the stillness of your night never again resound with the war-cry! May the fierceness and wrath of man never again profane the most beautiful of scenery on the face of God's earth! Farewell!

CHAPTER IV.

Arrangements for a Tour in Syria—Dragoman—Contract—Sundry Hints of Advice—a Trip to the Cedars *viâ* Tripoli—Legend of St. George and the Dragon—Lebanon—The Druzes—The Maronites—Nunneries—Hindeea—A Word to Englishmen—Mount Lebanon an Asylum—Government of Mount Lebanon—System of *Divide and Conquer*—Israel—Nahr el Kelb—Zook—Antoura—Plantation—Djooni—Nahr Ibrahim—Djebail—Way to the Cedars by Dooma—Batroon—Msailha—Amioon—Tripoli—An Adventure—The *Mina*—The Town—Beauty of Tripoli—Gardens—Pick-nicks—Old Associations—The Fort—Scenery—Melawia—The Consuls—Signor Yanni—Missionary Labour—En Route to the Cedars—Zgarta—Ehden Its Pretensions—Scenery—Bsharré—Grandeur—Cedars—On the Highway to Baalbeck.

BAYROOT is decidedly the place of all the East where the traveller should procure his dragoman and an outfit for the trip through Syria. The couriers chosen at Malta, Constantinople, or Smyrna, good as they may be for those places, do not possess the knowledge of a native, hence, I urge it upon the traveller not to make choice of a dragoman till he has reached Bayroot. Here he will find many who can be well recommended, and who know every inch of the country. As it fell to my province to choose a dragoman for our party, I annex herewith a copy of the contract which I made with him, and which will show the traveller how much he may expect for the remuneration which he pays him.

“CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
“*Bayroot, 26th Dec., 1854.*

“Agreement between Thomas S. Mitchell, Gregory M. Wortabet, William Appleton, jun., Charles H. Appleton, Charles Thorndike, and Augustus T. Perkins, gentlemen travellers, of the one part, and Michael Hainé, dragoman of Bayroot, of the other.

“The said Michael Hainé agrees to serve the said parties of the first part as dragoman for the journey from Bayroot to Baalbeck, Damascus, and thence to Jerusalem, and to cross the Desert to Cairo, if the parties of the first part shall see fit.

“The direction of the route, the places to visit, the excursions to be made, the length of each day's travel, the times of starting and stopping, the places of stopping and meals, shall be entirely under the control and direction of the parties of the first part.

“The said Michael Hainé agrees to provide a sufficient number of horses, mules, dromedaries and camels, all to be good and safe for the carriage of the said travellers, their courier, and their baggage, according as the same are necessary and usual; and also to provide a suitable number of good and commodious tents, with all the requisites, fixtures and furniture for the same, together with beds or mattresses, bedsteads and bed-clothes, table linen for changes to ensure cleanliness and comfort; and also to provide a sufficient supply of well prepared and suitable nourishment, viz., breakfast, lunch, dinner every day, and tea or coffee in the morning and evening, with milk if it can be had; also, meats, fowls, vegetables, fruits, etc. During the stay of the party in Jerusalem and Damascus, all the bills at the hotels shall be paid and discharged by the said Michael Hainé. The

said parties of the first part to have the right to select the hotels.

“The courier to be included in this agreement without additional charge.

“The said Michael will provide all the nourishment in such variety as the nature of the journey will admit, such as is customary and proper to provide for gentlemen; and also to provide a good cook, proper attendance, and an ample sufficiency of water for the said party and their courier. And the said Michael Hainé agrees to pay all and every expense attending this journey, including the hire of horses, mules and camels, together with all backsheesh or presents usually given to sheikhs, camel-drivers, guides, guards, or other persons.

“All this the said Michael Hainé agrees to do and perform for the sum of *eighty piastres per day from each of the said six persons*, amounting on the whole to the sum of four hundred and eighty piastres per day of the Grand Signore in full, counting from the day of departure from Bayroot till the said party shall terminate their journey either at Jerusalem, or Cairo, or at Jaffa, as the said parties of the first part may determine. It is also agreed to pay the said Michael Hainé the sum of three thousand piastres, at the time of signing these presents, on account of this contract.

“It is expressly understood and agreed that the said Michael Hainé shall provide all that is necessary for the comforts and safety of the party, and shall defray all expenses of the journey (wines and liquors excepted, as also the backsheesh to the chief of the Arabs at the Dead Sea and Jordan, which shall not exceed the sum usually paid) so that no demand shall be made upon the said party of the first part for the payment of guards or

guides; nor for any payment of monies on any pretext whatsoever beyond the sum of eighty piastres each per day.

“Should any disagreement between the said parties arise out of this contract, it is agreed to refer the same to the American consul to be selected by the said parties of the first part. His decision to be final.

“All the dinners for the whole party to be as follows: one dish of soup; one of fowls or game; one of mutton or beef; one of vegetables, and good and suitable dessert. All the tea, coffee, butter, milk, etc., to be of the best kind.

“It is also agreed, that if one or more of the said persons shall separate from and leave the said party, then the sum or sums per day payable by such person or persons shall cease from the day he or they may leave, and the rest of the party shall each continue to pay the said sum of eighty piastres per day until the termination of this contract.

“In witness whereof the said parties have hereunto set their signatures this 26th day of December, 1854.

“(Signed) THOS. S. MITCHELL.

“GREGORY M. WORTABET.

“CHARLES H. APPLETON.

“WILLIAM APPLETON, JUN.

“CHARLES THORNDIKE.

“AUGUSTUS T. PERKINS.

“(Signed) MICHAEL HAINÉ.

“Witness,

“(Signed) H. WOOD,

U. S. Consul, Bayroot.”

I would here further add, that a verbal agreement was entered into with Michael, that in case we did not cross

the Desert to Cairo, we were to pay him two pounds sterling for the carriage of the tents, which at this season of the year we would not require in our tour through Syria and Palestine, Michael promising to engage rooms for us at the stopping places, which would be warmer and pleasanter. A gratuity was promised to Michael at the end of the trip, as is always customary on parting with your dragoman. It is an expression of your satisfaction with his services. The larger the party is, the cheaper they can travel. We were six, and paid eighty piastres each, or, at the exchange of the day, something less than fourteen shillings British money per diem—everything (save wines) included. A courier of the Messrs. Appleton, whom they had brought with them from Paris, was to be considered free of any charge. A gentleman travelling alone can hardly expect to travel under one pound a day unless he engages everything for himself, which will be a great bother, and in the end may cost him more; and, what is worse, unless he is a native or knows the language, he will find himself completely, and continually, at the mercy of his dragoman, or muleteer. The contract had better be drawn out at the consulate, to which the traveller belongs, or at his banker's office.

To the traveller who desires comfort I would advise the purchase of a horse for the trip. He can get a decent one for about ten pounds, which he can again sell at the end of the journey; and if he sees it cared for, he need not lose much by it. I did so, and on parting with my horse, after using him four months, I gained by him; but this must be known, that I sold him at Easter time in Jerusalem, when horses and mules fetch the best price. By adopting this plan, the tourist will not only

avoid riding strange horses, the gait of each of which he has to get accustomed to, but he will also have the satisfaction of riding his own horse. If the traveller makes a contract with the dragoman as we did, namely, to give so much per day, he providing everything, then it is an easy matter to arrange with him to deduct so much daily for the hire of his horse. The traveller would do well also if he ordered a second-hand English saddle; he need not take it out with him, but have it shipped by one of the Liverpool screw steamers for Bayroot to the care of his bankers, where he will find it all right when he arrives; and if he takes care of it he can sell it, and, if not realise a profit upon it, at any rate hardly lose anything by his adventure. And one thing more, I would recommend the traveller to take in his pocket change in the *half-piastre pieces* of the country for the value of a pound. They come in often very conveniently. The traveller using wines had better procure his stock at Bayroot. In engaging a dragoman, I would advise the traveller to get his banker to recommend him one. There are two at Bayroot whom I know and can safely recommend, Michael Hainé and Ibrahim Amatoory, both of whom can speak several languages, and are adepts at their profession.

Perhaps it will be as well to add, for the benefit of the tourist, a *pro forma* receipt of money which we gave to Michael, so that he might know how we did business. These receipts were always put on the back of the contract, which is drawn in duplicate, and a copy retained by each of the contracting parties. Here is a copy of a receipt.

“Received at Bayroot on the 26th of December, 1854,

of Messrs. Mitchell, Wortabet, the two brothers Appleton, Thorndike, and Perkins, each the sum of five hundred piastres, making together the sum of three thousand piastres, on account of the foregoing contract.

“(Signed) MICHAEL HAINÉ.”

We again gave him money at Baalbeck and Damascus; and in fact so long as we were in his debt we never refused him, reserving always enough in our hands to keep up our mastery over him.

The reader will observe that our plan did not take in the Cedars of Lebanon, for the reason that we could not pass over the summit of Lebanon at this inclement season of the year, nor did we wish to return to Bayroot; so if the traveller is here at this time unless he wishes to follow the last named plan, he had better visit them from Tripoli, if he can procure the necessary guides. As I had seen them in former years, I did not care to visit them again this winter; but for the benefit of the traveller, I give him an account of the tour, and in doing so, will take Tripoli in, as the traveller in all likelihood may visit them from that locality. If he is at Bayroot, and does not care to go to Tripoli, the traveller may break off from the Tripoli road at Djebail, and proceed to Dooma and Bsherrai, and thence to the Cedars; but of this I will notify him in due time. And now supposing the traveller to be ready, we will start.

About a mile from Bayroot we come upon a small building where, tradition says, St. George (the patron of England and half a dozen countries besides) killed the Dragon. It is a small structure, underneath which are the remains of a cistern, which is now dried up.

The legend goes on to say, that in olden times there used to be a great scarcity of water in Bayroot, occa-

sioned by a huge uncouth monster of a dragon, who came annually and stopped up all the fountains, or drank their waters, I know not which; the tradition is not very explicit on this point. To appease him, the natives at last agreed to offer him a virgin girl every year, that he might devour as an offering, and leave them their water. There was no helping it; every family offered up a daughter as their turn came. At last, it was the turn of the king to offer his daughter. He had only one, and she was his pet, the sunshine of his heart. Smothering the feelings of the father, he, nevertheless, for the good of the place, proceeded to offer her to the dragon. He took her to this building, left her there, and went his way, never more hoping to see his child. On being left alone, the poor girl began to cry; and, whilst she was weeping, St. George, riding on a magnificent charger, passed by the spot, and seeing her alone, weeping, asked her, "Daughter, why are you here alone, and what mean your tears?" She told him the whole story, and besought him to interpose in her behalf. With extended arms and streaming eyes, she cried out, "O St. George, save me!" Compassion filled the saint's heart, and he determined not only to save her, but to rid Bayroot also of this nuisance. Jumping off his horse he asked her to let him stay and guard her; she assented with delight. Whether the dragon knew that St. George was guarding the girl or not tradition does not say; but one thing it informs us, he was tardy of coming this time. St. George being wearied, having travelled a long distance that day, felt sleepy, and requested the king's daughter to let him rest his head on her lap while he slept till the dragon should make his appearance, to which she made no objection. As he slept

the dragon came, and the girl, trembling with fear, began to cry. One of her tears dropping on the face of the saint, woke him up, and seeing the dragon, he immediately jumped on his horse, and gave him battle, which ended in the death of the dragon, the return of the maiden to her disconsolate father, and the deliverance of the town of Bayroot from its fearful annual tribute. A small white streak is shown on the wall, which, tradition further says, are the soapsuds which dropped from the hands of the saint as he washed himself after the fight. The custom in Syria in washing is not to dip the hands in a basin as they now do in the West, but one person pours the water on the hands of another. Unless in the case of an invalid, the operation of washing hands is generally done in the open air, requiring no basin underneath. Having washed his hands, the saint mounted the girl behind him, a custom still prevalent in Syria, and took her to her broken-hearted parent, whose joy was so great on seeing her again, that he offered her at once to her deliverer in marriage, a match which, however much it pleased the young lady, was respectfully declined by the saint. In honour of the event, the building, as also the bay in front of it, where ships seek shelter in winter, have received his name. Such is the legend of St. George and the Dragon as I have often heard it in Syria.

A mile further on, we crossed a small stream, known by the name of Nahr Bayroot, i.e. river of Bayroot. It is spanned by a substantial bridge. Another mile brings us out from amid a host of gardens, and we find ourselves on the sands of Untelyas, a small sandy beach which derives its name from the Prophet Elijah. The road is now by the sea-shore. High on our right

towers Lebanon in all its grandeur and magnificence, and no where is it so magnificent as in this part. Here we are on a line with the division of the Druze and Maronite countries; the former occupying the southern portion of Lebanon, and the latter its northern ridges. This demarcation is only nominal, as there are a great many Christians living in the country of the Druzes; few Druzes, however, live in the Kesrawan, or the Maronite country.

A few words about the two races who people this mountain may not be uninteresting here. Of the Druzes I can say that they are a brave people, but exceedingly cunning and crafty; of their religion little is known, and I am inclined to doubt if they know it themselves—sure I am of one thing, that the majority of them do not. They are divided into two classes: those who are supposed to know the tenets of their creed, are called *Akkals*, or wise men; they are by far the minority; and the *Djehhals*, or ignorant men, who absolutely know nothing of their religion, attend no place of worship, but bow their heads before the *Akkals* in the depth of their ignorance. They have a sort of high priest who lives at Baâkleen, a village not far from Deyr El Kamar, and to his will all the *Akkals* bow. Now these *Akkals* may be of either sex, and may be termed the priests and priestesses of the Druzes, though what it is they teach the people I cannot well conceive, since none but the initiated are allowed admission to the *Khaloué*, a small edifice plain in its appearance, exceedingly simple, being nothing more than a room, with nothing of note to characterize it, save that it is detached from the village and erected on an eminence. Here the *Akkals* meet on stated occasions, but what they do there has never as yet been truly

known. It is supposed that they spend the time in talking about politics. One feature of the *Akkals* is to dress with great simplicity—they must not wear any articles of gold or silk. Swearing or any abusive language they must not be addicted to, but on all occasions must deport themselves as becomes teachers of religion. So much has been known of their creed, that they believe in the Unity of God and the transmigration of souls. They acknowledge that *Hakim* (the sixth caliph who ruled in Cairo, and who was a monster in human form) was the incarnation of God, and the most perfect manifestation of the Deity; but their creed must be a most complicated one even to themselves: hence it is that there are so few who pretend to have a shadowy outline of it at best. After all the inquiries I have made about them, and from all the information I could gather on this head, I am inclined to believe that the dictates of conscience stand them for code of morals as to what is right and what is wrong. In regard to their future expectations I never have been able to come to a definite conclusion; as I said before, they believe in the transmigration of souls, though what becomes of those souls they do not pretend to know, as Hamza, another of their great men, and who also set himself up as the incarnation of universal Intelligence, in his creed either forgot or wilfully omitted all notice of a future state of existence.

Turning from their dark and unintelligible system of belief we find in them, though not the most numerous body who inhabit the Lebanon, yet it is acknowledged on all hands, that they are its most warlike and courageous inhabitants. They are hardy, industrious, and much given to hospitality, but exceedingly reserved and un-

communicative—one scarcely hears them laugh, and to look at them the traveller would guess he has found the centre of gravity. They are very clannish, and devoted to the interests of their clan, and to strengthen its ties they invariably marry among themselves so as to connect the whole of their body in one family tie. A man can marry only one wife at a time, but he is allowed to divorce her; his simply saying to her “Go to your father’s house,” and does not add, “and come back,” is considered a divorce. They have, or had once, great confidence in the English. Should this be encouraged, it may one day end in the conversion of the whole Druze community from the dark tenets of their mysterious faith to the more intelligible form of a pure Christianity. There have been Missionaries resident among them, but I do not believe that much, if anything, has been done, save the education of a few boys; still, however, we can trust for a better day to dawn on the Druzes of Mount Lebanon.

The Maronites now claim my attention. They are by far the most numerous body in Mount Lebanon, but they are by no means its most interesting class. The reader has had enough of them in the last chapter. They are a mean race, but, living in the strongholds of Lebanon, they have, nevertheless, maintained a sort of independence, and exhibited an amount of courage and bravery scarcely to be expected from them. Of their creed, I will say more in a future chapter under the head of the “Romish Church;” sufficient is it for me to say that their creed and ritual partake both of the Greek and Latin Churches. They are, however, *considered* as Roman Catholics, and Rome treats them as such; but to this point also I beg to refer the reader to a future chapter where I hope to expose the policy of Rome. Like the

Druzes, the people are very ignorant and pay great deference to their priests: meet a priest where he will the man is sure to run and kiss his hand. Indeed, it is extraordinary the influence the priests (and they are mostly very ignorant) exercise over the minds of the masses. In all things social and political they have an incredible hold over the people. They are *de facto* their legislators and administrators.

Nor are they ignorant only, but the Maronite is both superstitious and credulous; he delights in the absurd legends manufactured by the monks and nuns of his sect. The whole of this part of Lebanon is covered with their convents and nunneries which they look upon as houses of God. You would say that it was high time their eyes were opened after the system of iniquity, pursued by the "holy" Hindeea, was exposed to the public; but no, there they are as they were eighty years ago, and the word of a monk or a nun is as good as gospel to them.

This "Holy Hindeea" began her career as a young nun, and then forced herself into great notoriety by the severity of her penances, and an extraordinary piety which she displayed. She now set to work and built a nunnery for herself, towards the erection of which the people cheerfully contributed. Twenty years of her life had been spent in this way when a suspicion was suddenly excited by the disappearance of many of the nuns, who, it was reported, had been, during their stay there, the victims of improper practices, and finally met their death by unfair means. An unhappy merchant of Sidon, who had placed two of his daughters at the establishment, disturbed by these reports visited the place and made inquiries. On his presenting himself at the door of the nunnery he asked to see his daughters, but he was refused,

on the plea that they were ill—unable to walk, whilst the rules of the establishment forbade his putting his foot therein. He entreated, but in vain. Despairing of seeing his daughters, he determined to proceed to Deyr El Kamar, and lay his case before the Emir Yusef, the then Governor-General of the Mountains. The Emir took up the matter heartily and sent an armed force with a bishop to inquire into the truth of the case. The result showed the existence of a system of wickedness and profligacy exceeding in iniquity any thing ever known. Hindeea was seized, imprisoned, and criminated, but she managed to escape to a locality where she exerted a large amount of influence. Here, notwithstanding the disclosures made against her, she nevertheless so continued to work on the minds of the ignorant, credulous, and superstitious Maronites, that they unanimously voted her a being more sinned against than sinning; and she finally died respected and revered, and to this day acknowledged as a saint.

If I may be permitted to pause, I would make one reflection, and it is this. If these nunneries were so good as some suppose, why, ask I, need they be locked against the world with *bars of iron*? Surely, if they are so, it would be the best policy to open them, that the world may see their goodness, and glorify their Heavenly Father. If they are the salt of the earth why should it lose their savor? If it is a city on a hill, how can it be hid? Do men light a candle and put it under a bushel? or, rather, do they not put it on a candlestick, that it may give light unto all that are in the house? Are we not told, that we are to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father in heaven? But how can we

see its good when that nunnery is closed up? How can the salt therein savor the earth when it is not allowed to mix with the earth? How can the light therein hid, illuminate the world?

The fact is, there must be something wrong in a system which cannot bear the light of day. Speak of its being the light of the world, it cannot bear the light of the world to bear upon it! It is all dark within, and like a Mahomedan harem, who knows what occurs there? I do not speak to ignorant Maronites now, but to Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, who pretend to intelligence and freedom, and them I ask what mean those *iron bars*? What wrong have these poor deluded girls done, that they should be immured in these "cold prisons?" Do you ask what prisons? I say such a one as Miss Talbot was so fortunate as to escape from; such a one as the "Holy Hindeea" presided over! O, say not that this thing can never occur in this land; *the system does*; and believe me the process follows exactly the same. I say not, learn by our experience and for ever blot out such establishments from your land—that would be a mercy to many pining there now, who would gladly return to their paternal home—but I ask you to do what is easy for you to do, and what is compatible with your honour and freedom. Open all those nunneries—let the broad light of day fall upon them. If they are good it will soon be known; if evil, dark and foul be the deeds done there, then they will be exposed, and there will be an end of them.

It has often struck me as being a wonderful fact, that this intelligent nation—a race boasting so much and so justly of their free institutions—of the words "*I am an Englishman*," which mean to me a great deal—could

tolerate such establishments in their midst—establishments of the working of which they know nothing about, into which many of their fair daughters are cajoled! Does yonder Englishman, I have often said, understand the word *freedom*, when an innocent girl is thus locked up! locked up to what? God alone knows! It would be a mercy to say to a cold and dreary grave compared to what she may suffer within! “*Oh no, this is impossible!*” I hear some of my readers say; then, I ask them, what occasion then is there for those *iron bars*? Why should those iron gates lock them from the world. Is that the way their salt is going to savour the earth? Are these the means Christianity is using to illuminate the world? But I leave you now to your own thoughts; the shrieks of thousands of girls of your own land, as lovely and as fair as those moving before you, call upon you now for deliverance. Oh, haste to them; extend your hand, say the word, and they are at once the happy denizens of a thousand abodes in this your father land. This is a Protestant country, and surely in asking that these nunneries be opened to the light of day, you ask nothing extraordinary; no tyrannical law is it that you plead; you simply desire freedom to thousands of your fellow-countrywomen. You do not keep them from going there, but in opening these nunneries you reserve to yourself the right of watching over them, investigating their grievances, and redressing their wrongs. And surely this is not much *for an Englishman* to ask.

As we are on the subject of Mount Lebanon, the reader will be interested to know how it is governed.

Till of late years, Mount Lebanon has always been to Syria what England is to the world—a home to the oppressed. A disgraced governor, an insulted Christian,

a frightened Frank, have always found a safe asylum in a mountaineer's home. One could relate many instances where such a protection was afforded, even to the detriment of the protector, but it is unnecessary to detail upon a subject so well known, the more so as that asylum is no longer. Turkey has, at last, succeeded in conquering it, and in despoiling it of that high privilege. And how did Turkey do that? Was it by might? No: *divide and conquer* was her motto. She set the petty chiefs one against the other, and by this way succeeded not only in annihilating them, but also in getting the ascendancy over them. Never would Turkey have possessed Mount Lebanon if the late Emir Besheer Shehab had not been taken away.

But he is gone! The story is told! Mount Lebanon the asylum of ages now mourns its past grandeur. The Druze warrior and the Maronite prince have lost their sway, and have become servile—servile to an effeminate race. The Turkish soldier glorying in his filth, now struts in the streets of Deyr El Kamar, the capital of the mountains, like a peacock, or lazily smokes his pipe in the palace of Bteddeen.

But to its government. Mount Lebanon now falls within the jurisdiction of the pashalik of Bayroot. Up till recently, so complete was the political union of the inhabitants of the Lebanon, that notwithstanding all the differences between them, they submitted to be governed by one head. Lately, however, through the intrigues of a Turkish cabinet, the two great races living in Lebanon have become the victims of civil brawls; Turkey interfered; and now government is divided between the Druzes and the Maronites, which will perpetuate a rivalry among them, the object of which

is to keep them under the ascendancy and control of Turkey.

Two native princes are now invested with the authority of the government of Lebanon, whilst a Turkish seraskier, or commander-in-chief, resides at Bteddeen with a large force of Turkish troops, ready to dash at them if any become too strong. Well may the traveller now exclaim "Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed." Each of the princes is of a different sect, and governs a portion of Mount Lebanon (not necessarily all of one sect, though a major portion of them may be). The Emir Ameen Ruslan is the *Druze prince*, and lives in Shwaifat, a village a few miles south-east of Bayroot. (This prince now pretends to be a Moslem, though originally he was a Druze). The Emir Haidar is the *Christian prince*, and lives in Bukfaiya, a village just overhead (considering that we are on the sands of *Untelyas*, on the way to Tripoli), a few miles east of Bayroot.

These princes are dignified with the title of *Kiammakam*, a word which signifies in its literal sense *standing in the position of another*, or representatives of the government. Each of them has a Divan, or Court of Justice, composed of twelve persons, two being of each sect with the exception of the Metwalis, who, on account of the fewness of their number, are represented by one person only. The Jews are not represented. The twelve persons composing the body of the divans are thus chosen:—two Druzes, two of the Greek Orthodox Church, two Greek Catholics, two Maronites, one Metwali, and one scribe, who may be chosen of any of the above sects. Their salary is six hundred piastres each per month, or something more than sixty pounds annually. They are obliged to meet four days in

the week to transact the business of their respective regions; over these divans the Kiammakams preside. In their turn also these Kiammakams are under the surveillance of the pasha, who has a seraskier and a large number of troops at his call. A very significant fact!

These Kiammakams are paid annually two thousand purses, of which nine hundred purses are paid to the Emir Ameen Ruslan, the Druze prince, and eleven hundred purses to the Emir Haidar, the Christian prince; each purse contains five hundred piastres, or something more than four pounds sterling.

And speaking of Israel, I would say one word. The Jews are looked upon in the East as an inferior class, and treated as such. The name of a Jew is looked upon with horror and the utmost contempt. Hear a Mahomedan tell you *that he would sooner be a dog than a Jew!* How singular it is that the name of a Jew brings with it such horrible associations to the minds of many of their fellow creatures, *Pagans as well as Christians*. Truly, indeed, have the prophecies been fulfilled on Israel: an outcast and a wanderer behold him wherever he goes: With the brand of Cain on his forehead, he is known wherever he is seen, and held in contempt the moment he is known. Poor Israel! the chosen of God! what a fearful example thou art before other nations! The land of thy fathers knows thee not; a stranger thou art in strange lands—a servant unto thy brothers—a bye-word unto all nations—a mockery unto all creeds, Pagan as well as Christian—Oh, Israel, thou beloved once of the Lord, how hast thou fallen!!!

Return we now to our tour. The reader will remember that we are on our way to the Cedars, *vid* Tripoli.

Galloping over the sandy beach of Untelyas, we now ascend the craggy promontory of Nahr El Kelb, and in two hours after leaving Bayroot cross that river, the Lyceus of the ancients. The road leading to it is exceedingly craggy, being nothing less than a staircase cut in the rock. Immediately before fording the river (the bridge having fallen in), you see some cuneiform inscriptions, thought by some to be of the Assyrian, and others of the Medo-Assyrian type, with some human figures scooped in the rock. Its present name is derived from a rock in the river resembling a dog, and hence the natives call it Nahr El Kelb, or the Dog River. The ravine through which the river forces its way is exceedingly romantic and grand. Higher up, there is a natural bridge well worth visiting.

Our road now leads us through a most fertile and well cultivated piece of land, abounding in plantations of sugar-cane, oranges, grapes, melons, cucumbers, etc. High on the right is visible the village of Zook, famous for its embroidery and needle-work, as also for its *arak*, a liquor resembling gin, extracted from the vine and mixed with *anise-seed*, and of which the natives are very fond. Hard by, is the Roman Catholic College of Antura, where the French and Italian languages are taught by Latin monks. It is a boarding-school, but of no great pretensions.

Leaving this pleasant locality, we now descend into the bay of Djooni; ride through the small village of that name, which is nothing more than a granary; canter on the sea-kissed beach; ascend another craggy hill, though not so bad as Nahr El Kelb; cross *Nahr Ibrahim*, a majestic stream, spanned by a fine bridge; and after galloping through fertile fields, we reach Djebail in little

better than five hours after leaving Nahr El Kelb. This is an old and dilapidated town, the Byblos of the ancients. A wall which surrounds it testifies to its once being well fortified. Riding through a Mahomedan cemetery, we make the best of our way towards Batroon, a sister town of Djebail, which we reach at close of day. On the way hither we pass a road breaking off to the right, which will lead the traveller, through a tedious, craggy, but romantic country, to the Cedars. On his way he passes through Dooma, a Maronite village, where the American missionaries stationed at Tripoli, have been in the habit of spending their summer. Speaking of this, I would remark that the missionaries at Bayroot, Tripoli, and Sidon, retire in summer to the cooler regions of Mount Lebanon, the heat on the coast being such as to render it rather oppressive, if not unhealthy. The missionaries at Damascus retire to Bludan, a village, of which more afterwards.

Leaving Batroon at an early hour next morning, we now, for the first time, leave the sea coast, and striking into the interior, we ascend a ridge, near the top of which is a Saracenic fort, commanding the road, and overlooking a beautiful glen. Hence we descend into the Msailha, a craggy defile, which has ever been the rendezvous of robbers. Emerging from it, we canter through plantations of melons and cucumbers, and in about four hours from the time we mount our horses in the morning we reach the village of Amioon, pleasantly situated on the sea coast, and abounding in gardens of orange, peach and apricot. We are once more close to the sea, but not skirting its beach. Three hours after leaving Amioon, the traveller reaches Tripoli.

Never shall I forget an adventure which I had a few

years ago, a short distance from this city. I was then on my way from Bayroot to it. Do you see yonder hillocks of sand on your left as you enter Tripoli? They are not half an hour's ride from the town, yet it took another friend and myself, once, no less than eight hours to accomplish the distance. The traveller has now been brought to Tripoli in something like two days; the distance altogether being about eighteen hours. My friend and myself, on that memorable occasion, determined to accomplish it in one day. We rode our own horses, and were unencumbered with baggage. It was a July day, and though we were somewhat detained in our early start, yet nevertheless we had reached Djebail, stopped to luncheon, and were making our way out of the cemetery already referred to, when the Muezzin called the faithful to mid-day prayer. Before the sun had set, we had passed Amioon and were on the high way to reach Tripoli in an hour's time; but, ah! that hour, long shall I remember its duration. In Syria we have a very short twilight, in fact, nothing worthy the name; the darkest part of a Syrian night is between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon. It was at this time that we reached the hillocks of sand. We had previously missed our path, and now found ourselves floundering upon them. They were composed of loose drifting sand, which engulfed horse and rider to the waist. Here we buffeted for about two hours; the moon, to our misfortune, did not show her smiling face that night till eleven o'clock, by which time we were on the seaside, not far from the Mina or harbor, of which more anon. Finding that we could no longer make our way to Tripoli over those hillocks, we determined to make our way to the sea and there follow the coast, knowing it will inevitably lead us

to the Mina; this we did, and the moon just rose up to save us from precipitating ourselves into a stream of quicksand. How we managed, I cannot tell; but this one thing I remember, that it was nearly four o'clock in the morning before we knocked at the door of my brother's house, who was then for a time residing in Tripoli as assistant missionary.

I have mentioned the *Mina* or harbour. Tripoli proper is about two miles from the sea; there is a division, however, of it on the sea shore, called the Mina, where the merchants have their offices, whilst they reside in town. Both portions, however, are surrounded by walls, at the gates of which little smart donkeys may be seen, for the accommodation of the people going to and fro between them. The fare is half a piastre, or an English penny, and for this trifle you have a donkey ride amid luxuriant gardens for about two miles; this is decidedly cheap.

The greatest attraction of Tripoli is the beauty of its females; they take the palm for good features, graceful forms and light figures, over all the other portions of Syria. Another attraction of Tripoli is its suburbs, which are very beautiful, being composed of many well-watered gardens—the water being drawn in small rivulets from the *Kadesha*, a river which runs through, and divides the city. In these gardens, the orange, the citron, the apple, the pomegranate, the apricot, the peach, and many other fruits grow in abundance; whilst the rose and the jessamine bloom luxuriantly, shedding a fragrance of choicest perfume on all around. To these gardens resort the inhabitants for evening pastime, and well do they enjoy them. I have often done so; and the recollections of those innocent diversions still linger in my

memory, and occupy a pleasing position in the catalogue of similar recreations which it has been my fortune to enjoy. Time may pass, but long shall I remember the pic-nics we used to have in those gardens, when the graceful ladies of Tripoli presided over boards spread under the canopy of a shadowing apricot, whose ripe luscious fruit fell upon us as the slightest breezes shook its boughs; on the banks of a small tiny stream whose ripples conjure imaginations of fancy and of hope; by hedges, whose fragrant breezes spoke of the rose, the jessamine, and the myrtle; in familiar intercourse with dear friends, whose jocund laugh and joyful countenances still linger on the ear, and dwell on the memory. Sweet! O sweet! were those times, the days of childhood, when care hung loose, and the battle of life was still buried in the future.

Having mentioned these attractions of Tripoli, I think I have said all that could be said of it, unless we except a view from the terrace of the *fort* which overhangs it; that is, indeed, beautiful, and is well worth visiting the fort to see. The view towards the river is exceedingly sweet and peaceful. On a terrace immediately above the river is a small *wely*, called the *Melawia*, where the Tripolitans often resort for pastime.

The traveller landing here will meet with a cordial welcome from his consul, who is a native agent. The English and American consular agents are very gentlemanly men; indeed, their families comprise the wealth and aristocracy of the place. The American will rejoice in his consul, and I promise him a pleasant stay in the house of Signor Yanni. Two American Missionaries reside here. Their first convert was their consul, who is an intelligent young man of an inquiring cast of mind.

I need not here recur to the opposition which he met with from his bishop, the clergy, his family, or friends; at one time all turned upon him, but he fearlessly avowed his change of sentiments, and over-rode the storm.

Tripoli is the nearest town from which the traveller can reach the Cedars; indeed, in this season of the year, the traveller desiring of visiting that famous grove should land here and visit them ere proceeding to Bayroot; the only difficulty in your way is that you cannot get dragomans here, nor any outfit for your journey; hence it is that I have thought best to detail to you a narrative of the journey from Bayroot hither.

All being now ready, we bid our friendly hosts a sweet farewell, and then betake us to the cedars. Shortly after leaving Tripoli we gain the table land above it, from which a beautiful view is had; the town, the fort, the Kadesha as it divides the city, and meanders through gardens of loveliest luxuriance; the harbor, and the sea with countless sails, and one or two steamers dotting its bosom, all lie before you. The road hence leads us southward over a plain, and in five hours after leaving Tripoli we arrive at the village of Zgarta. A slight ascent further on brings us to as lovely a spot as one can imagine; this is Ehden—said to be the *Paradise of Eden*. I will not stop to discuss its merits. Sufficient is it for me to say that it is lovely; but whether enough to warrant the supposition that this is the veritable paradise from which our great progenitors were expelled is quite another thing. The country hereabouts abounds in antediluvian legends; the tombs of Abel and Seth, and (just subsequent to the Deluge) of Noah are shown on the way to Damascus, but to them I shall recur in due course of time. Ehden was the summer residence of Peter Abbott,

Esq., late British consul at Bayroot. The American Missionaries stationed at Tripoli tried to make this place their summer residence; but the bigotry of the Maronites rose virulently, and hardly had the Missionaries arrived there one summer's afternoon when they had to retire before pelting stones, and an angry mob — something like an Irish Roman Catholic rabble when excited by their priests.

The scenery by the way now becomes romantic and grand, becoming more so every moment till the tourist has reached Bsharraï, when it reaches the climax of grandeur, wildness, luxuriance, and beauty. Thousands of feet above him towers Sunnin (the summit of Lebanon), hoary with snow; crags and terraces, as endless as they are numerous, encompass him; thousands of feet beneath him lies a deep ravine, in whose bottom the Kadesha meanders, now appearing, winds among beautiful meadows luxuriant with verdure, and now hid from view by yonder projecting crag. On the opposite side of the valley rises another bold ridge, the counterpart of the one on which he stands; gaps here and there arrest his attention; the village of Bsharraï nestles at his feet; its inhabitants surround him in all their gay costumes and Oriental air; and, to crown all, not far from this, among peaks of mountains, isolated by itself, is the gloomy convent of Canobin, where the pious Asaad Esh Shidiak was martyred. Three quarters of an hour hence you reach the Cedars.

Here we are, therefore, at that grove of which it is said Solomon cut wood for the finishing of the temple at Jerusalem. Certainly more must have existed in those days; now, save this grove, there are no cedars in Syria. Some of the trees in it are very old; one

measured at the base twenty-four feet in circumference. According to the accounts of various writers who visited them during the last few centuries, we find the number of such large trees decreasing. Belon, who visited them in 1550, tells us that he counted twenty-eight. Ranwolf, who visited them twenty-four years later, tells us that he only saw twenty-six, two of which were decayed from old age. De la Ronge in 1668 found them only to be twenty. Maundrell in 1696 found them reduced to sixteen; and Dr. Pococke, who visited them in 1745, tells us that they were only fifteen; whilst Lamartine, in 1832, counts no more than seven; and thus these old trees are annually decreasing: a grove of younger ones, however is taking their place. There is a small church here where the Christians of the neighbouring villages assemble once a year, in the month of June, for prayer. The cedar-tree is called *Arz* by the natives, and is a widely spreading tree, generally from fifty to eighty feet high, and when standing singly, often covering a space with its branches, the diameter of which is much greater than the height. The horizontal branches, when the tree is exposed on all sides, are very large in proportion to the trunk, being disposed in distinct layers or stages; and the distance to which they extend diminishes as they approach the top, where they form a pyramidal head, broad in proportion to its height.

In summer, when the weather is fine, the traveller who wishes to continue his tour to Baalbeck and Damascus, has to ascend to the summit of Lebanon, and then descend to the plain of the Bkâa. The ascent and descent of Lebanon are almost perpendicular, and consequently the ride is fearful; one slip, and horse and rider go with vengeance. Accidents, however, seldom

occur, on account of the sure-footedness of the animals; yet, nevertheless, I foretell the traveller that he will hail with delight his arrival at Ainette, a small spring on the opposite side; and still more so when he reaches Deyr-el-Ahmar, in the commencement of the plain. The traveller is now three hours or less from Baalbeck; the road leading to it now becomes a plain. The view from the summit of Lebanon is sublime; any description, however extravagant, will be tame. North, south, east, and west, present different attractions, which will go a great way towards compensating him for the fatigues of the ascent. Leaving now the traveller in the plains of Baalbeck, I hasten back to join my party, and hope at some future day to meet him here, and conduct him to Damascus, and further South.

Meanwhile, *au revoir!*

CHAPTER V.

Monday, 27th December, 1854 — Farewells — Wells — Scripture Allusions — Water Carriers — Prickly Pear — Demetri Cata — Our Course — Ascent of Mount Lebanon — Our Party — View — A bad Ascent — Our Stopping-place — First Impressions — "Wait, Master !" — The Cook and his Horse — Transformation of the Place — Our Dinner — Lebanon Wine — Grapes — Accommodation — The Khan — Druze Women and the Horn — Excitement of Syrian Travelling — Rain — Climate — Mount Lebanon — Its Advantages — Its Destiny — En route to Bhamdoon — Bad Road — Vineyards — Grape Disease — Terraces — Fertility — Bhamdoon — Salams of the People — Mr. Benton — En route — Fossils and Sea-shells — The Mdairij — View from above Hamana — Mist — Luncheon — Mule Train — The Bekâa — Hosh — Maalaka — Zahlé — View and Scenery — Noah's Tomb — Its Peculiarities — Females at the Fountain — Position in Life of the People — Dr. Olin's Testimony — Our Cook — Excitement — Illness of Thorndike — First View of Baalbeck — A small Temple — Arrival at Baalbeck.

At last Michael told us that everything was ready, and we could start in a couple of hours hence; so, accompanied by Mitchell, I went out to make a few parting visits, leaving our friends to precede us when ready, assured that, as I knew the road, we could catch them up ere they had gone far.

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At twelve o'clock we sat down to our last meal in Bayroot—it was a luncheon prepared for us at the house

of a kind friend—and once more that good old word “Good-bye” being uttered, we mounted our horses and returned to town. At the door of the hotel we met Demetri Cara, the landlord, who informed us that our friends had gone; so, without dismounting, we turned the heads of our horses, and, accompanied by Demetri who would see us a short distance on our way, we hastened out of town in a southerly direction. Our road now lay in a narrow path lined with gardens, hedged with the prickly pear, from the corners of which we could see the white flat-roofed house covered with the green foliage of the mulberry tree. A Mahomedan cemetery we passed on our left shortly after leaving town. A string of coffee-shops lined the path, where hundreds of people were taking it easily, smoking their nargeelés and sipping their coffee. We passed two or three wells which will remind the reader of similar constructions mentioned in the Scriptures. They are circular in design, and built throughout of solid masonry. The custom is still, as of old, to draw water out of a well by lowering a rope, attached to the end of which is either a bucket called “dallow,” or an earthenware jar. Some of the wells have an iron chain, or a rope with a bucket at the end attached to them, so that any person can draw water if he wants it; other wells have not this appendage, consequently, the people have to bring their own means of raising it. This might have been the case at Jacob’s well, and at once gives the key to the remark of the woman of Samaria, “Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.” The water is carried to the different houses on the backs of donkeys. We saw many of them at the various wells. Each donkey had a pannier laid across his back which had room for two jars on

each side, making a load of four jars. As it does not frequently happen that a family possess a donkey on which to fetch their water; there are people who make it their business to supply each house, with water on the same terms as the gas company furnishes gas to many abodes in England. The price of a load of water varies from half a piastre to a piastre, or from one to two pence.

I have mentioned the prickly pear on more than one occasion; it is a native plant and grows spontaneously. The natives hedge all their walls with it; and as it grows very thick, it makes an admirable barrier against intrusion . . . and very cheap, for they have only to cut a few small pieces and stick them on their wall, and in a couple of months they have got a formidable hedge. Nor only does it serve as a barrier; but the fruit thereof is considered a very great luxury, and many a family make their breakfast of it.

A quarter of an hour's ride brought us to the forest of pines planted by the famous Fakhr-ed-deen, a man whose visit to Italy made him more a lover of the beautiful than the useful. Here we had a sight of our friends, just a-head of us, forming, to use a common expression, a royal cavalcade. We soon got up to them, and at the head of the forest we left the baggage to go a-head, whilst we (now the six of us) with two servants and Demetri halted at a coffee-shop. Here we remained only a few minutes, long enough to enjoy a nargeelé and a cup of coffee, whilst we bade Demetri farewell, for here he was to leave us and return to the care of his hotel. . . . Three cheers were given, and then mounting our horses we cantered across the fields in a south-westerly direction. At first it was pleasant enough, as

our road lay smooth and we could gallop over it. For an hour we chased each other in lanes bounded by gardens of the everlasting mulberry, and at the foot of the mountain we passed a grove of date trees.

We now began the ascent of Lebanon, that mountain of which it has been truly said, that "it bears winter on its head; spring plays on its shoulders; autumn rests on its bosom; while summer lies sleeping at its feet." Here we caught up with the mules carrying the baggage, and as our party with "all their requisites, furniture, etc.," are here assembled, I will introduce them to the reader in proper order.

We comprised SIXTEEN strong; viz. *six* gentlemen; *four* servants; *five* muleteers and *one* boy — using *ten* riding-horses; *nine* mules for the baggage (out of which two carried tents, which were to be used in the desert if we went to Cairo), and *two* donkeys for the muleteers, making in all TWENTY-ONE animals.

We formed two distinct cavalcades, to which we had appropriate names; one we called the *travellers' party*, and the other the *baggage train*. The reason of this division the reader will know hereafter.

The *travellers' party* was composed of Michael, chief dragoman and factotum, who rode a-head and led the way; Mitchell, who, by unanimous consent, was promoted *captain of the band*, rode next, and was followed by the five of us, whilst François, courier of the Brothers Appleton, brought the rear. The *baggage train* was composed of Ahmed, the shadow of Michael, who acted as *assistant everything*, who rode a-head; then came the baggage, whilst Giovanni, the cook, brought up the rear.

I scarcely know any party travelling in Syria who began their tour more favourably than we; nothing was

forgotten that could add to our comfort or pleasure. We sported cheerful faces, and carried light hearts. Our spirits were high; we cracked jokes and laughed, cantered and galloped, then stopped and looked back at the train of mules who were more slowly coming up the hill, with Ahmed at their head luxuriating in his pipe, which reminded us of our chibooks and cigar-cases. Never were a party of travellers in higher spirits than we were on this day. We made old Lebanon echo to our hearty laugh, whilst our voices rose above its many hills and resounded from its countless dales. Shouting, joking, merriment, wit, and glee were the orders of the day. And we augured high hopes for the future; a tour thus favourably commenced, how could it but end well, thought we. We calculated on the saying, that "a thing well begun was half ended," but never was a truer saying more bitterly overcast. In a little more than a fortnight death had entered this joyful circle, and robbed it of one dearly loved by all; sickness, too, laid its heavy hand upon many of us, and this party, so well got up, and so favourably circumstanced, presented in less than three weeks a miserable appearance: but we will not anticipate the evil.

In about two hours we reached *Khan el Jamhoor*, or inn of the people, before which was a pool of water surrounded by numerous terraces of fig-trees, which, though now leafless, reminding one of the "barren fig-tree," in our Saviour's miracle, groan with fruit—the most luscious—and add to the beauty of the landscape, which, taken from here, is by no means mean; a bold background is formed by the high towering Lebanon, whose apparent crags, but which are in reality astonishingly fertile terraces; its gaps and ravines; its high-

lands and peaks; its forests; its murmuring streams of water which gush from every hill, and fall in pretty cascades to the plains beneath, swelling yonder rivulet as it pours itself under the dignified name of *river* into St. George's bay; villages dotting its bosom; isolated convents looking as dire as black night; the luxuriance of everything around, from diversified subjects of romantic wildness, picturesque beauty and sweet scenery, seldom seen anywhere, and to which no artist, however able, can do justice to its many lineaments.

A tour in Syria is full of romance; no railway whizzes by you; no carriage heavily rolls in dreary measure; no fine hotel meets you at every station, where you can find every thing you want from the "Boots" to the "*Jack*." No! here every thing is different, and savours of romance made more romantic; the horse; the loaded mule; the dragoman, the courier, the cook; the patient donkey; the philosophic muleteer; the grand scenery; the absence of roads, and, all alike, tell you, "*Now, Sir, be as savagely independent as you please*;" add to this the excitement of such a journey, and the associations of the land wherein you are sojourning, and you have at once made a tour in Syria the most enviable of any.

We stood and enjoyed the scene while Michael pushed a-head in order to prepare lodgings for us for the night; Mitchell and I followed him, and the rest came after us. Our road for about twenty minutes was on the ridge of a declivity, resembling very much a camel's back, but soon we began to ascend a steep and craggy piece of road. High and unseemly rocks bounded our right and left, much to the detriment of our feet, which hit against them most unmercifully; indeed, one of the party, a tall fellow, concluded that it was best for him to make the

ascent on foot, and so he did, presenting with his gun held backward over his shoulder, a warlike appearance. Mitchell and I gained the ascent first, and looking down could see the hats of our companions as they emerged from behind rocks and crags; at one time we could see them as if they were marching backwards, but they were only following the windings of the path, which, here let it be said, is only a water-course—the bed of a mountain torrent—and thus instead of Turkey we had to thank Heaven for a road; for were it not for this water-course, I do not see how we could have got to the top. And once up, we looked down on our companions. *Heigh ho!* we shouted to them; they looked up, and seeing us, wondered how we ever got there; then pointing to the road, they exclaimed, "*This is no joke!*" Dear reader, it is no joke! so steep, so craggy is that ascent, that before we had reached Khan el Kohalli poor Perkins had slipped off his horse, much to the amusement of the party.

But our horses did bravely; astonishing their riders. They climbed up the mountains like goats, balancing themselves on precipices where you would be nervous to stand; yet up they went, and craggy and fearful as the road is, they never made a tumble or a false step. This reminds me to say that my experience has taught me that the Syrian horse is surer footed than either the European or American; and the only way I have been able to account for it has been in the way the horses of the different countries are shod. It would not do to shoe horses in Syria as they do in the West; the condition of the roads being such as requires the horses' foot to be shod all under, not only in a ring round the hoof as I have seen elsewhere: in that case, the many stones in

the road will soon cut the hoof of the horse to pieces, and before one day's travel is over, he may have been rendered useless for the future. The only difficulty we found with our horses was, that they were small; and as we had three tall fellows in our party, they found it hard to keep their feet from knocking on the rocks and crags.

At five o'clock we reached *Khan Meer Mahmood*, where we found Michael had just arrived. It stands at the head of a host of vineyards. The first view of the *Khan* repulsed us. Smoke was issuing from every corner.

"Michael," said I, nearly blinded; "You do not mean to say that we are going to sleep here to-night?"

"Yes, master!" said Michael.

"But this is fearful," rejoined I.

"Wait and see, Master," he coolly replied.

Well I waited; our other companions had not yet arrived. Michael hired three rooms—dirty, filthy, small, and full of smoke—two of which he said were to be appropriated to the "Masters" as he called us. Poor Mitchell looked aghast. "This is a second edition of my night at Ephesus," he said.

"And is this the sort of accommodation we are to have for the future?" whispered I to Michael.

"Wait and see, Master!" was again his provoking reply.

I did wait; not however without an inward groan,—a deep sigh for the comforts of the Queen's Hotel, Glasgow, or the Astor House, New York—Michael leaving us to our thoughts as we accommodated ourselves on a rickety bench to await the arrival of our party whom we were to welcome to the *Lebanon House* as we termed the *Khan*, he took two small lights—lamps of the country—whose

small wicks gave feeble light, and swept the two rooms destined for the "masters." He then put out all the fires around the rooms, so that the smoke also disappeared; spread them with mats, and had a large fire made in the servants' room, and by the time the remainder of the travellers' party had arrived, the rooms with their feeble light were beginning to look a little more tolerable; but still there was vast room for improvement, which we did not fail to hint to Michael, who only answered, "*Wait, Master.*" We sat down gazing on each other, saying "*ne'er a word.*"

"We shall die to-night!" said Perkins.

"We can't stand the like!" added Thorndike.

"O we shall soon get accustomed to it," said Mitchell; and here he entertained us with a long story of his trip to Ephesus.

"This is really horrible!" said the younger Appleton.

Half an hour afterwards the *baggage-train* arrived, but where was the cook? We sought him, but could not find him! we strained our eyes but he was nowhere to be seen! What, had he fallen down a craggy precipice and injured himself, or had a rock fallen upon him and killed him? All thoughts for ourselves were now absorbed in anxiety for the cook. Meanwhile the mules were unloaded, and the khan became for a moment a scene of indescribable confusion, packages rolling, muleteers unpacking, mules running away, horses neighing, and I know not what not. At this moment appeared our cook with a bridle in his hand and a large saddle-bag on his shoulder! What means it? We gazed at him for a solution of the mystery; he returned our inquiring gaze, but in silence.

"What is the matter," thundered Michael; "where is your horse?"

"DEAD!" answered the cook, "he lies beneath yonder crag!" pointing to the spot where his horse had expired from old age and fatigue.

Here was a dilemma to begin with; but as it could not be helped, Michael at once dispatched a messenger to Bayroot for another horse whilst the baggage was being disposed of. In were dragged two packages which had been slung across the back of a mule, and out of them came six camp bedsteads, which were separated and placed in the rooms of the "Masters." It was now arranged that Mitchell, the elder Appleton and myself, were to occupy one room, whilst Perkins, Thorndike and the younger Appleton occupied the other, so nothing of our duty remained save to determine the positions of the bedsteads, and leave the rest to Michael. Next came a load of beds which were accordingly distributed and laid out. Each person had allotted to him a bedstead, bed, two sheets, a pillow with a white case, a blanket and a coverlit, and to each bed was added a towel, which we always secured under our pillows. Then came a package of carpets which were spread over the mats. Two portable tables of large dimensions were now brought in, one of which was at once graced with a neat cover and a couple of decent candlesticks, outshining the two little *serajés* (lamps) which the khan had previously afforded us. The other table was also decorated with a white table-cloth, which reminded us that we were to dine soon. After this came a host of camp stools, which were scattered in the rooms, and finally a large *kanoon* (a brass machine for the fire) was brought in, around which some of us gathered our stools, whilst others crowded around the reading table, for the purpose of reading or taking notes. The place began now to

assume a comfortable air, and, with the exception of the uncouthness of the rough stones which projected from the wall which did not annoy us, we really had no occasion to grumble. So we all thought, and from apparent discontent an hour ago, we were now actually congratulating ourselves on our comfortable lodgings, and applauding Michael's skill, which seemed to know no end. We were now called to the next room, where we found basins with hot and cold water. We made our ablutions and returned to find the dinner on the table. Michael is decidedly an honest caterer! On referring to the contract, the reader will observe that I stipulated for a good bill of fare, considering that we were going to rough it out, and I am here exceedingly pleased to say, that Michael exceeded himself. The bill of fare for this day's dinner run thus:—macaroni soup, roast mutton, roast chickens, beefsteak, potatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, cheese, and finally, a dessert of four or five kinds of fruits. The cruet-stand was in good order, and the pickles were prime. Add to this, our stock of wine (which was at our own cost) of foreign and native manufacture, and I assure you, reader, that our dinner at the khan was not to be slighted. And here let me say that we never fared worse. Indeed, as regards lodgings, this khan, comfortable as we all now thought it, and willing to get the same every evening, I am glad to say was the worst lodging we were obliged to put up at, anywhere in our journeyings in Syria. I mention all this that the intending traveller to the East may know what to expect for the money he lays out.

There is only one kind of wine manufactured in this country, and known by the name of Lebanon wine, or *vin d'oro*; it is a light kind, and is intoxicating in its

nature. I make this remark, because I have often been asked in my wanderings whether it has that peculiarity or not; and not a few there are whom I have heard assert that the wines of Syria are not intoxicating! I have already spoken of the arak, a kind of spirit, also manufactured in this country, and which the natives use in visits of ceremony and on festivals; on those occasions it is handed round in small *finjans* or wine cups. Both are extracted from the juice of the grape. In the manufacture of arak, anise-seed is used. Considering this is a grape-growing country, the reader will be astonished to learn that little wine is comparatively made in it, and of that little, not much is used by the natives, for here let me tell the reader that the Syrians are by no means partial to liquors of any kind. Drunkenness, hitherto, has been at a very low ebb in the country. May it ever continue to be so, and may the curse of intemperance never alight upon a land so fair.

The vineyards, which rise in terraces one above the other till they reach nearly to the summit of Lebanon, abound in the most luscious grapes imaginable, of which we have different kinds: one called the walnut, takes its name from its size, being as large as that fruit; another is the long grape; and another is small and round. There are other kinds beside, which it would be unnecessary to mention. The English hot-house grape, good as it is, does not bear comparison with our Syrian grapes. The quantity grown is enormous. Did the Syrians know how to make wine, Syria would soon become the wine mart of the whole world. What are not used as grapes, the natives dry into raisins, and the process is thus: the grapes are gathered in September, washed in a composition of lye, water, and oil, after which they are

spread on a mat to dry, and there they remain for about a fortnight in the open sun, sprinkled once or twice every few days with this composition; they are then gathered and put into sacks of hair-cloth, and sold as raisins. Some grapes are made into a sort of treacle, called *Dibs*, whilst the refuse thereof is made into wine and arak.

After dinner, we gathered round the reading table, whilst Michael, Ahmed and François cleared the other; and we had hardly finished the smoking of our *chibooks*, when the tea was announced. A strange luxury here! I question whether this khan has seen so much civilisation in it since its erection. We drank our tea and turned to our reading table, whilst some lounged on the beds. About ten o'clock we retired. Thus was spent our first night of travel in Syria, in a khan on Mount Lebanon; an idea which greatly amused us, *viz.* the khan before and after we occupied it. We applauded Michael's skill, and learnt the significance of the reply, "Wait, masters." After this, we never troubled him about accommodations: if he has produced comfort here, surely, argued we, he can produce it anywhere else; and if things prove no worse, we are likely to have a pleasant tour through Syria.

A word about these khans. In Mount Lebanon they are more like houses than anything else, and you can hardly conceive the difference by which to tell one from the other. They abound in every city, and to them the stranger repairs. Generally speaking, they are a quadrangular building, of two or three stories high—the basement story is used as stables, but when the khan is crowded, the horses are turned out into the court, and the people are put in their place. It was so in olden

times; and it is not unlikely, that in a similar building the Saviour of mankind was born. These khans are private property; this one is owned by the Emir Mahmood, of Aalai, a village immediately above it. As I have said, it resembles a private house, the only difference is, that the khan is not enclosed, but open; being composed of three or four rooms in a row, with a covered lawn before them, and a stable in front; the masonry is far from being good, as the wind whistles through its every portion, and in rainy weather the terrace leaks, but in that case the natives have a round stone, called Mahdlé, which they roll over the terrace, and thus close the seams through which the water makes its way.

On first arriving at the khan, we saw four Druze women on the hill above us; they all wore the *tantoor*, or horn, which meant that they were married. This head dress of the horn is peculiar to Mount Lebanon, and is a sign that its wearer is a married woman. No girl wears a horn. These horns are nearly a yard long and about four or five inches in circumference at the base, gradually becoming smaller, till at the top it is not half as big. It rises up from above the forehead, and it is so tied that it holds fast; the veil, which goes over it, falls down to cover the fastenings and the face. The women of Mount Lebanon, in veiling themselves before man, leave one eye uncovered, by which to see. These horns are generally made of silver.

At *four o'clock* next morning (Thursday, 28th December, 1854), Michael came into our room and woke us up. We naturally asked him about the weather, as, shortly after our arrival the preceding night, it began to rain fearfully, which made us rather anxious about our next day's journey, the more so as we heard a continual

gurgling of water during the night. Michael, however, soon dispelled our fears, by assuring us that we had no cause for apprehension, as we were likely to have a fine day of it; and as for the gurgling water which frightened us, it was only a mountain stream, whose course ran beside our khan.

The rain of Syria is unlike that of Europe or America, which falls in thin drops; that of Syria may be called a *pelting* rain. It falls down thick, fast, and with vengeance, washing away soil, carrying away trees by the roots, breaking hedges, and in a short time converts the dry bed of a torrent into something like a respectable-looking river. Hence it is, that in Syria you see so many winter torrents which in summer are perfectly dry. This necessarily renders the tops of the mountains barren and dreary, since the soil being washed off, nothing but the crags are left. To remedy this evil, the peasantry cut up the sides of the mountains into terraces, raising one above the other, each of them being well hedged with stones, so that the soil washed off from one terrace only improves the one beneath it, and so on. The villagers are, however, always on the watch to keep their terraces in order.

The climate is good, and, unless in the marshy lands of Alexandretta, or the hot plains of the interior, no diseases of any particular kind prevail. Mount Lebanon is exceedingly healthy. To it invalids from the far East and far West have repaired, and found its balmy atmosphere and bracing air most beneficial to their broken constitutions. I would advise consumptive people, or others of kindred complaints requiring a warm climate, to try Mount Lebanon for a summer. Nor only those with broken constitutions, but also others with broken

incomes can repair thither with advantage, enjoying not only the benefits which nature has bestowed on this "goodly mountain," but also the advantage of cheap living. Here the traveller will find that the creatures of life are very cheap. The best mutton or beef is sold for about threepence a pound. Vegetables and fruits are abundant; for a penny or two you can purchase more than you require for a day (that is, supposing you don't grow your own stock): for another penny or two you can have an ample quantity of fresh milk every day. Fowls are sold from sixpence to a shilling the pair. Turkeys, geese, and ducks are equally cheap. The only uncomfortable thing about Mount Lebanon at present is its poor houses; this, however, is not without its remedy, as there are plenty of masons in the country who will soon put one in order for you, or build you a new one on a short notice. The sportsman requires no license here; and I assure him that game is not very scarce on this mountain; herds of deer are occasionally to be met with, and many a wild boar revels in the thickets, forests, and marshes. To the lover of the beautiful and the picturesque, Lebanon presents endless themes for an artist's pencil. Everywhere its romantic grandeur and wild beauty; its sweet glens and gurgling streams, combined with the balmiest of atmospheres, invites the wanderer *to a pic-nic*, and all this *almost for nothing*.

Speak of a *watering-place* at home, where on this earth can you find a better watering-place than Lebanon? Are you in search of a cool and bracing atmosphere? Behold it in Lebanon. Dost thou seek the lovely and the sweet? See it here. Does your soul delight in the grand and in the romantic? Feast your eyes on the many

features of this mount. Are you anything of a poet? Then sit you down by yonder murmuring brook and invoke your muse. Lovest thou to gaze on the sea? Behold the billows of the rolling Mediterranean, that classic sea of Phœnician fame. Dost thou prefer the solitude of nature to the charms of *a cold and hollow-hearted society*? Then go and wander in yonder glen. O I love to think of Lebanon; its wildness and beauty; its cold and crystal-like waters; its glens and ravines; its vineyards and groves of fig and pine trees; its springs and brooks; and its many advantages. I love to hear the voice of mirth resounding from its villages, and echoing through its hills and dales. I love to see gathering on its springs the beautiful and the lovely. And will this never be? Shall Mount Lebanon—this natural site for the most fashionable and the most advantageous of all watering-places—be for ever forgotten? Ah! what is it I see in the distance like the first peep of a dawning star? Am I dreaming, or is it real, that there is a day of glory still in store for Mount Lebanon? I think I see the time, and that ere long, when its attractions will be better known, and its lovely glens and green pastures appreciated. In one word, the time is not far distant when Lebanon will be the fashionable watering-place between India and England. Here on this Mount friends long separated will yet meet—the mother will clasp to her bosom her long absent boy; and here the civilian and soldier brothers may greet each other after a long separation. Such is my private opinion of the destiny of Lebanon. Time will show how far it is correct.

Slowly we got out of our beds: Michael had by this time the cover of the reading-table off, and on it were

several tin basins filled with the finest and coldest of water. In these we performed our morning ablutions (the towels we always secured again under our pillows). In order to guard against confusion it was hereby resolved that every one should put something in his bed in order to recognize it again. Hardly had we finished dressing when the first meal of the day was announced, and we sat down to a good breakfast: the coffee was excellent, so was the beefsteak, the mutton chops, the ham and eggs, and the broiled chickens—all were good, and we enjoyed them. It is true, we had no “news of the day” to speak of—no morning papers to discuss, yet I assure the reader we kept up a most animated conversation, speaking of how we spent the night, and a thousand little things connected with our tour.

François waited upon us, whilst Michael, Ahmed, Giovanni and the muleteers, were engaged in packing every thing; and before we had finished our breakfast, the bedsteads, beds, and carpet-bags were on the backs of the mules. We gazed sorrowfully on the scene of devastation before us, as tables, stools, and carpets were cleared one after the other. The poor khan must have sung a mournful dirge that morning, as Michael despoiled it of the honours of the Lebanon-house, and restored it to its primitive smoky and dirty condition!

At seven o'clock we were in the saddles—the cook included, who this morning appeared mounted on a grey charger (if the term may be allowed to refer to a hackney broken-winded animal) which had arrived during the course of the morning from Bayroot. The baggage-train had preceded us; but we soon overtook the mules in the ascent above. Now we began to decide on our stopping place for the night; this we soon settled; and, directing

the muleteers to halt there in case they reached it before us, we determined to go round by Bhamdoon—a village where some of the Bayroot Missionaries spend their summer, and where in winter one is kept stationed.

Our plan for travelling now was to give the mules nine hours' work a day, or thereabouts—a distance which our horses could be made to accomplish in about six or seven hours (depending much on the kind of road we had to ride on) and allowing us a little grace at the beginning and end of the day's journey, as also an hour for luncheon, besides affording us time to visit any ruins or sights which we might wish to look at, though out of our immediate course. This plan was finally decided upon, after a deal of *pros* and *cons*. Objections were started to it at first, on the plea that the distance of a day's journey was short, and that we could make longer distances; but this was overruled on the score of the shortness of a winter's day. Indeed, apart from that, I question whether long distances on the long run would be any saving of time. The mules could not stand more than nine hours' travelling a day on a long journey; and what, if by urging them onwards one should break down in a place where we could not get it substituted? What then? The delay for sending to get another, would detain us more than the economy either of time or money which we should have made at the sacrifice of comfort. Besides, let me tell you, that you will soon find six or seven hours in the saddle daily no idle task. We put it to the vote, and the above plan was adopted.

Travelling in Syria is reckoned by hours; you ask a man how far is such a place, and he tells you it is "three hours off;" this, you may conclude, to be about eight miles. The pace which the mules travel hardly exceeds

two to two and a half miles an hour; seldom more, unless it is in the plains; so that each day's journey we made, varied from seventeen to twenty miles, according to the road.

In being so lengthy and minute, I beg to apologize to the reader; and if he has not already wearily cast me aside, I promise to reform. My object in entering into all these little particulars, is to initiate the intending tourist in the art of Syrian travelling; and now, having given an idea of how we managed things every morning and evening, I beckon you to follow on.

At Khan El Hussain we parted with our muleteers, who continued on the Damascus road, while we descended into a deep ravine in order to make our way to Bhamdoon which stood on the other ridge opposite to us. We could see it clearly, and the tourist will think that yonder village ought to be reached in a quarter of an hour; and so it may, were it not for that deep ravine intervening which will make the distance exceed an hour. The descent was very difficult—even frightful; but more so when we came to ascend the opposite ridge, which was particularly steep and craggy, rendering the ascent very dangerous. It would have amused a stander-by to have seen us climbing up, clinging to the manes of our horses: we cut poor figures. Our road as usual lay in the bed of a mountain torrent, through which, at this time, a stream was forcing its way. On both sides of us were vineyards.

A grape disease has of late years stricken the vineyards of Syria—something like the potato disease of Ireland. Bunches of grapes, struck down by disease, lay withered at the foot of the master of the manor. I trust, however, that next year's crop will repay him for the loss of his

vintage during the last two or three. I can hardly conceive a sight more tempting and luscious to look at than these vineyards laden with fine grapes. And what a scene of fertility does Lebanon present! A stranger gazing on the scene would hardly believe that anything could grow amid these rocks. Such is Lebanon, that goodly mountain!

At half-past eight we reached Bhamdoon. The villagers crowded the terraces to look at our cavalcade, as sadly mounted we made our way into the village. They saluted us with the well-known Oriental salaam, "*Allah Makum, Fain raiheen*," God be with you, Where are you going? We requested to be led to the house of Mr. Benton, the American missionary, which they cheerfully did, and in a few minutes more we were sitting by an American stove, *oppressively heated*, warming our feet.

Mr. Benton has been in this country about eight years, including a visit to his fatherland on account of his health. He was at first associated in the work with Mr. Ford, at Aleppo, but since his return from the United States he has been stationed here. He reports progress both here and in the adjoining villages, as also a universal desire for education among the people.

At Bhamdoon we remained an hour, and then, mounting our horses, we made the best of our way across the ridge towards the Damascus road. Mr. Benton accompanied us part of the way and shewed us a hill, where we picked some fossils and sea-shells! Here we parted with him, and continued our way. In about an hour we reached the Mraijat, a very bad road, succeeded by a worse, called Mdarij, or ladder, a very appropriate name. This part of the road is in winter blocked up with snow, so that it often times becomes impassable.

Frequently has the postman, carrying the mails between Bayroot and Damascus, stuck here for several days unable to make his way. Many a mule and muleteer have found their last resting-place in its snows. Hence, we had a fine view of Hammana and the scenery around it. It formed a beautiful landscape, several hundreds of feet beneath us, bounded by high towering mountains, whose bleak heads met the clouds; a beautiful cascade rushed down the mountain, and was lost to view in the ravine beneath. In descending the pass of the Mdarij, we were overtaken by a mist, which made it both unpleasant and cold; we wrapped our cloaks around us and pushed on. It soon cleared, however, and to our joy the plains of the Bkaâ, with Anti-Libanus in the back ground, came in full view.

Here we again caught up with our baggage, but allowed them to pass on whilst we stopped at *Khan Moorad*, and discussed a luncheon of cold chickens and roast mutton, cheese and oranges, which Michael carried in a carpet bag, he always had under him. Whilst eating, a caravan of loaded mules from Damascus, bound to Bayroot, passed us. We counted upwards of a hundred animals in mules, donkeys and horses—the mules predominating, we called it the *mule train*. This caravan resembles in many respects that one of old into which Joseph was sold; but of this more in a future chapter. My friends were vastly amused at seeing females riding astride of a *jelal*—a Syrian pack-saddle. It is a flat canvass cushion, covering the whole back of the animal. One female was perched between two boxes, which were strapped on both sides of the mule. These *jelals* have the reputation of being very easy saddles, and are greatly used by the natives in long journeys.

Hence we descended into the plains of the Baak, which divide Lebanon from Anti-Lebanon. It is a beautiful, rich, and well-watered plain, and has been computed by various authors at ninety miles long, running north and south, by eleven miles in breadth, nearly equal all the way. At the foot of Lebanon we saw a ruined fort, and under its shadow a small village, surrounded by a picture of fertility. This plain is the Cœlo-Syria of the ancients.

Our course lay to the north, hence we departed from the Damascus road which strikes across the plain, and enters *Wady el Kurn*, a craggy and dangerous pass in Anti-Lebanon, much resorted to by robbers. By skirting the base of Lebanon in a northerly direction, we arrived at half-past four at the small village of *Hosh*, where we had determined to stop for the night. Half an hour later the baggage arrived.

Michael hired for us a house which contained two rooms, and which, however slightly constructed, compared well with the houses of the peasantry in Europe, and was certainly superior to the dark, dirty, and crowded log-cabins of Ireland, where the man, the pig and the cow, may be seen huddled together. The family reserved one room of the house for their use. They were simple-minded, decent-looking people, apparently comfortable and well clad; and looking at them, I was reminded of the judicious remark of Dr. Olin in describing the condition of the inhabitants of Syria. He says, "their situation with regard to the physical means of comfort and subsistence is in many respects favourable, and under a tolerable government would be almost unequalled. As it is, the Syrian peasant and his family fare much better than the labouring classes of Europe. The mildness of the climate, the abundance of land and its fertility, with

the free and luxuriant pasturage that covers the mountains and the plains, render it nearly impossible that the peasant should not be well supplied with bread, fruit, meat and milk. The people almost always appear well clothed."

Thursday.—Hosh as well as Maalaka are only offshoots of the large village of Zahli. We were up at four, breakfasted between five and six, and at seven o'clock we were again in the saddle. At Maalaka we left the baggage to go ahead, whilst we turned up to take a look at Zahli. There it is. Its situation is lovely and romantic, occupying the slopes of two hills, which are divided by a river whose banks are enlivened by tall and majestic poplars. As a village in Lebanon, it ranks only second to Deyr el Kamar; its inhabitants, who are mostly of the Greek faith are brave, hospitable, warm-hearted and industrious; and in the civil wars which have often convulsed Lebanon, we see them more or less engaged in turning the fortunes of the day favorably to the Christian cause. A Greek bishop resides here; there is also a Greek Roman Catholic convent; the monks of which are remarkable for their gentlemanly bearing, as also for their hospitality and good wines.

Having taken a farewell look of the pretty village before us, we now turned our steps to the tomb of Noah which is situated in Maalaka. A mosque has risen up over the grave of the great patriarch. I do not remember the exact measurement of the tomb, though I have seen it mentioned somewhere; but it strikes me that if this is his sepulchre, Noah must have been a very tall man, for it certainly seemed to me at a random guess to be about a hundred feet in length. The old

man who shewed it to us told me that this was his length as far as the knees, the rest being bent downwards. Over the grave is a green cloth; the favourite colour of the Mahomedans; and is visited not only by Moslems, but also by Christians; indeed the Maronites have no end of legends connected with it. They believe the grave to be invested with miraculous healing power. If there is an invalid in the family he is at once brought hither and laid upon it. Should he not be cured, it is then understood that Noah does not want to have anything to do with him, and dying, his situation in the next world is very questionable. Should he survive his visit to the grave, his cure is at once attributed to the healing powers of the Patriarch. In case the invalid cannot be carried, his friends bring some of his clothes and put them on the grave for the same purpose; and others, in order not to catch a certain disease in their lifetime leave a relic behind them, which they think secures them against that malady. Our Cicerone showed us a window, where we saw a host of rags, threads and ribbons left there by several parties for that purpose: I was further told that the Maronites pay an annual visit to this tomb.

In regaining the high road to Baalbeck, we passed by a fountain, where we saw several females drawing water. They did not hide their faces on seeing us, but looked kindly and sweetly upon us, and gave us the usual salutation, "*Allah makum!*" God be with you; which we returned, but not half so sweetly. Their features were well formed; brunettes in complexion; robust, fresh, healthy in appearance, and remarkably well developed. Some of them were tall, and exceedingly graceful; their dress was simple and chaste. As soon

as their jars were filled, they carried them home on their shoulders. In Egypt, the females carry the jars on their heads; not so, however, in Syria. In carrying the jar on her shoulder, the female supports it by her hand, to guard it against falling. Immediately near the fountain there was a trough for the animals to drink from, and *à propos* of this, at this moment, a herd of buffaloes and cows were rushing down to drink. I approached one of the girls, and asked her to give me a drink of water; she immediately did so, saying, as she offered me her jar, "*Tikram ya khooi*," Welcome, brother. Nothing, in my opinion, can exceed the simplicity and unsophisticated good-heartedness of these girls. Such a scene brings to mind most powerfully the interview of our Saviour with the woman of Samaria at the well, and Rebecca and the damsels coming to draw water when met by Abraham's steward; nor less did the herds now drinking remind me of Laban's cattle, whom Jacob to quench their thirst, drove oft times to a fountain like this.

The reader will observe that in giving me her jar of water, the girl called me "brother." This is the custom of the land; you address her as sister, and she addresses you as brother.

On leaving the fountain, we were astonished at seeing a-head of us something resembling a European lady on horseback. After a little more scrutinizing the object a-head, we concluded it must be one, though why traveling alone we could not tell. Oh, could she be the English lady who married lately a Bedouin chief? It must be: there was none other who would travel thus in the land. We at once arranged our collars, and took off our mufflers, determined to make a good impression,

and rode off to the object which was slowly going a-head of us. We had hardly reached the supposed lady, who, hearing the steps of many horses behind, turned round, and seeing us, exclaimed, "Avanti! avanti!" We reined in our horses, prepared to doff our caps, when, lo and behold, the lady of our imagination was transformed to Giovanni, our cook. He had tarried behind to buy some fowls and other provisions, and was now catching up with the party when we overtook him. His straw hat and white clothes fluttering in the wind had deceived us. We looked askance at each other, and those of us who had most prepared themselves to carry the lady's heart by storm, looked awfully queer.

Now about this *lady*. Having mentioned her, I will say, that respect to those who were once connected with her, who treated her as a daughter, and those who in after years cherished her as a wife, forbids me mentioning names; but this I will say, that an English lady of noble descent, whilst travelling between Bagdad and Damascus, a couple of years ago, fell in love with and married a Bedouin—not a chief, as is the rumour, but one who was dispatched by his chief to escort her. She has a house in Damascus, but spends most of her time among his tribe with him. Every effort was made to dissuade her from taking the step, but in vain; she married him. Such is the brief Syrian career of the English woman, who by accident of birth is dignified with the title of *lady*.

Shortly afterwards, we passed through a small village; and now our bosoms were fired with excitement to catch the first glimpse of Baalbeck's towering columns. Mitchell and I pushed ahead, galloping over fields of rich fertility. Our excitement, what from galloping, a

bracing air which whistled past us, and the anticipation of seeing Baalbeck was so great, that we did not notice our leaving the right road: on we galloped without stopping to gaze back on our companions, whom we thought were following hard upon us. We were now far on our way towards Anti-Libanus before we reined in our horses and looked back. Great was our amazement, on straining our eyes for miles in the direction we had come, to see no signs of our party. We now remarked, that the path in which we were galloping could not be the well-beaten track to Baalbeck. On sweeping the horizon with our eyes, we discovered them wending their way at the foot of Lebanon. The distance between us was four miles; and, as it was a plain, we turned the heads of our horses and galloped diagonally across to them, and in less than half an hour we were up with them again. They had seen us diverge from the road, and had fired their guns to warn us of our mistake; but so great was our excitement that we did not hear the volley of muskets and pistols sent after us.

On joining our party we found poor Thorndike ailing. His head pained him; his neck was stiff; his joints seemed out of order; in fact, he thought himself ill altogether; and we were all very anxious on his account, the more so, as his health was delicate. We thought it was only the effects of riding on the Arab saddle, to which he was unaccustomed; so Mitchell jumped off and gave him his horse which had an English saddle, and I gave mine to Perkins who also looked uneasy. Mitchell and I were the only two who rode on European saddles. I had ordered mine from Liverpool before leaving England, and advise all travellers who would make the tour of Syria, to do likewise. At this moment Michael,

who rode ahead, shouted out the now doubly welcome name of Baalbeck. We looked up, and sure enough there was BAALBECK! Had we not been anxious about Thorndike, who every moment was getting worse, we would have dashed up to it in a mad gallop. As it was, our enthusiasm was somewhat sobered, and we rode on quietly, satisfied with gazing at its columns from a distance.

Half an hour before we reached the majestic ruins, we passed a small temple, evidently put up and used as a Mahomedan mosque. It is a circular building, supported by eight columns of Egyptian granite. We did not stop to look at it, but pushed on. At one o'clock, precisely, we reached Baalbeck; and, under the shadow of the ruins, we spread our shawls for poor Thorndike, and made him lie upon them whilst Michael gave us our luncheon. He then went in search of lodgings for us, which he soon succeeded in finding in the house of a Greek family. By this time, the baggage mules had arrived, and we all moved there.

We now determined to stay in Baalbeck over the morrow till Thorndike should have rested, as we all attributed his indisposition to fatigue. Then it occurred to us that the day after would be Sunday, so we concluded to remain in Baalbeck till Monday. This being decided upon, and our things being put out, we gave ourselves up to a three days' survey of the ruins and their vicinity. And now, farewell, dear reader, for the present.

CHAPTER VI.

BAALBECK TO DAMASCUS.

Friday, 29th December, 1854.—Baalbeck—Its Architecture—Its Ruins.—A Country View—A Moonlight View of the Ruins—A Native School—The Contrast—An Ancient Cemetery—A Carriage-road—The Solitary Pillar—Ahmet's Idea of it—A Bedouin—Arabian Horses—The Muezzin—Mohamedanism on Prayer—A Mosque—Perhaps an Ancient Bath—Ras el Ain—Perilous Experiments to decipher the Inscriptions on the Walls of Baalbeck—The Quarry—The large Stone—Original Resources—P.. and the Fleas—A Turkish Wedding—Baalbeck—Evils of the Farming System—Thoughts on the old Year—Syria—Departure—Mill—Ploughs—Clear Sky—Bad Road—*Khraibé*, kind Villagers—Bad Road and beautiful Ravine—An Eagle—Tomb of Seth—Beautiful Scenery—Arrival at Seriaga—A Shooting Expedition—Rather unfortunate—M.. and the Villagers—Sick People—Necessity of more Medical Men—Beautiful Valley—Zebdani Bludan—British Consul's Summer Residence—Wady Souk Barada—Its Antiquities—Mr. Wood and his Influence—Tomb of Abel—Antediluvian Remains—Ancient Abila—The Fair—Attack by the Saracens—The River Barada—Last Day's Ride to Damascus—The Fijé—A cold Ride—Fierce Wind—First View of Damascus—Entrance to Damascus—Streets—Shops—Sales—Scene—Arrival at our House.

“O BAALBECK! Queen of ruins!” Here we are beneath its shadow. Much has already been written about it; and diverse have been the opinions of authors as to its origin. Many have identified it with the Baal-gad of the Scriptures, whilst others, zealous for assigning its

origin to Solomon, have supposed it to be Baal Hamon; and there are others who argue that it does not reach back to the Solomonic age. I do not intend entering upon the arena of controversy as to its origin, nor do I intend wearying the reader with an account of all its measurements or statuary; suffice it to say, that the tradition in vogue among the natives is, that *it was begun by Solomon*. The intelligent tourist, however, will observe, that if begun by that monarch, of which, in my opinion, there is ample evidence in the masonry, which resembled greatly that of his temple at Jerusalem, it was never finished by him. Whether so or not, must remain for the present as matter of opinion, seeing so many able authors have differed on this subject; but it certainly is one of different eras of architecture. Three are observed very distinctly; viz., one which has been supposed to belong to the Solomonic age, and is composed of gigantic hewn stones in the face of the platform or basement, on which the temple stands, three of which, forming an upper course about twenty feet from the ground, measure no less than *one hundred and ninety feet in length*, being severally of the enormous dimensions of *sixty-three* and *sixty-four* feet in length, by *twelve* in breadth and thickness! In the quarry, which I visited, and of which more anon, I saw a stone still larger than these, measuring about *sixty-nine* feet long, by almost *fourteen*, in thickness and depth. It lies in the quarry all but finished. The second era of the architecture of Baalbeck is decidedly Roman, and to which is supposed to belong the two temples, which some have assigned to Antoninus Pius, from two inscriptions on the eastern wall. These temples present some fine, if not actually the finest specimens of Corinthian architecture in existence, and impress

the traveller with a wonderful grandeur and majesty. The third era is Saracenic.

There were evidently two temples; one larger and one smaller—the latter, however, is the best preserved—both were dedicated to the Sun, and were called Heliopolis: I do not wish to enter upon these statistics to any extent, as, after all the historical notices on this subject, are so scanty, and the opinions of the authors varied and different. Its origin also appears to be lost in the most remote antiquity.

Now to the ruins: the first idea that suggests itself to the traveller as he finds himself in the confusion of large stones, cornices, and shafts of broken columns, through which he has to pick his path, in order to get to the temples, is one of grandeur. Nor does this idea diminish as he gains the first landing, and fronts the six columns standing before him in unique beauty: or the others, which surround the lesser temple; or the exquisite corridor—all of which impress him with awe as well as beauty. The effect of the whole ruin is imposing, and the traveller gazes and gazes in silence. We enter the corridor, which is covered by a fine entablature, and make our way through heaps of defaced fragments of statuary to the opposite side, where we front the Saracenic part of the building. The entrance to the temple of the Sun being walled up, we squeeze ourselves through a small hole up to it; and now we are in: the first object that strikes us is a large eagle with outspread wings, occupying two-thirds of the stone-work above the porch, but the stone on which it is cut, and which is the main block in the doorway, has sunk down some feet. The eagle holds in his beak two festoons, of which the other ends are held by two *genii*. In his claw is the

caduceus. Eight pilasters with double capitals, range on each side of the temple, and between them are niches intended for the statues. Three elegant double columns finish the rich sculpture of both ends. Neither this nor the larger temple seem to have been roofed.

In regard to the defacing of the statuary, I am inclined to think it the incendiary work of Mahomedans, who have an aversion to all statues of any kind. Some have thought the destruction to be the work of Christians, who consecrated the place to Divine worship, and consequently destroyed all that they thought was idolatrous.

From this, we passed to the larger temple; and here, again, we stood dumbstruck before the six columns which rear their heads to heaven, and which seem conscious of their magnet-like influence. The richness of the work, and the boldness thereof, are of infinite grandeur and majesty. We wandered about the building for hours; and the more we looked on the ruins, the more they grew on us, and the more were we inclined to seek out the originator of the work, and the purpose there; the more so, as we know that Baalbeck has never been the seat of a monarch. Then, why this expense? Why these magnificent structures so far from their capitals? Surely this could not have been supplied by private or municipal liberality?

We now descended by a hole in the north-eastern wall, and found ourselves on the margin of a stream, the Leitani or Leontes of the ancients, which falls into the Mediterranean not far from Tyre, watering, in its course, the plains of the Bkaâ, and other valleys of less note. From here we could see the two inscriptions mentioned by Dawkins and Wood, which bear the name of Antoninus

Pius, perhaps the projector, as has been supposed, of the two Roman temples; and which, if so, must have been erected somewhere during the second century of the Christian era. We were now led into a subterranean passage, where we saw two statues, one of which I thought was Hercules and the other Diana. Immediately outside, and forming the first and second tiers, we saw some monster stones with bevelled edges. These, doubtless, belonged to the first era of the structure of Baalbeck, and show us, at once, the gigantic size of the original plan. If this can be the work of Solomon, then we can begin to have a faint idea of the grandeur of the temple at Jerusalem. These stones are of themselves a wonder; and the architect of the nineteenth century stands awe-struck before them. How were they brought here — how put in their places — and how adjusted with such nicety? are questions which at once present themselves to the mind.

We now walked round the building, which certainly occupies as large a space of ground as the Athenian Acropolis, and contented ourselves with a general view. Having made our way through fields of turnips, we returned home by a small temple which is now used as a Christian chapel—a few columns adorn it, and figures are carved in bold relief on each side. Emerging from it, we found ourselves before a “tannor,” a country oven—it is a circular building, if building it may be called, three feet deep and about eight feet in circumference, dug in the ground; the sides are smooth; in the centre the fire is placed, which is to heat the sides; while, on the sides, the bread, in large round cakes, is stuck till it is rendered fit for eating. Here we saw a group of three women baking, who kindly offered us some of the bread.

M—— took a sketch of the oven and the women, at which they were greatly pleased. They smiled upon us kindly, and betrayed no fear. These “tannors” are peculiar to Mount Lebanon and other villages in Syria, as also the large thin cakes of bread which they bake, resembling brown paper; it is, however, good in taste, and by no means ugly in appearance. The towns have regularly built up ovens, where they bake small round cakes, which taste very well, inasmuch as the wheat of Syria is good. Both kinds are preferable, in my opinion, to the English or American bread, especially as they keep longer without crumbling, which the author found was the case with the bread of those countries. In some villages, we saw them baking cakes of Indian corn, which also grows plenteously in the country.

M—— having finished his sketch, we now returned home, where we found the dinner ready, and which, after washing our hands, we discussed with zest. Travelling and the open air give very good appetites, at least, so we found it, to the cost of Michael, who always said, “Eat away, masters—glad to see you eat so well—a good sign that you enjoy good health.”

Immediately after tea, I went out in company with the younger A., to take a moonlight view of the ruins; unfortunately it was a cloudy night, and the moon was not visible; but nothing daunted, we went, and were well repaid with the view. No traveller ought to miss seeing the ruins at night. I deem the view by far the grandest when seen then. The columns look so massive, and the fallen fragments, clothed with the sombre mantle of night, swell in grandeur; and it is then that the traveller can say, “What a splendid ruin!” When the moon

shines upon the ruins, as it did on the succeeding night, the view becomes enchantingly magnificent. We wandered amid these noble relics of the past, enjoying a real mental feast. We could see the snow-capped Lebanon in the distance, which contrasted strangely with its dark and sombre sides, or the blue plains beneath. Oh, Baalbeck, queen of ruins, thou art, indeed, glorious! It has been asserted by writers that the Acropolis of Athens is a finer work than that of Baalbeck. I question the assertion; but, allowing that the Acropolis, as a whole, may have more artistic merit, it still lacks the magnificence, grandeur and majesty which pervade these ruins. I have visited both, and certainly am inclined to give my favour to the latter. I have been told by those who visited Palmyra, that there is nothing there to compare with the architecture or imposing grandeur of Baalbeck. Speaking of this fact, Burckhardt, who visited both places, says, "The entire view of the ruins of Palmyra, when seen at a certain distance, is infinitely more striking than that of Baalbeck, but there is not any one spot in the ruins of Tadmor so imposing as the interior view of the temple of Baalbeck." He adds also, that "The architecture of Baalbeck is richer than that of Tadmoor." Just what I would say of the Acropolis of Athens; beautiful as it may be, and complete as a whole, yet it does not bear comparison with the magnificence and grandeur here seen. It pleases, and it may even fascinate the beholder; but it fails to inspire that awe which steals over you when gazing on this queen of ruins.

Saturday, 30th December, 1854.

I was awakened this morning by loud noises in the yard;

and, on going out, found that our host was a school-master, and one of the rooms in his house was used as a school. In it I saw about twenty boys, who were learning to read the Psalter of David. A Greek priest was sitting in their midst, which made me think that he was the superintendent, and that the school was established by the Greek church. This idea was afterwards confirmed by the teacher. The boys were reading out as loudly as ever they could, no one studying quietly; in fact, each was trying to out-bawl the rest, and a scene of confusion was the result. The teacher sat demurely cross-legged, with a switch near him, which he did not fail to bring down on the backs of those whose voices he could not hear. Every now and then the priest quickly ejaculated, "*Orow*," i.e. *read*, or, in other words, "*Study, boys*." And such is a fair sample of the native schools in Syria. The Mahomedans are likewise taught to read their Koran; and both races consider this sufficient education.

This led my thoughts into a new strain--the contrast was very great. I thought of the days of Baalbeck's glory, when those stones were hewn and those columns reared, and the present day, when the natives of Baalbeck live in ignorance; and to the query, "How were those stones put here or there?" a shrug of the shoulder is all the answer. But the contrast becomes deeper and more painful, that here, in the sight of these ruins, within view of the quarry from which those large stones were cut, and under the shadow of these columns, to find so much ignorance and degradation--an education which does not go beyond reading the Psalter or the Koran, or learning to sign one's name! It is, indeed, sad.

Immediately after breakfast, M—, P—, and I ordered our horses for a ride to the single column standing on the plain. Taking Ahmet with us, we first proceeded to Haret-el-Shawarni, bearing a little north-east from the ruins. On the way, we passed by the old city wall, which is now in ruins, and which now testifies to the grandeur of the city of Baalbeck in former days, but by no means enough to justify yonder splendid structure. In about five minutes after leaving our lodgings, we reached the spot designated by the above mentioned name. This we found to be nothing more than a cemetery. Here we found a host of caverns containing mausoleums, some of them having no less than ten and in each mausoleum some seven or eight tombs. These caverns are numerous, but are now buried under the ground. A man told us, that if we were to dig anywhere in this district, even as far as the mountain, pointing to the foot of Libanus, we should find similar caves. Some small mausoleums were separated from the rest, and had a door, opened apparently by a panel rock, slid from the top, the grooves for which are still apparent. There was one which attracted our attention, being ornamented with a couple of defaced statues, which I supposed were meant for Diana.

Now to those caves. We entered a few of them, as also the mausoleums, in each of which we found several neatly-cut sepulchres, varying in number from two to seven, and even more. Whilst gazing on them, it struck me that each of these caves must have belonged to one great family, where each of its members had a mausoleum to bury the dead of his own household. Their appearance certainly suggested the idea; and, right or wrong, I give it to the reader.

We also saw sundry tombs over ground. These, we were told, were of recent date, and belonged to Mahomedans and Jews. They were separate from each other, and were distinguished by the positions in which the dead lay. The Mahomedan lay north and south, with his face towards Mecca, whilst the Jew lay east and west.

Immediately beyond, we passed a neatly cut road for carriages; we could see the grooves cut for the track of the wheels. Our road now lay across open fields, which bespoke the utmost fertility; all the country hereabouts seemed under good cultivation. In about an hour we reached the single column already referred to, and which, for want of a name, we called "Inauguration pillar;" supposing that it was meant to inaugurate some great event, or commemorate some battle. It was composed of four steps, one pedestal, fifteen circular blocks, on the fifth of which was a defaced inscription, and two cornices. Whilst looking at it, Ahmed asked me, if I thought there was any gold underneath; and to which I replied, that I did not know, but supposed there was none. I explained to him, that I thought it was erected to commemorate some event in by-gone days. This was necessary; otherwise, avarice might tempt the natives to pull down these structures—all that is left, with the exception of its clear sky and shining sun, of the glory of Syria. Indeed, if the traveller will be careful to observe, he will find that avarice has already been at work in undermining the columns fronting the temple of the sun, in quest of hidden treasures. It is, therefore, of the utmost necessity for the tourist to undeceive the people on this point.

At this moment, a Bedouin passed by, riding on a small

colt, perhaps not so much as two years old; and this reminds me, to state the reason why our horses are so small in size; it is because they are broken early, before they have attained to the age of maturity. Seeing us gazing on this column, and possessed with the same idea which floated a minute ago in the mind of Ahmed, he came and stood by us, nor did he leave till we had gone away. This man, dressed in the habiliments of his race, which simply consisted of an *abba*, or mantle, made of wool or camel's hair, with broad stripes, and tied about his waist with a cord of the same material twisted; his head covered with a *keffié*, or kerchief, folded triangularly and thrown over the neck and shoulders, and bound to the head by a band of twisted wool or camel's hair, presented M — with a good subject for a sketch, which he accordingly took.

Satisfied with our day's excursion, we now galloped to Baalbeck, which we reached in time to hear the Muezzin crying the afternoon call to prayer. Prayer, fasting and alms, are the religious duties of a Mussulman; who is encouraged to hope that prayer will carry him half way to God, fasting will bring him to the door of the palace, and alms will gain him admittance. According to the tradition of the nocturnal journey, the prophet Mahomet, in his personal conference with the Deity, was commanded to impose on his disciples the daily obligation of fifty prayers. By the advice of Moses, he applied for an alleviation of this intolerable burthen; the number was gradually reduced to five, without any dispensation of business, pleasure, time, or place; the Muezzin therefore calls the faithful at day-break, noon, afternoon, sunset, and the first watch of the night.

Ahmed now asked us to go and visit a beautiful fountain, at the foot of the hill, about twenty minutes ride from Baalbeck. This, at once, we agreed to, and he led the way, we following. In a few minutes, we passed the Mahomedan mosque, where a host of columns of Egyptian granite are to be found. This added much to the wonder which already filled our minds. Greece and Egypt have alike contributed their quota to beautify this place, and yet, *why this place?* is a natural inquiry. From what I could see of the mosque, I should take it for an ancient bath; and I am glad to find that this opinion is corroborated by others. Here we saw the faithful at their ablutions, before commencing their devotions. Cleanliness, with the Mahomedan, is the key of prayer; the frequent lustration of the hands, the face and the body, which were practised of old by the Arabs, are solemnly enjoined by the Koran. The attitudes of prayer, with the Mahomedans, are alternately sitting, standing and prostrate; their prayers are poured forth in short and earnest ejaculations, with their eyes turned towards Mecca. It is not necessary that the Mahomedan should pray in a mosque; all spots, for the service of God, are equally pure with him; and the traveller will see the devout Mahomedan at prayer in the street as well as in the fields. But I refrain from further particulars at present.

We now rode out to the fountain, and were well repaid by its beautiful crystal water, of which we drank; it springs from under a rock, and I was told that its main source, was at a village called Nabek some hours distant. Here I saw an old Saracenic inscription, which I could hardly make out; but I deciphered the words "Zahry El Saiedy, A. H. 707," apparently,

after the Crusaders evacuated the country. I am not sure that I deciphered the date correctly, owing to its being submerged in water; but I am inclined to think that I am correct. Here, also, was a mosque; and this reminds me to add, that the Mahomedans are fond of building their mosques in the vicinity of fountains.

At half-past three, we returned home, passing by the bazaars which seemed well supplied for the place. We saw a man selling English calicoes, another Scotch zebras; the shops are low, and hardly raised above the level of the streets. On regaining the house, we found that it wanted two hours of dinner-time, so we proposed taking a ladder and deciphering the inscriptions on the north-eastern wall. We did so, but found one ladder far too short, so we sent François with a native to bring another; this soon came, and, after tying them together, we found they but barely reached the stone on which was the inscription. As we could do no better, I mounted up the steps, but they were so rickety, that it was resolved I should go up no farther, but descend at once; I, however, after a great deal of what the world calls palpitation of the heart, managed to get to the top, but was ill repaid for my trouble, as I was too close upon the inscription to be able to decipher it; so I came down, and we determined to try the next one, above which was a window from which I could be let down: so, ordering some ropes, we went up there and I was let down. Neither would this do, as it brought my breast against the inscription, and besides the cord round my waist hurt me exceedingly, so I called out to P—— who had me pulled up. By this time our desire to read the inscription for ourselves had increased in proportion to

the trouble we had taken, and we determined to get at it any how. We at last concluded, that as the description was close at hand, I had better be let down head foremost, and, whilst they held me from the window lest I should slip, I would blacken the letters while some one stood by to provide me with ink. At the same time P——, with an opera-glass, would try to decipher the letters from below. This we did, and finally succeeded in blacking the letters, but as to the reading of the inscription that was quite another thing—we could not make much out of it, so we gave it up—I, however, saw the inscription afterwards in Damascus, in the splendid work of Messrs. Wood and Dawkins. Never shall I forget how queer I felt when I was let down head foremost; I was glad to finish my task and be up again. Poor P—— was quite fidgety about me, and his short but earnest ejaculations for me to take care of myself still ring in my ears. To do him justice, he relieved me once at my task, but not for long, as he soon got tired and withdrew. I would not desist, however, seeing I had gone so far, until I had blackened the whole. Would that I could equally say, that I had been able to read the inscription; parts of it we deciphered, but nothing that would make the whole intelligible.

Later in the day we paid a visit to the Quarry; it is about five minutes' walk from the ruins. Here we saw the large stone already referred to, and which measures sixty-nine feet by fourteen; it lies nearly finished. We could see the marks of the chisel, as it followed the seam of the rock; and here I would say that almost all the rocks in this vicinity, as also in Syria, are of limestone. Another stone we also saw standing upright, which had

been hewn in twain, but was left unfinished as it is still joined at the bottom.

But what ideas of grandeur—and what amount of labour bestowed on each stone—and what enormous expences must have been incurred on each, not to say anything of the whole building! First of all, they had to dig and remove the earth from round the rock, in order to see that it was sound; then they had to determine whether it would do; then they had to cut it, and then hew it even; and all this was to be done with the chisel. This being finished, they then had to carry it to the building! The more I looked at this stone, the more was I confirmed of the truth of the local tradition that this was the work of Solomon; few monarchs possess such resources as to enable them to raise such structures; and even if they had few would be willing to expend so much on a place so far from their capitals.

And gazing on this stone, I felt transported in mind to the time when these hills were crowded with engineers and masons; when the sound of the hammer was heard; and when men were going to and fro like to an army. Surely Baalbeck must have seen very exciting times!

Sunday, 31st December, 1855.

Poor P— woke up this morning—I beg his pardon for leaving the impression that he slept; the fact is, he presented himself to us full of red pimples, which we were told were the bites of fleas; a miserable picture he seemed indeed, and we were all sorry for him.

About twelve o'clock we heard that something extraordinary was going on in the bath—we went there—and lo, and behold—it was a Mahomedan wedding. The bridegroom was now brought to be washed; and whilst

he was inside undergoing that operation, the outer court was full of people: on one side sat the Cadi and various others, who seemed to be the aristocracy of Baalbeck. Long pipes and bubbling nargeelés were in constant demand for this party, who sat demurely gazing on the rest: on the other platforms sat their retainers, or others of the villagers. In the middle of the court there were some men dancing, whilst others were singing for them. As they danced, they would go round and stop before one of the great men, who taking the hint, drops in the hand of the dancer a piece of money; this he holds up and shouts *Khalaf Allah Alaih*, or "May God reward him . . . Mr. So-and-so, ten piastres," . . and thus they go on from one to the other.

Being Sunday, I did not stay to see any more of the proceedings, which were quite familiar to me; but, throwing some half piastres among the singers and dancers, we retraced our way home. In the afternoon we were told that the people were playing the *Djereed*, the tournament of the middle ages, which is still played in the East; one horseman chasing another and throwing a javelin at him, which they call the *Djereed*; this the other man parries and then turns upon him, and the attacker becomes attacked in turn. It is not an uncommon thing for them to hurt each other. In the evening they met at the house of the bridegroom, and filled the place with their noise.

And now one word on the present condition of Baalbeck, as a village, and we are done. It is pleasantly situated on the lowest declivity of Anti-Libanus, at the opening of the Bkâa; it numbers about two thousand inhabitants; a few years ago it numbered six thousand, and previous to that more; but it is sharing the fate of

other places under the Turkish rule; and here is one of the evils which arise from letting out the revenues of the land to private speculators. They mortgage the land; this falls heavily upon the poor farmer; for not only are the taxes heavy enough, but he has to pay an interest of twenty-five or thirty per cent. over and above the government tax. In default of his not paying up at the end of the year, interest is demanded on both principal and interest; and thus it goes on till the farm becomes so burdened as to oblige him to give it up to the speculator, who, in the course of three or four years, makes a hundred per cent., whilst the poor farmer is driven away from his home. This is the history of many a village in Syria; and it accounts for the depopulation of the country. Villages have been abandoned; and where was once a happy settlement, resounding with voices of mirth, nothing now is heard but the hooting of the owl, or the rustling of the leaves. From this circumstance much of the beautiful land of Syria is left uncultivated. Where once fertility abounded a scene of waste presents itself to the eye of the astonished traveller. I refrain from further remarks on Baalbeck; and for one moment turn to consider the evening to which, in God's providence, our lives have been extended, an evening which at once closes fifty-four, and ushers us into fifty-five.

After tea, M—— and I went to the ruins, and rambled among the fallen fragments and standing columns. It was a glorious sight to gaze at those six Corinthian pillars with their shadows underneath, the effect of a bright moon which shone in the firmament above. And here, among these ruins, the relics of the past, I sat down to give one thought to this eventful season. It was already late; time was rapidly bearing me on its wings,

and the hour was nigh at hand which was to dissolve one year and introduce another; a fitting place were these ruins for such a solemn strain—the journey of life—a journey from the cradle to the grave. Here, in the midst of tottering columns, I bade the old year an eternal farewell. The past never returns. Its voice is silent, and will speak but once hereafter. Heaven grant that it may not condemn us! Twelve months ago I beheld the opening of this year in the fair clime of Georgia, U.S., amid the pleasant society of Savannah. Twelve months after, I see its close in the valleys of Syria, amid the ruins of Baalbeck. Life, indeed, is a journey. I look back on the past, and find it mixed with pleasure and pain; and now, as I review the past year, I am reminded of its sorrows and joys, its afflictions and blessings, its tears and smiles. And then the thought occurs, how have I improved its opportunities, performed its duties, employed its privileges, and fulfilled its obligations.

One more year is gone—a milestone on the great highway from time to eternity. We are entered upon the history of another year, and we know not what joys or sorrows it may bring. May it be, indeed, full of happiness, both temporal and spiritual—a joy-giving year. Farewell, FIFTY-FOUR; welcome FIFTY-FIVE.

And from this, I turned to think of Syria in her present illiterate and degraded condition. How changed will be the scene when civilization and art will unfold the true powers and glory of the Syrian mind, displaying to its astonished vision the lights of science; when the Cross will be elevated above images and superstitions, and the people point from their windows to the Star in the East, and offer, instead of human sacrifices to un-

known gods, the incense of grateful hearts to the supreme Ruler of the universe for His goodness and mercies. How changed the scene when cultivated plains and noble cities, with their proud spires and columns, are substituted for wild woods and clusters of mud houses; when delicious fruits blush in fragrant beauty in cultivated orchards and gardens; when golden harvests wave in fields—

“Where pathless woods no grateful opening knew;”

when the government affords security for life and property, and treats the Christian, the Mahomedan, the Jew, and the Druze on an equal footing; when ports are whitened with the sails of commerce, and industry fills the land with plenty; when justice substitutes despotic will, and order arises from a heap of confusion, securing to each man the blessing of wise laws, good government, social protection, and happiness!

About one, we returned home, and found some of our companions still up. The cook was preparing the luncheon of the day; this he always cooked over night, and put in Michael's saddle-bags, as has already been noticed. T— was better, and we determined to start at the usual hour; so telling Michael that, we hurried to our beds, and had our first sleep in the year 1855.

Monday, 1st January, 1855.

At eight o'clock this morning we were in the saddle, bound to Damascus. Our course lay south, over the ridges of Anti-Libanus. On reaching the end of the village we saw a heavy mist lying on the ground; and even the ruins, which were close at hand, were enveloped in it, and hardly visible. Here we passed a grinding-mill,

which resembled much the description given of them in the Scriptures. It was a small building, driven by water-power. There are others driven by horse-power; and there are others called "wind-mills;" whilst there are others, smaller than those, turned by hand, mostly by women. All these sorts of mills may be often met with in Syria; they contain two circular stones, two feet in diameter and half a foot thick, lying one above the other. On the top of the *rider*, which is the upper stone, there is a hole, through which the corn is introduced. The upper stone is then made to turn by means of any of the powers already referred to; and the friction on the lower stone grinds the corn, and sends it out fine at the edges.

By the time we had reached the first declivity, which is immediately above the quarry, the mist was being quickly dispelled before the morning sun. It had now reached the foot of Lebanon, and the rich plains of the Bkâa lay open before our view. Here and there we could discern the peasantry engaged at their plough, which was drawn by two oxen, while a man, who put his might to the plough, that it might make deeper furrows, was lashing them with a long rod from behind.

From the top of the first hill on which our road lay, we turned to take a last view of the ruins. There, they rose before us, in all the glory of a morning sun, and the columns, as they sent their shadows into the fields of turnips beneath, seemed to bid us good-bye as they have done to many a traveller before us, who had visited them. Silently we turned the heads of our horses and resumed our journey: it was a cold and frosty morning, but that occasioned us no concern, as we were well wrapped; the sky was clear, the air was balmy, and our only

trouble was the road, which was exceedingly bad; being on the side of a ridge. At eleven o'clock we stopped at a large fountain, which was circular and walled round like a well. Here we partook of some luncheon, while the women of the village kindly went down and filled our tumblers with water.

Our road now lay on another ridge, then descended slightly and entered on the slope of another. The path was very narrow, scarcely a foot in breadth, whilst the mountain slid down almost perpendicularly to the depth of a thousand feet or more below us; then rose up with equal steepness on the other side. It was a fearful piece of road, and one used only by horsemen; our mules did not attempt it, but went a round-about way. Beneath was a beautiful and luxuriant ravine, through which the river Seriaga made its way, amid poplars and other trees. The luxuriance of the valley contrasted strangely with the bold rocks which every now and then projected over it from either side. We were glad when we were told that the fearful part of the way was over. In descending to the ravine we saw an eagle, who on its appearance immediately flew and soared above us; sometimes he would seem as if coming down upon us, and at others he would rise so high as hardly to be visible.

At one o'clock we crossed the river Seriaga, a little north of which is shown the tomb of Seth, and is called *Nebi Sheit*. We did not go up to it, but continued on our way in a most luxuriant valley, where mulberry trees grew in abundance, and poplars overhung the stream which watered them.

At half-past one we reached the miserable but well situated village of Seriaga. Here we stopped for the night—a house was taken and cleaned as usual, and the

baggage arrived about three o'clock. In the meantime, M—and I, accompanied by François, went out to see if we could shoot any birds. We wandered some time among the trees and on the edges of the hills, but found nothing to recompense us for our trouble; and with the exception of a few small birds, we shot nothing. On reaching the borders of the village, M— saw two fowls which he supposed were partridges, so he fired and killed them both; and now a scene of crying and confusion ensued; we were surrounded by at least twenty women, who screamed and jabbered in all the intonations of the human voice—the upshot of the whole matter was, that they wanted the value of the fowls—five piastres—less than an English shilling, which we immediately gave them. François carried them home, and we made a good dinner of them.

On reaching home we were greatly pained by the sight of many sick people, who, supposing us to be doctors, came to ask our advice; they kissed the ground before us, and begged for medicine:—it was in vain we told them we were no doctors; they still pressed upon us, and kissed our hands and feet. We were melted by the sight of such misery, and regretted that none of us knew enough of the healing art to be of any service to them. We told them so, and yet they would not go; one woman alternately wept and prayed that we would see what was the matter with her son. She told us she would give us every thing she had if we would but cure him. On which we replied, that we would have gladly done so, if we knew how, and that, for nothing; in fact, wherever we went, we were taken for medical men; it was with difficulty that we could make the people believe that we were not. Pious doc-

tors can be of great use to the country; not only in alleviating the misery of the people, but also in reaching their souls. Our Saviour did so: He went about healing the sick, and feeding the poor, whilst at the same time He was "about His Father's business." The art of medicine gives the missionary a greater access, and as he wins the confidence of the people, an effectual way is opened to him for rendering spiritual good. There are very few medical men in the country, and those few have their hands full of business.

Here, also, we saw women baking at the *tannor*; but this time it was cakes of Indian corn; they offered us some, which we ate, at which they were pleased, and gave us some more: kind people!

Tuesday, 2nd January, 1855.

We left Seriaga at eight o'clock. Our road continued in the bed of the valley, through which we partially came yesterday. In about half an hour we crossed a ridge, and descended into another, as rich and as beautiful. At ten o'clock we reached Zebdani, a large village. On the hill above it, is Bludan, the summer residence of the British consul. The country hereabouts is not only pretty, but full of fruits; apples grow here in abundance. Our road hence lay in a valley, along the Barada; at the end of which we took a cold luncheon—a cold luncheon it was, for the wind blew unmercifully, and we were glad when we found ourselves once more on our horses.

At twelve o'clock we entered a wild ravine, bold in its projecting rocks, craggy in its road, and in which the Barada madly leapt in beautiful cascades; the ridge, overtopping our left, was full of mausoleums, neatly cut

out in the rocks, in the vicinity of which a herd of goats were grazing. At a quarter past one we crossed the Barada by a bridge, and soon afterwards entered Souk Wady Barada, which we made our head quarters for the night.

Whilst Michael was hunting lodgings, and awaiting the baggage, we went down to the Sheikh's house, to take a view of the ravine beneath, as also of the towering crags on the other side. Immediately at the door of the Sheikh's house, we saw a small ruin, but not much of any consequence. The village, which takes its name from a fair which was once held here, slopes prettily towards the ravine. This village, a couple of years ago, was quite abandoned, on account of the mortgage system; but now "it has been entered under the protection of the English consul at Damascus," so the people said, and now it is doing better. The Sheikh was killed recently, in his own house; and it is said, at a time when Mr. Consul Wood was visiting him. The murderers were found out, but either from the cupidity of the government, or for some other reason, they were never brought to justice, though Mr. Wood exerted his influence in that direction. The more that one looks on the policy of Turkey, he sees a miserable and contemptible government—one in which the foreign consul of any of the least potentates of Europe has as much say or sway as the Pasha! Only fancy, a whole village enrolling themselves under the protection of the British consul! Turkey, however, does not lose by that; on the contrary, she rather likes it; for, by throwing the management of the people on the consul, she gets her revenues—and *that is all she cares about in the question*—without much trouble to herself. Mr. Wood, apparently, exerts great influence

here; for wherever we went the people flocked around us, taking us for English, and saying, "We belong to you."

The country here is quite Antediluvian. On the hill the natives pretend to show the tourist the tomb of Abel. Like that of Noah's it is very long, measuring about thirty yards. The natives firmly believe that Eden is the present village of Ehden, a couple of hours' ride from the Cedars, and hence, they make it out that Cain killed Abel here, and that Seth and Noah were buried in the vicinity.

The place, however, was known to the ancients as the tetrarchate of Abilene; of which Abila was the capital, and which is supposed to have been built on the hill.

The name of the place, "*Souk Wady Barada*," which means "the market or fair of the valley of the Barada," reminds us of an attack which it sustained from the Saracens under Abdalla, the son of Jaâfar, who hearing that the produce and manufacture of the country were annually collected in the fair of Abila; that the cell of a devout hermit was visited at the same time by a multitude of pilgrims, and that this time the fair would be ennobled by the nuptials of the daughter of the Governor of Tripoli; he repaired with five hundred horsemen to despoil what he calls the infidels. As he approached the fair of Abila, he was astonished by the report of a mighty concourse of Jews and Christians, Armenians and Greeks, of natives of Syria, and of strangers of Egypt, to the number of ten thousand, besides a guard of five thousand horse, that attended the person of the bride. "The Saracens," said Gibbon, from whom I am gleaning this account, "paused, and Abdalla said, 'For my own part, I *dare not* go back; our foes

are many, our danger is great, but our reward is splendid and secure, either in this life or in the life to come. Let every man, according to his inclination, advance or retire.' Not a Mussulman deserted his standard. 'Lead the way,' said Abdalla to his Christian guide, 'and you shall see what the companions of the Prophet can perform.' They charged in five squadrons; but after the first advantage of the surprise, they were encompassed, and almost overwhelmed by the multitude of their enemies. About the hour of sunset, when their weapons dropped from their hands, and when they panted on the verge of eternity, they discovered an approaching cloud of dust, with the welcome sound of the '*tekbir*,' the war-cry of the Mahomedan, and which is '*Allah Akbar*,' God is greater; and they soon perceived the standard of Kaled, who flew to their relief with the utmost speed of his cavalry. The Christians were broken by his attack, and slaughtered in their flight as far as the river of Tripoli. They left behind them the various riches of the fair; the merchandise that was exposed for sale, the money that was brought for purchase, the gay decorations of the nuptials, and the Governor's daughter, with forty of her female attendants. The fruits, provision, and furniture, the money, plate, and jewels were diligently laden on the backs of horses, asses, and mules, and the robbers returned in triumph to Damascus.

The river Barada is the Chrysorrhoas, or the golden stream of the ancient geographers, and issues from a cleft in the Anti-Lebanon mountains, and divides itself into three smaller courses; the principal one of which goes direct into the city of Damascus, and supplies it with water, whilst the other two branches irrigate the rising land on both sides of the city. The branches of the

river once more join, and after running a short distance it loses itself in Bahr el Marj, or Lake of the meadow— It is either the Abana or the Pharpar. There are authors who have supposed it to be the one, and others have contended that it is the other, whilst there are those who think that the Barada is both. Another river comes up from the south called the "*Auja*," or Crooked river, which some suppose might be the Pharpar, mentioned in 2 Kings v. 12, and of which Naaman the captain of the host of the king of Syria, thus spoke exultingly, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

Wednesday, 3rd Jan., 1855.

T— passed a bad night, which made us rather anxious about him, and we concluded to send him along with Ahmed, who was going early to Damascus by the shortest road, in order to secure lodgings for us. There is a hotel in Damascus; but on account of the fewness of travellers at this season of the year, it is hardly kept up, so we desired Michael, whose table was first-rate, to secure for us private lodgings; and for this reason Ahmed was despatched to town as early as five o'clock, and with him we sent T—, whilst we intended going by a circuitous route, in order to visit El Fijeh, which some have supposed to be the source of the Pharpar.

So far we had been favoured with beautiful weather, dry and comfortable; but this morning it blew so heavy that I thought the house would fall down. Nevertheless, we started at nine o'clock under a drizzling shower, which, however, soon subsided; but the wind—O the wind of that day!—I shall never forget it; it blew in our face and almost carried us off our saddles. Poor P— was the

first to feel its effects in a bad headache. I felt it too, and so did every one; but we struggled against it, and made the best of our cloaks and wrappers.

Leaving the Damascus road, we struck off to the left, and made our way through a beautiful valley, wherein lay the two villages of Judaidé and Husainieh, enriched by the heavy drapery of trees which environed them. In about one hour and a half after leaving our lodgings, we reached El Fijeh, a beautiful fountain, over which is built a small temple, now in ruins. The water springs from under a rock, and after traversing about one hundred yards, joins the Barada, and forms part of it ever afterwards. Some have supposed this to be the source of the Pharpar; it is, indeed, a beautiful fountain. We descended, and had a drink of its cold and limpid waters.

I can hardly describe the fierce wind which prevailed that day, or the cold ride which we had on the ridges of the mountains till we reached Dummar. Whatever may have been the scenery on the way, I am sure we had no eyes to look at it; our concern was our hapless selves. I have travelled thousands of weary miles by land and by water, and seen many a storm; but I declare that I never witnessed such a hurricane; and yet the weather was dry, and the atmosphere clear.

At one o'clock we reached Dummar, where we stopped to luncheon. The khan, where we took our meal, is pleasantly situated on the banks of a stream; but we sought our inner chamber, to shelter us from the wind, and though the room was full of smoke, yet we preferred that to being anywhere within reach of that piercing blast. We all felt that this day's journey was too much for us; it was such a day as will never be erased from

my memory; and mournful indeed was its result on our party, as the sequel will show.

We remained here an hour, and then mounted our horses; and after an hour's cold and dreary ride we reached the summit of the last ridge that separated us from Damascus, and from which it is said that Mahomet had his view of the city when he exclaimed, *that the ravishing beauty of the scene below was so much like paradise, that he would not tempt his frailty by entering it, lest he should lose the paradise of the next world.*

Here through a chasm of the rock the view of Damascus broke on us; and had the day been propitious, we doubtless should have enjoyed the scene before us. I have been to Damascus five times, and though I remember well the impression made on my mind in previous views, yet, in consideration of the unhappy results of this day's journey, I beg to be excused from entering on any details: sufficient to say, that we gazed on a beautiful panorama of field and city, with the waters of the Barada glittering through its luxuriant banks. The town of Damascus lies in a fertile plain, and is built long and narrow, in the midst of fertility and luxuriance, where the apricot, the citron, and the orange, besides various other fruits, grow in abundance; and where, in the harvest season, fields of wheat and corn wave in ocean-like splendour.

We descended the ridge in silence, wrapped up to the eyes, which prevented our speaking did we even dare to open our mouths; the hurricane blew over the vast plain beneath us, and in acknowledging its force the trees humbly bent their heads. It was a fearfully splendid view; the sight of that extensive landscape as it was rocked to and fro by the aerial element which

prevailed. Our poor horses too felt it very badly, as their manes tossed up in every way; and as for us, wrapped as we were, the wind pierced through our cloaks, and squeezed its way to our bodies; filled our mouths, blanched our cheeks, benumbed our hands, and rattled an Æolian harp in our ears. O that day! Glad indeed were we, therefore, when we reached the foot of the descent, and began to wind our way amid walled-up gardens towards the city. We could hear it rustling among the leaves overhead like the rushing of many waters; happily we were sheltered, and for the first time dared open our mouths to speak to each other; but where was our party? Some of them were still far behind; and those of us who were ahead, took shelter under the wall of a ruined mosque, and awaited them. They came: poor P—looked fearful. We pushed on, and in about half an hour found ourselves in a broad, straight, well-paved European-like street, which we were told was made by the late Ibrahim Pasha. It is the only street worthy the name which I have yet seen in the East. On our right, we left an unfinished hospital, which was begun also by him, and remains in *statuo quo*. I understand the Turkish government intends finishing it for the use of its invalid troops.

We now entered the city in a sad condition, mounted on sadder-looking animals. Time was, and not long ago, when no Christian dared enter the city on horseback, nor even a Frank appear in European costume; such a course would then have been summarily visited with the utmost of Mahomedan revenge, which would have risked the life of the traveller. Hence it was obligatory on travellers who intended visiting Damascus, not much more than a quarter of a century ago,

to adopt the oriental costume—wrap their head with a black turban—a sign of inferiority—and walk on foot to the city. British influence, however, was the first to break through this barbarous custom, and Mr. Consul-General Farren, it is said, was the first European who entered the city on horseback;—he was well armed, and John-Bull-like, determined to fight his way through or die in the attempt. He succeeded—and since that day Europeans and Christians have been permitted to do likewise, to the suppressed but not smothered jealousy of the Mahomedans, who in Damascus are fanatics, and await the first opportunity to unfold their revenge and exhibit their malevolence towards the poor Christians, who live in constant dread of their Mahomedan neighbours. And what is the fault of the Christians? Have they wronged them? No: their only fault is, because they are Christians, and do not acknowledge Mahomet as the prophet of God. This state of things is no fiction. In the middle of this nineteenth century it actually exists; indeed the last year would have proved a treacherous one to the Christians of Syria, if God in His infinite love had not warded off the blow. I refer to the time when news of the war between Turkey and Russia reached Syria; the Mahomedans resolved *en masse* to kill all the Christians, and they would have done so, had they not heard that England and France, two Christian, but to them infidel powers, had leagued themselves with Turkey to check the aggression of the czar; and (but this was kept to themselves) had they not feared the vengeance of those powers, whom they knew to possess many a Cœur de Lion, whilst they no longer boast of one Saladin. This was it which checked them from imitating the example of what

they call their pious brethren of Aleppo, whose massacre of the Christians, the ravishing of their wives, the plundering of their houses, and burning of their churches in 1850, caused such a great excitement in Christendom. And such is Mahomedanism—such is its spirit in the nineteenth century! But in Damascus this spirit is peculiarly nourished: and in this respect it stands pre-eminent among Moslem towns, much to the danger of the Christians who live in it. The reason of this, is, because the Mahomedans consider Damascus a holy city—even “the gate of Mecca;” because a great caravan proceeds from here to Mecca annually.

Here we met Solomon, a Hebrew guide, who was sent by Ahmed to guide us to our lodgings. He is a useful man, that Solomon, as his book of testimonials testifies, and as our experience afterwards proved. He is decidedly the man for Damascus, and would be a better guide to this Oriental city if he only walked a little faster; but this must not be expected from a man of his age and size. He led the way, and we followed amid narrow streets and back lanes, which were well covered by kiosks, projecting angularly and triangularly and in all shapes into the void overhead, and some of which had inscriptions on them, such as these *La Ilah illa Allah*, there is no God but God! *Sabhan El Khullak*, wonderful is the Creator! and so on. These inscriptions are very common, and are to be met with frequently inscribed on the walls of houses, baths, and shops. Here we saw women enveloped with the eizar, or white covering common to the females of Syria, going to and fro; bearded old sheikhs, with round turbans, gowns and long jibbehs, holding in their hands canes, with which they seemed to be pelting the ground more than to lean

upon them, passed us, and as they did so, we could hear them mutter *Ya Allah*, Oh God! *La Ilah illa Hoo*, there is no God but He! *Ya rudda El Walden*, Oh the blessing of parents! and such like ejaculations very common among them. Here and there we saw a Christian, as if skulking along—poor people! they have been so long oppressed that they dare not raise their heads.

We now entered the bazaars, long covered lanes, lined with small shops, where the produce of the East and the West mingle in confusion worse confounded. One street that we passed was called *Sook El Bazrikan*, or the street of the traders. Here was a handsome supply of dry goods; manufactures of England, France, America, Switzerland, and I suppose a large variety besides from as many other countries. On the parapet of the shop, which is raised a little better than a foot from the ground, sits the merchant cross-legged, lazily smoking his *nargeelé*, and playing with his beads; he is the picture of gravity. A customer comes who wants to purchase a *mendeel*, Swiss handkerchief. He reaches one to him, speaking never a word, but resuming the smoking of his *nargeelé*, which he had only laid down to reach the handkerchief. The choice is made; and now for the price; the customer wants to know its value. The merchant tells him *Ma fee tikleef bain na*, "There is no ceremony between us," which here means that there will be no difference between us as to the price. But the customer desires to know the price. *Kullo bil ub*, "all is in the pocket," answers the merchant, which means to say, that it makes but very little difference whether the money is in your pocket or mine. This, the customer knows to be all humbug, and is certain the merchant will not let him stir till he has paid the last farthing; so he again asks

the price he will take for the handkerchief. The merchant offers him the nargeelé, of which he has been smoking, and asks him to get up on the parapet and sit down with him. *Laish Hal ajalé? Tfaddal estreeh—zaman ma shifnak—fain hal gaibe!* Why this haste? Walk up and sit down—it is a long time since we have seen you—where has been this absence. The reader will observe that the plural term is used for the singular, this being the custom in the Arabic language; it is thought more polite to address one in the plural. In writing a letter, the plural is exclusively used. To return to our story. The customer takes a whiff or two of the nargeelé and then returns it to the merchant, who resumes smoking, and presses on his customer to get up and sit down with him. This, the customer declines, but, following the *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, he continues to inquire after the price of the handkerchief. The merchant now tells him; the price demanded is just double what he wants; this the customer seems perfectly to know, and consequently offers him only a quarter of the amount asked. They bandy words, mixed with many compliments, which end in smoke, and the handkerchief is sold and bought at half the original demand.

I have detailed this affair, simply to illustrate the custom of the East, which, in this day, prevails more or less all over Syria.

Whilst squeezing our way through this street, gazing on the truly Oriental scene before us, unmindful of any thing else, we were all at once wedged in by three or four donkeys loaded with flour. Here we stopped; both of us were in the middle of the street; go back none of us would; so to pass our way through was our only means

of escape; but this was rendered more difficult every minute, for the crowd began to gather on both sides, and in making their way quite obstructed ours. Here was a confusion indeed; and we unwittingly became the observed of all observers. Only fancy our party thus wedged in the streets of Damascus, whilst the eyes of Jews and Turks, Christians and Greeks, were turned upon us. Every one stopped his business and gazed at us; business was suspended. In vain Michael tried to force a way; in vain he shouted, "*Dahrak*" your back, the Arabic term for *mind yourself*; but no one was disposed to move. The crowd every moment increased: there were first of all, the muleteers, dressed with their abbas, and keffies, and blue trowsers; and behind them were men and women of every grade and sect; and, to increase the confusion, a man carrying a large skin of water on his back, whilst in his hand he held two brass cups, which he jingled one against the other, shouting at the same time, "*Booz ya moi,*" *cold is the water*, was making his way between them. The scene was perfectly Oriental. Caps and turbans, gowns and caftans, beards and no beards—men, boys, and women—whites and blacks, figured in the *melée*.

We passed on, and entered other streets, which we found bore different names. One was *Sook-el-Attareen*, a sort of half-way druggist and grocer; another was *Sook-el-Khail*, street of the horses, where we saw a number getting shod. In the confusion of shops and streets, we saw many bakers and pastry shops, the fires of their ovens fiercely glaring into the streets. We went one way and then went another; we passed sundry streets and turned as many lanes; and at last, when our patience was nearly exhausted, we stopped before a muddy-look-

ing house, which we were told was our lodging. We tapped at the door, and after answering to the inquiry, "*Meen intoo?*" *Who are you?* we were led into a spacious court, which had no fountain, a singular thing in Damascus; but we did not mind that much, as, sick and weary, we all took to the divans, and laid us down till dinner-time. And thus we made our entry into Damascus.

CHAPTER VII.

Damascus—Its Situation—Its Early Traditions—Lamartine's Statement on its Antediluvian Remains—Its Origin, and Scripture History—Conversion of St. Paul—The Site of his Conversion—The Eastern Gate—The Street called *Straight*—House of Ananias—Interest—The Jewish Sanhedrim, and the present Clergy of the Oriental Churches, contrasted.—Its Invasion by the Saracens—Thomas—The Surrender—Caled's Fierce Spirit—Jonas and Eudocia—The Pursuit and Massacre of the Christians—Eudocia commits Suicide rather than become the Wife of the Apostate Jonas—Tragedy on the same—The concluding historical Notices of Damascus—The present Damascus, and its Trade—Superiority of English Manufactures—Oriental Ideas of John Bull—The Hadj to Mecca—A European Hat—Story of Mr. and Mrs. Potter—Story of a Cephalonite Greek—The Tables turned—British Influence—The Irish Presbyterians and the Reformed Associate Presbyterians of America—Their joint Missions, and Results—Dr. Paulding, and Medical Agency—Schools—Their Necessity—Foreign Testimony ; Branches of Study now taught in the Mission Schools—Our Unfortunate Party—Bath—A Description of One, and its Mode of Operation—Merchants' Khan—Mosque of St. John—Franciscan Monks and Mahomedan Ideas of Justice—Poor Michael—A Visit to Dr. Paulding—Quarters and Gates—A Snow Storm—Our Evening Party—Dress and Ornaments of Oriental Females—Reception—Supper—Meals—The way Time is calculated in Syria—A Syrian Dish—Universal Custom of saying Grace—The washing of Hands—Furniture, and Modes of Sitting—Plans of Syrian Houses—My Friend's House—Salutation—Conversation—The English Post Office—Adjournment to the

Ladies' Saloon—Foreign Testimony of our Syrian Ladies--
Questions asked and answered about Queen Victoria—The
Refreshments—Final Dispersion of the Party.

PERHAPS there is no city in the world which still retains its oriental features so much as Damascus. Every thing in it—its inhabitants, their customs, streets, shops, baths, khans, houses, coffee-shops, gardens, etc., all are purely Eastern. There is very little of the foreign to be met with in it; and it is only during the last few years that a person habited in the Frank costume has been allowed to enter it. Here, therefore, the lover of Orientalism can enjoy it, to his heart's content; nor could he be more pleased with its oriental features and embowered suburbs, than the Saracens were glad to possess it; hence, here they found a paradise compared to the barren valleys of Arabia, and one no longer wonders at their calling it "a pearl, surrounded by emeralds." Nothing can be more beautiful than its position, whether approached from the side of Mount Lebanon, from the Desert to the East, or by the high road to the north from Aleppo and Hamah. For many miles, the city is girdled by fertile fields and gardens, which, being watered by rivers and sparkling streams, give to the vegetation a remarkable freshness and beauty. "One of the most magnificent prospects in the world," says Addison, "burst upon my sight: like the first view of Constantinople, it is unique. We were looking down (from the heights of the Anti-Libanus) from an elevation of a thousand feet, upon a vast plain, bordered in the distance by blue mountains, and occupied by a rich luxuriant forest of the walnut, the fig, the pomegranate, the plum, the apricot, the citron, the locust, the pear and the apple; forming a waving grove of more than fifty miles in circuit; pos-

sessing a vast variety of tint, a peculiar density and luxuriance of foliage, and a wildly picturesque form, from the branches of the loftier trees throwing themselves up above a rich underwood of pomegranates, citrons and oranges, with their yellow, green and brown leaves; and then conceive our sensations, to see gradually rising in the distance, above this vast superficies of rich luxuriant foliage, the swelling leaden domes, the gilded crescents, and the marble minarets of Damascus; while in the centre of all, winding towards the city, ran the main stream of the river Barada."

The history of Damascus is no less interesting; its traditions go back to the first creation of the world, and the natives consider it to be the locality where the Garden of Eden once existed; and a village, already mentioned, called Ehden, not far from the cedars, is asserted by them to be the identical Garden of Eden where the first human pair were placed. This accounts for their antediluvian traditions about the tombs of Seth, Abel, and Noah, being in the vicinity, which I have alluded to in former pages. Without asking the reader to place any more credit on the preceding traditions than he is inclined, there are, independently of these, other matters connected with Damascus, which will ever render it a point of interest and attraction.

Damascus is held by some to be the most ancient city in the world; and Lamartine seems so to think. "Certainly," says this writer, "I should think that no place on earth was better calculated to answer one's ideas of Eden. The vast and fruitful plain, with the seven branches of the blue stream which irrigates it; the majestic frame-work of the mountains; the glittering lakes which reflect the heaven upon the earth; its geo-

graphical situation between the two seas; the perfection of the climate—everything indicates that Damascus has at least been one of the first towns that was ever built by the children of men—one of the natural halts of fugitive humanity in primæval times. It is, in fact, one of those sites pointed out by the hand of God for a city—a site predestined to sustain a capital like Constantinople.”

Of the origin of the city, nothing, however, is certain. The building of it has been ascribed both to Abraham and to his “steward Eliezer of Damascus.” That the city existed as early as the days of Abraham, is clear from the Old Testament; and the way in which it is spoken of there, shows, that even at the time to which they refer, it was not a new nor an unknown place; for Abraham’s steward is characterised as being of Damascus, and the locality of another town is fixed by stating that it “lay on the left hand of Damascus.” So much for its origin. We next hear of Damascus in the days of David, when “the Syrians of Damascus came to succour Hada-dezer king of Zobah” against that prince, but were defeated with a loss of twenty-two thousand men, and David garrisoned their country and made them tributary. This subjection, however, was not of long duration, for we find that one Rezon, a servant of Hadadezer, king of Zobah, made himself master of Damascus, and ruling over Syria, “was an adversary to Israel all the days of Solomon.” In the days of Ben-hadad, Damascus was the head of a very powerful empire, since it appears that *thirty and two kings* (doubtless petty chiefs of the country), accompanied him in a campaign which he undertook against Samaria. In that attack, we read that Benhadad insolently demanded of Ahab, king of Samaria, “thy silver, and thy gold, and thy wives also,

and thy children, even the goodliest;" to which the monarch of Israel responded: "I am thine, and all that I have." This Ahab thought would meet the wishes of his enemy, and he would desist from his march against him, but in vain. Benhadad came on; the battle took place and the Syrians were defeated, and their king effected his retreat with difficulty: so much for the boasted strength of Benhadad. From this era, the city was ruled by its own princes, who were incessantly at war with Israel and Judah, until Tiglath-Pileser invaded it at the urgent request of Ahaz, king of Judah, when he killed Rezin its king, and carried its people captives to Kir, and united the Damascene kingdom to his own. From the Assyrians, Damascus was taken by the Babylonians; then it fell under the power of the Persians, who lost it to Alexander the Great, as one consequence of his victory of Issus. Then it made a part of the kingdom of the Seleucidæ, from whom it passed into the hands of the Romans, under the jurisdiction of whom the events recorded in the Acts of the Apostles took place.

And now we come to a most interesting event in the records of Damascus; viz., the conversion of St. Paul in its vicinity: from "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," he became the eloquent pleader for Christianity to Jews and Gentiles. The spot where it is said the future "apostle of the Gentiles" was arrested by a sudden light from heaven, and heard the voice of Him who spake as man never spake, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" is still pointed out near one of the gates. A Christian burial-ground now occupies the site. The street called *Straight* is still shown the traveller. It begins at Bab-el-Sharki, or Eastern Gate—an old Roman gate, composed of three

arches, but now walled-up—where tradition says St. Paul “was let down by the wall in a basket.” I visited the street, but cannot bear testimony as to its being *straight*: it is, however, the straightest and longest in the city, extending east and west. After shewing us these localities, Abraham (our guide) took us to the house of Ananias. We entered by a small door into a small court: here we were met by a woman, who lit a candle, and taking it in her hand led us down stairs into a grotto, which now serves the purpose of a Roman Catholic chapel. In one corner of the grotto we saw a hole, out of which, it is said, St. Paul escaped. I am not, however, willing to give credence to this narrative, as the house is a modern-looking thing, built over a cave, and was quite unknown half-a-century ago.

But however much I doubted the locality, I could not feel less interested. There is a romance about it, if you like, which renders these places, however apocryphal, very interesting; and how could it be otherwise, when this was Damascus, that city where St. Paul, after being converted, was “led by the hand” into it, to the house of a person named Judas, and where he was called upon by Ananias, who being assured that he was “a chosen vessel” to proclaim the unsearchable riches of the gospel “before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel,” instantly proceeded to visit him. Putting his hands on him, he saluted him with these words: “Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.” How affecting must have been this interview between the eminent Christian who resided in Damascus, and one who, but for the grace of God,

might have persecuted him even unto death! and where he who was only a few days before at the head of a military company, resolved to pursue with uncompromising zeal his vindictive hostility towards the Christians of Damascus, first preached "Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God," to the utter amazement of the Jews at this wonderful transition from a vile persecutor to as eloquent a pleader for the truths which they abhorred, and for the suppression of which in Damascus the high-priests of Jerusalem had armed with ample authority and sent this same Saul, afterwards the earnest apostle St. Paul.

Here, again, we have the Roman and Turkish rules assimilating. The reader will recollect that the Jewish Sanhedrim had not only the power of seizing and scourging offenders against their law within the bounds of their own country, but, by the connivance and favour of the Romans, they could send into other countries where there were synagogues that acknowledged a dependance on the council of Jerusalem, and apprehend them. This is just precisely the relation in which the patriarchs and bishops of the Oriental churches stand to Turkey, only that the persecutions which were then directly tolerated and pursued, are now allowed and done indirectly.

Again we come to another event of peculiar interest in the history of Damascus—its invasion by the Saracens in A.D. 634. At that time, it was under the authority of one Thomas, said to be a noble Greek, and related to Heraclius. He was a man of undoubted courage, and fought desperately, though at one time he was wounded in the eye; "yet," says Gibbon, "the generous champion of Damascus refused to withdraw to his palace:

his wound was dressed on the rampart; the fight was continued till the evening, and the Syrians rested on their arms." After a lengthy siege the city, surrendered. "The patience and provisions," said Gibbon, "of the Damascenes were exhausted; and the bravest of their chiefs submitted to the hard dictates of necessity. In the occurrence of peace and war, they had been taught to dread the fierceness of Caled, and to revere the mild virtues of Abu Obeidah. At the hour of midnight, one hundred chosen deputies of the clergy and people were introduced to the tent of that commander. He received and dismissed them with courtesy. They returned with a written agreement, on the faith of a companion of Mahomet, that all hostilities should cease; that the voluntary emigrants might depart in safety with as much as they could carry away of their effects; and that the tributary subjects of the Khalif should enjoy their lands and houses, with the use and possession of seven churches. On these terms, the most respectable hostages and the gate nearest to his camp were delivered into his hands: his soldiers imitated the moderation of their chief, and he enjoyed the submissive gratitude of a people whom (so writes the historian Gibbon) he had secured from destruction. But the success of the treaty had relaxed their vigilance, and in the same moment the opposite quarter of the city was betrayed, and taken by assault. A party of a hundred Arabs had opened the eastern gate to a more inexorable foe. 'No quarter!' exclaimed the rapacious and sanguinary Caled; 'No quarter to the enemies of the Lord!' His trumpets sounded, and a torrent of Christian blood was poured down the streets of Damascus. When he reached the church of St. Mary, he was astonished and provoked by the peaceful aspect

of his companions; their swords were in the scabbard, and they were surrounded by a multitude of priests and monks. Abu Obeidah saluted the general: 'God has delivered the city into my hands by way of surrender, and has saved the believers the trouble of fighting.' 'And am I not,' replied the indignant Caled, "am I not the lieutenant of the commander of the faithful? Have I not taken the city by storm? The unbelievers shall perish by the sword. Fall on.' The hungry and cruel Arabs would have obeyed the welcome command; and Damascus would have been lost if the benevolence of Abu Obeidah had not been supported by a decent and dignified firmness. Throwing himself between the trembling citizens and the most eager of the barbarians, he adjured them, by the holy name of God, to respect his promise, to suspend their fury, and to wait the determination of their chiefs. The chiefs retired into the church of St. Mary; and, after a vehement debate, Caled submitted in some measure to the reason and authority of his colleague, who urged the sanctity of a covenant, the advantages as well as the honour which the Moslems would derive from the punctual performance of their word, and the obstinate resistance which they must encounter from the distrust and despair of the rest of the Syrian cities. It was agreed that the sword should be sheathed, that the part of Damascus which had surrendered to Abu Obeidah should be immediately entitled to the benefit of its capitulation, and that the final decision should be referred to the justice and wisdom of the Caliph. A large majority of the people accepted the terms of toleration and tribute. . . . But the valiant Thomas, and the free-born patriots who had fought under his banner, embraced the alternative of poverty and exile. In the

adjacent meadow, a numerous encampment was formed of priests and laymen, of soldiers and citizens, of women and children: they collected with haste and terror their most precious moveables; and abandoned with loud lamentations or silent anguish their native homes, and the pleasant banks of the Pharpar. The inflexible soul of Caled was not touched by the spectacle of their distress: he disputed with the Damascenes the property of a magazine of corn; endeavoured to exclude the garrison from the benefit of the treaty; consented with reluctance that each of the fugitives should arm himself with a sword, or a lance, or a bow; and sternly declared that, after a respite of three days, they might be pursued and treated as the enemies of the Moslems."

And he was as true as his word. Availing himself of the disappointment of a Syrian youth, who had apostatised to the faith of the prophet, he pursued them, came up with them, fell upon and massacred them; and not till then was the spirit of the blood-thirsty Caled appeased. But if the reader will have no objection, I will let the same historian continue his tale.

"The passion of a Syrian youth," continues Gibbon, "completed the ruin of the exiles of Damascus. A nobleman of the city, of the name of Jonas, was betrothed to a wealthy maiden; but the parents delayed the consummation of his nuptials, and their daughter was persuaded to escape with the man whom she had chosen. They corrupted the nightly watchman of the gate Keisan: the lover who led the way was encompassed by a squadron of Arabs; but his exclamation in the Greek tongue, "The bird is taken," admonished his mistress to hasten her return. In the presence of Caled and of death, the unfortunate Jonas professed his belief

in one God and his apostle Mahomet" (such being the price of life at the hands of the Moslems—the Koran, or the sword). When the city was taken, he flew to the monastery where Eudocia had taken refuge; but the lover was forgotten; the apostate was scorned; she preferred her religion to her country; and the justice of Caled, though deaf to mercy, refused to detain by force a male or female inhabitant of Damascus. Four days was the general confined to the city by the obligation of the treaty and the urgent cares of his new conquest. His appetite for blood and rapine would have been extinguished by the hopeless computation of time and distance; but he listened to the importunities of Jonas, who assured him that the weary fugitives might yet be overtaken. At the head of four thousand horse, in the disguise of Christian Arabs, Caled undertook the pursuit. They halted only for the moments of prayer, and the guide had a perfect knowledge of the country. For a long way the footsteps of the Damascenes were plain and conspicuous: they vanished on a sudden; but the Saracens were comforted by the assurance that the caravan had turned aside into the mountains, and must speedily fall into their hands. In traversing the ridges of the Libanus they endured intolerable hardships, and the sinking spirits of the veteran fanatics were supported and cheered by the unconquerable ardour of a lover. From a peasant of the country, they were informed that the emperor had sent orders to the colony of exiles to pursue without delay the road of the sea-coast and of Constantinople, apprehensive, perhaps, that the soldiers and people of Antioch might be discouraged by the sight and the story of their sufferings. The Saracens were conducted through the territories of Gabala and Laodicea at a

cautious distance from the walls of the cities; the rain was incessant, the night was dark, a single mountain separated them from the Roman army, and Caled, ever anxious for the safety of his brethren, whispered an ominous dream in the ear of his companion. With the dawn of day the prospect again cleared, and they saw before them, in a pleasant valley, the tents of the Damascenes. After a short interval of repose and prayer, Caled divided his cavalry into four squadrons They successively rushed on the promiscuous multitude, insufficiently provided with arms, and already vanquished by sorrow and fatigue. Except a captive, who was pardoned and dismissed, the Arabs enjoyed the satisfaction of believing that not a Christian of either sex escaped the edge of their scymitars. The gold and silver of Damascus was scattered over the camp, and a royal wardrobe, of three hundred loads of silk, might clothe an army of naked barbarians. In the tumult of the battle Jonas sought and found the object of his pursuit, but her resentment was inflamed by the last act of his perfidy; and as Eudocia struggled in his hateful embraces, she struck a dagger to her heart."

In a note, in the margin, Gibbon tells us that on the fate of these lovers, whom he names Phocyas and Eudocia, Mr. Hughes, a tragedian, has built the siege of Damascus—a popular tragedy, which possessed, to use his words, the rare merit of blending nature and history, the manners of the times and the feelings of the heart. The foolish delicacy of the players compelled him to soften the guilt of the hero, and the despair of the heroine. Instead of a base renegade, Phocyas serves the Arabs as an honorable ally; instead of prompting their pursuit he flies to the succour of his countrymen; and, after killing

Caled and Derar, is himself mortally wounded, and expires in the presence of Eudocia, who professes her resolution to take the veil at Constantinople.

The remaining history of Damascus can be related in a few words. In A.D. 1148 it came into notice in connexion with the Crusaders. Conrad of Germany, Louis of France, and Baldwin of Jerusalem, three crowned heads, led their troops across Mount Hermon down into the Damascus plain, and besieged the city. They got possession of the gardens, and would, probably, have obtained the city also, but for those same internal divisions which, during so many ages, proved the ruin of the Christians, as they had of the Jews before them. They were compelled to make an ignominious retreat. No-ureddin, son of Zenghi, a powerful Turkish Emir, who resided at Aleppo, made himself master of Damascus, not many years afterwards, and it henceforth became the seat of his dominions. The city was besieged, and taken by Tamerlane, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, who is said to have greatly destroyed it, and put the citizens to the sword. It, however, rose again; and, after experiencing all the disorders of the middle ages, fell before the conquering arms of Selim I., who reduced the whole of Syria, and annexed the country to the Turkish empire, of which it now forms a province. During the French campaign in Egypt and Syria, the pacha of Damascus was defeated by the French cavalry, in 1799, and it was the intention of Buonaparte to have marched to the city, but his plans were overturned by the unsuccessful siege of Acre. In 1832 it surrendered to Mehemet Ali Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, but was wrested from him in 1840, by force of British arms, and once more given to Turkey.

Damascus seems to have been made much of by all who possessed it. In early days it was called "the head of Syria," and gave its name to a great portion of Syria, and it is so to this day. I was surprised to find, whilst travelling in Egypt some years ago, that all the Syrians, no matter where they came from, were called *Damascenes*, and the whole coast of Syria called *Barr-el-Sham*, the coast of Damascus. The Emperor Julian styled it "the eye of all the East, the sacred and most magnificent Damascus . . . surpassing every city both in the beauty of its temples and the magnitude of its shrines, as well as the timeliness of its seasons, the limpidness of its fountains, the volume of its waters, and the richness of its soil." Of its waters, Naaman, the captain of the host of the King of Syria said, — "Are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?" The Saracens termed it "the free and the holy Damascus," and the natives call it *Sham Esh-shereef om el Dinya*, the noble Damascus, mother of the world. By others it is called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds." We also read that its inhabitants once exceeded half a million of souls. At present it numbers about 120,000; of whom 14,000 are Christians, or what are called Christians in this country, viz., members of the different Oriental Churches, and 5,000 Jews. Lamartine calculates the number of its inhabitants at about 300,000 to 400,000 souls; but this is, beyond doubt, an error. I was very particular in my inquiries; and, consequently, think that the amount of population which I have mentioned is about the true estimate. It has an extensive trade with the east and west; and the calicoes of Manchester, the hardware of Sheffield, the zebras of Glasgow, the handkerchiefs of Switzerland, and the manufactures of France,

and of the United States, are exposed for sale in its markets. It would surprise the reader to know that as in its influence, so also in its manufactures, England tops the pyramid. An *English* penknife gets the premium over all others of its kind; and the tourist will be amused to hear a shopkeeper tell him "This, sir, is *English* manufacture:" which means to say that he is expected to pay a round sum for it. If anything is saleable in the East, that which bears the impress of England, finds the best and speediest of markets. The reason of it is this: the people in the East have taken the notion—right or wrong I will not here discuss—that everything made in England must be durable, and ought to be called *everlasting*! This character of John Bull is an established fact among Bedouins and townsmen; and hence the shopkeeper has only to say, *that this article is English*, and his customer graciously yields to paying a higher price for it than he would pay in another shop for a similar article of another country's manufacture. He expects it to be good, and goes home prepared to think that it will be so everlastingly durable, that it will be handed down to his posterity as an heir-loom. Let not the reader suppose that I am exaggerating; every one who has visited the East, and knows anything about it, knows that this is the case. Damascus is also famous for her showy silks, which are manufactured here as also in Aleppo, Tripoli, Bayroot, and some parts of Mount Lebanon. This, however, does not form a great item in European exchanges; but is mainly sold in the country, or exported to Egypt or Asia Minor. Other articles of produce here are its dried fruit, galls, nuts, and madder roots, which are exported to Europe. There are no British merchants at present in Damascus. Mr. Robert

Todd, a Scotchman, was the first who established himself in this city; there were others who came after him; but they have all left; and, at present, beyond the Consul and his secretary, who, I hardly believe are native-born Englishmen, and two Irish missionaries, I know of no *bond fide* Englishmen resident in the place. Time was when Damascus was the seat of European trade for this country, and Bayroot was only its harbour, and depended upon it for its wants. The tables are now turned; and Damascus now depends upon Bayroot for the supply of her market.

Whatever might be the attractions of Damascus to an Oriental, it is to the European a gloomy place, and lacks the cheerfulness, excitement, and energy of Bayroot—its narrow-covered streets have to him the semblance of graves. I think I am speaking the sentiments of many who visited Damascus, to reside in it; at any rate, I hope I shall be pardoned if I confess that Damascus, with all its external beauty, and internal Orientalism has no charms for me as a residence, and beyond a passing visit of a few days, I would certainly prefer Bayroot, Sidon, or Tripoli to reside in. Its inhabitants, however, make a great deal of it. The Mahomedans call it the “Gate of Mecca,” because a caravan starts from here annually with pilgrims to visit the shrines of the Prophet. At that time, Damascus is the scene of great excitement, a Frank had better be careful of his *hat* then, for it is an object of great horror with the fanatical portion of the Mahomedans.

The Rev. Cuthbert Young tells us, in his “Wayfarer’s Notes,” that not long before his visit, “when the Hadj caravan was leaving for Mecca, with the Governor at its head, an American gentleman, named Potter, and his

lady were pelted with stones for presuming to walk arm-in-arm while they were spectators of the procession of the pilgrims."

One of their old forms of cursing is, "May you wear a hat!" Fuller, a recent English traveller, relates an incident which occurred in Damascus at a time when he was present: "I was one day," said he, "standing in the great khan, when an unfortunate Cephalonite Greek, either ignorant of the custom of the place, or vain of the Frank clothes, which perhaps he had but lately assumed, made his appearance in that attire. A large crowd instantly gathered around him, and the process of stripping was forthwith commenced. His hat, an object to him of peculiar pride, but to the Turks of peculiar aversion, was struck off and kicked contemptuously along the ground; his coat was rent into shreds, and he would have soon been turned adrift in a state of nature, if compassion for my fellow-citizen had not led me to interfere in his behalf. I desired the interpreter to represent to some of the most respectable of the spectators, with several of whom I was acquainted, that I was persuaded he acted from ignorance, and not in defiance of the custom; and as he was under English protection, I hoped they would let him go without further molestation. This appeal was successful. His clothes were unfortunately ruined beyond repair, but we borrowed for him a large "*mashlah*," (a sort of cloak,) which served to cover the little that remained of his Frank costume, tied a handkerchief round his head, and engaged a Turk to guide him, terrified and crest-fallen, to the house of the Greek archbishop, to whom he was addressed." I would here remark, that the tables have also in this case been turned, and the *hat*, though it is still looked

upon with horror and aversion, and still called a "*tunjra*," which means a saucepan, is no longer treated so contemptuously—if it still excites aversion (and what Christian costume does not horrify the pious feeling of a fanatical Mahomedan?) it also commands respect, and is universally feared. The trumpet-toned voice of England, as its thunders told on the walls of Acre and Bayroot, in 1799 and 1840, is but too well remembered, and the Mahomedan has learnt, and is learning, that under the *hat* of a Frank there is a great deal to respect; it is high time the Mahomedans were taught that the Christian powers are not nonentities; if Sidney Smith and Charles Napier are forgotten, their hellish cannonading will be remembered, and speak in trumpet-tones, that the ferocious spirit of Caled must not be practised in this nineteenth century. It is this, and *this only*, which prevents Mahomedanism from drawing the sword, and compelling Christians either to acknowledge the Prophet or to feel its edge. Truly did one of the American missionaries say, in a speech in America, that "if the Christians of the East have been ameliorated in their condition, it is all owing to British influence." Yes: and it only wants England to say the word, and the Christians of the East will sleep sounder—a Mahomedan will then no longer curse the Christian cross with impunity; nor during his fast of Ramadan exhibit his malevolent spirit on the Christian, because he happens to smoke his pipe, a privilege which he will not allow the Christian to use during that month of fasting, and if the Christian wants in that month to dine in his shop, as he usually does, he must do it secretly, so as not to be seen, or go and dine at home—if seen eating or smoking, woe to him. A Christian's word will then be as much respected as a

Mahomedan's, in a court of justice. It is the influence of England which has made the Mahomedans of Beyrout treat their Christian neighbours with more respect than than they have heretofore done, or still do in other places of the East. They have seen an English line of battle ships, with the cross of St. George flying at the main; they have noticed its broadside, nor did they fail to observe its heavy calibred pieces of artillery, and the recollection of its thunder in 1840, is still in their memory, and has done more than a thousand treaties to improve the manners of Mahomedanism.

I have already mentioned the existence here of two Irish missionaries, and this leads me to say that the Presbyterian Board of Ireland have a mission to Damascus. It was commenced about ten or twelve years ago, and has been assisted by the Reformed Associate Presbyterian body of the United States who have sent three missionaries to co-operate with those sent from Ireland. At present, there are in all five missionaries in Damascus; one of whom is a doctor. They have succeeded in organising a native church, which has sixteen native members. They also have a high and a primary school. On sabbath I attended their services twice, and was highly pleased with the reverence and attention with which the natives hear the Word of God. I had been deeply pained, when in Scotland, to see the people when the minister approaches the end of his prayers, sit down before he had concluded, and drown his "Amen"—an Amen to which they ought have responded—in the opening of books and adjusting their seats. Oh, I thought *that* was a barbarous custom! methinks a draft is worth nothing without the signature of the drawer; and what is a prayer worth when the people will not

wait to see it concluded, and heartily join in the Amen to it? It looked like a solemn mockery; hence it was both pleasing and refreshing to turn from this unedifying state of things to the very reverential manner of the Protestant congregation of Syria, where if they don't take off their hats as in the west, nevertheless pull off their shoes as Moses did when he approached holy ground, and sit with the utmost reverence, and listen with the deepest attention! This seemed a pleasing contrast to the Protestant churches of America, where I have seen ladies enter in as if they entered a theatre, leaning on the arm of a young man, while their silks and satins vibrated "*whisk, whisk, whisk,*" till they reached their silk-cushioned pew; and there they lounged and fanned themselves, or eat sugar-plums or ginger-cakes; and if the minister was a little long in his sermon, I have seen them puff and draw an impatient breath, which to a stranger's eye looked very much as if these worshippers came to church simply to *oblige* God.

I am speaking plainly, but I am conscious to myself of no desire to give offence—if what I say does however offend the sensibilities of some, I am sure it cannot be the Christian portion of the community, for surely these must have felt the force of my statement, before now it meets their eyes in black and white; and if what I say be true, they will rejoice with me if I can provoke the indifferent portion of their community to a better state of things.

The hospital which once existed under the superintendence of Dr. Thompson has been given up; but Dr. Paulding, the American missionary, is practising extensively. Medical agency is a great means to smooth down prejudices and recommend true Christianity;

it is a medium which is greatly wanted. I know but very little of Dr. Thompson's operations here, and indeed not much of Dr. Paulding's, my stay being so brief in Damascus, and most of the time I was lying ill, that I had not much opportunity of learning; but I have since then heard he is doing a great work, and has won the confidence of all classes, Christians, Mahomedans, and Jews. I know of no such powerful medium to show to Orientals our beautiful religion, which is *love one to another*, as the presence of a pious medical man (such as Dr. Paulding) at the bedside of a sick person; surely who can withstand such self-denying kindness? That the medical department in the hands of such an excellent man as Dr. Paulding, is a great and powerful auxiliary to missionary labour everywhere, is too much of a truism to require any demonstration; it bears its evidence on its face. Our Saviour was the first medical missionary; wherever He went He healed the sick.

I have now spoken of two powerful mediums, viz., preaching the gospel and medical influence, as great agencies in spreading the knowledge of true Christianity. They are help-mates, and one is necessary to the other; one to win the confidence of the people, and the other to dispense the *word* to such people as are thus won and inclined to hear the message of salvation. These, however, generally speaking, operate on adults. Now, when we consider that a grown tree is more likely to break than bend, we have to thank God for the little that has been done, and to persevere in our efforts. But there is another powerful medium which is exclusively brought to bear on the young, and which, if rightly handled, might, under the blessing of God, be the means of regenerating Syria. I refer to the education of the youths

of this land. I do not mean the schools established by the various sects, where nothing but a corrupted liturgy is taught; but I mean *Christian schools*, where the Bible, "the inheritance of the whole world," is a standard book, and where the youthful mind can drink deep of its pure waters. These schools can only be the offspring of missionary labour, as the other sects do not tolerate the Bible. Now I argue, that if such schools were established all over Syria, especially now that the cry for them is like a hurricane blowing over the land, who can estimate the results from them to the rising generation—a generation growing up in the "admonition and nurture of the Lord"? Or who will doubt the happy results on Syria, socially and morally? I do not wish to prolong this topic; but I cannot help saying, that in the present state of things, this will prove a powerful auxiliary to the ultimate regeneration of this land—an auxiliary which those who love Syria must advance with all their might, if they want to see native evangelists rising in all the eloquence of primitive Christianity to bless the land, north, south, east, and west. Instead of one convert, it is to be hoped, that many who otherwise would not hear the Gospel could be then reached, and the Bible would be a standard book in every family; but this could not be done till the subject of Christian education is more properly understood and efficiently advanced. The work will then be, compared to what it is now, like a bucket to a drop of water; and who will doubt it? The words of Chevalier Bunsen, in his work entitled "*Hippolitus and his Age*," are worthy of notice. He says, "The nations of the present age want not less religion, but more;" they want it "to reform the social relations of life, beginning with the domestic, and culminating in

the political; an honest *bond fide* foundation, deep as the human mind, and a structure free and organic as nature. This aim cannot be attained without national efforts, CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, free institutions, and social reforms. Then no zeal will be called Christian which is not hallowed by charity, no faith Christian which will not be sanctioned by reason. Christianity now enlightens only a small portion of the globe; but it cannot be stationary; it will advance, and is already advancing triumphantly over the whole earth, in the name of Christ, and in the light of the Spirit."

Take, for example, Scotland, and hear what Mr. Gladstone said, speaking of Scotsmen and the natural poverty of their country, and the effect of EDUCATION in placing Scotland in a position among nations second to no other. He says: "Three or four hundred years ago they were a nation in the rear of Europe; they are now in the front, in the van!" And why? The reason he gives us for this prodigious and astonishing change, was to be found in the fact, *that for two centuries the people of Scotland had had the ADVANTAGES OF SCHOOLS far beyond any other country, far beyond England; and every labouring man in Scotland has had the means of sending his children to them*: an intelligent reason for such great social and moral results; and Scotland will ever be a living testimony of the blessings of *Christian education*. I have not the time; nor is this the place, to quote Dr. Candlish's statements on this great subject, and its happy results on the rising generations of his country; but I refer the reader to them.

And not less than that of Scotland is the wonderful rise and progress of the United States, which may be attributed to the same source, viz., Christian education, or the

common school system, as they call it, and whose importance has even been felt by the great men of that republic as a vital point in the history of their commonwealth. I have before me the history of the common school system in the state of New York, U. S., and it is interesting. In the great meeting of the State Legislature, after the adoption of the constitution, Governor George Clinton introduced this great subject in his speech as follows: "Perhaps there is scarce anything more worthy of your attention than the encouragement and revival of seminaries of learning, . . . since *piety and virtue are generally the offspring of an enlightened understanding.*" From 1795 to 1802, various measures were adopted, and revenues appropriated, for this object. In 1802 and 1803, Governor Clinton renewedly and energetically recommended the establishment of *common schools*. He says, "The advantages to morals, religion, liberty, and good government, arises from the general diffusion of knowledge." In 1804, Governor Lewis again pressed the subject, by saying that "COMMON SCHOOLS, under the guidance of respectable teachers, should be established in every village." In 1810, Governor Tompkins again called the attention of the legislature to this subject: he said, "I cannot omit this occasion of calling your attention to the means of instruction for the rising generation." And Why? "In order," continues he, "to enable them to perceive and duly estimate their rights; TO INCULCATE CORRECT PRINCIPLES AND HABITS OF MORALITY AND RELIGION; and to render them useful citizens." And hear what the commissioners who were appointed carefully to look into the subject, and report thereupon, said: "Perhaps there will never be presented to the legislature a

subject of more importance than the establishment of COMMON SCHOOLS. Education, as the means of improving the moral and intellectual faculties, is, under all circumstances, a subject of the most imposing consideration. To rescue man from the state of degradation to which he is doomed, unless redeemed by education; to unfold his physical, intellectual, and moral powers; and to fit him for those high destinies which his Creator has prepared for him, cannot fail to excite the most ardent sensibility of the philosopher and the philanthropist."

I could add more testimonies to the blessing of education, both to the youths and their country; but I will content myself, by way of conclusion, and of recommending the subject to the minds of those who love Syria for the sake of her Master, with quoting one more paragraph from a speech made by Horace Mann, while speaking of a *Common School Education*. He said: "So pervading and enduring is the effect of education upon the youthful soul, that it may well be compared to a certain species of writing ink, whose color at first is scarcely perceptible, but which penetrates deeper and grows blacker by age; until, if you consume the scroll over a coal fire, the characters will be legible in the cinders."

It being the vacation with the school at Damascus, I could not see the children; but I have before me a lithographic programme of the last examination of the High School, which embraced these studies, viz.: reading, Arabic grammar, scripture history, geography, arithmetic, and the English language. The school duties commenced by reading a portion of the scriptures, and prayer; and closed in like manner. This, in fact, is the plan on which the Protestant schools are

conducted. The principals are generally the missionaries, who are assisted in teaching the higher branches, by a graduate of the Abaih seminary.

Thursday, 4th January.

Of all the travellers who came to Damascus, I hardly think a more unfortunate party ever visited this city, or saw less of its Orientalism. On the day of our arrival, we all felt unwell; the next day, however, we got up, to breakfast, with the exception of P—; but though we rose, I hardly think any of us were in a better state of health than he. I felt very poorly; and consequently, I made up my mind to leave for Hasbaiya on the morrow, leaving the party to come after me. I consulted M—, who was well and up to-day, as also Dr. Paulding; and their unanimous advice was, that I should lose no time in placing myself under the care of my family: besides which, I wanted to be ready against the arrival of the party at Hasbaiya, to proceed with them to Jerusalem; and as I desired to be with my friends as many days as I possibly could, it was thought, all things considered, that if I was well enough, I had better start next morning; and so it was decided. In the meantime, leaving my companions to call on the missionaries, I went and had a Turkish bath.

Damascus is famous for its baths; but I think there is one in Sidon which is better than those of Damascus. I went, however, to the best, which I entered from one of the bazaars. The door was secured by a canvass hanging, which my guide lifted up, and we were ushered into a small paved court, in the centre of which was a large fountain; on all sides were raised stone platforms, forming divans, for customers to undress them-

selves upon; I betook myself to one, and began to undress, at the same time smoking a nargeelé. The vault of the bath was a dome, set in with glass, made of the bottom of bottles; these were of different colours, causing the beams of the sun to fall in rainbow hues on the towels which were hanging on ropes extending from side to side. On one side, by a square desk, sat the master of the bath, smoking; he was a grave old Turk. As is usual, I handed him my watch to keep; my purse I had taken the precaution to leave behind, bringing with me only what I thought was necessary to defray expences. All around me were Turks dressing or undressing; as soon as I was ready, a man brought some towels, two of which he threw on my shoulders, and one he wrapped round my waist; he then handed me a pair of clogs, and consigned me to the custody of two naked wretches, whose only apparel was a towel round the waist.

We entered a small passage, not very clean, nor pleasant in its odour, and were conducted into a small room. This is an intermediate chamber, where the bather is left to perspire. I sat there a few minutes, till I was all in a state of perspiration. I then left this room, which is called the *wustany*, or intermediate, and entered a court much warmer than the last. In each corner of this court was a room, with a canvass curtain, at the door, while between each two rooms was a *léwan*, or intermediate court, slightly raised, which contained a stone scooped out for water, called *jurn*. This lay by the wall, immediately under two spouts, one conducting hot and the other cold water; and thus it was in the four *léwans* of the court. At each of these *jurns* were men washing themselves; some stretched on the ground, covered with

soap, and others washing the soap suds off, with buckets of scalding hot water, which came hissing down from their shaved heads, and rattled down their body. I had told the master of the bath that I wanted a private room; and, consequently, I was led into one of the four rooms, which was like the *léwan* outside, only it was walled up. Here, by the side of a *jurn*, I laid me down, and a one-eyed monster, clean shaved in the head, took a cloth of horse-hair, washed it well, and began to rub my body with it, till he brought all the dirt off in filaments. This finished, he soaped me all over, poured hot water over me, succeeding each bucket with another so rapidly, till in sheer agony, I jumped up, and then left me, to bring the towels, which he soon did.

Half an hour afterwards I was out in the great court, lying on a cushion, wrapped from head to foot in towels, and a young boy wiping me and cracking my joints, whilst I smoked a *nargeelé*, drank a glass of lemonade, and sipped a cup of coffee. After lying down for half an hour, a barber came and shaved me; and then I dressed myself, paid the man something like ten piastres, or about two shillings, and made my exit. On paying him, he handed me my watch. It is generally the custom to leave your watch with the master of the bath; it is considered safer; but it is as well to leave it, and any money you have, behind, in your trunk. These baths are considered great luxuries in the East, and a devout Mahomedan goes to them daily. They are certainly very refreshing; and I enjoyed my bath, though I was fearful of the consequences.

From the bath I proceeded in the direction of *Jam El Amoudy*. On the way I passed by a *khan*, built by one of the pashas; to which my guide, who had a counting-

room in an upper story, led me. It is a square building, composed of two tiers; the ground floor is used for warehouses, while in the upper story is the merchant's office. This is a khan for goods, and not a caravan-serai, where horses, mules and passengers are housed. We ascended to the room of my guide, where I met two or three of our party buying silks of Damascus manufacture. Leaving them here, we continued our walk to the mosque above mentioned, which we soon reached. It is a noble edifice, fronted by a fountain, whose waters are constantly playing. This was once a Christian church, and dedicated to St. John; its architecture, which is of the Grecian order, is said to be most beautiful; but no Christian dare enter it now, not even if he brought a firman from Constantinople, and it would be well for the traveller not to peep into its interior too curiously, as he may very likely share the fate of an Englishman, who was well pounded for attempting to take a sketch of the outside. Hence, my guide took me to the street called Straight, as also Bab El Sharki, the site of St. Paul's conversion; and then brought me home by the house of Ananias and the Franciscan convent, of which an amusing story is related. The street in which the convent stands was in such bad order some years ago, that the monks resolved to repair it at their own expense. The Turkish governor took no notice of the work during its progress; but when it was finished, he demanded on what authority they had dared to improve a street in Damascus, and ordered them instantly to pay thirty thousand piastres, to secure the privilege of walking upon it! The superior was imprisoned until he was ransomed by his brethren!¹

On returning home, I found that almost all our party

¹ "Notes of a Wayfarer," by the Rev. Cuthbert G. Young.

were out, with the exception of poor P——, who lay in bed; I now learnt that the cook had fallen violently ill, and was laid up, so poor Michael had to take his place, but it happened that a jug of boiling water had been spilt on his bare feet, and he was in agonies; so he, too, was laid up; and Ahmed and François had to make the best out of it. Michael, however, engaged another servant to assist in waiting upon us. In the evening, the elder A—— and myself called on Dr. Paulding. We entered his house by a door so low that we knocked our heads against it; this introduced us to a large court, I forget whether there was a fountain in it or not; the generality of the houses in Damascus have. We were ushered into a parlour, well heated by an American stove. Here we saw Dr. and Mrs. Paulding, who, during our stay in Damascus, were extremely kind and attentive to us. In returning home, as it was after eight o'clock, we had to have a lantern. But here was a new feature in the programme; Damascus is divided into quarters, and each quarter has a gate, and as our house was some distance, we had to knock at more than half a dozen gates before we reached our place.

Friday, 5th January.

I awoke this morning seriously ill; this made me anxious to get to my family; so I immediately engaged a man to accompany me. Just as I was ready to start, it began to snow very heavily, and my companions thought it imprudent in me to go then; so, as next day was Saturday, and I should not be able to reach Has-baiya in one day, I determined to stay over till Monday, and in the meantime accept the invitation of a friend to spend the next evening in his house, where some of my acquaintances would meet me. The snow fell down in

thick flakes, and soon everything began to look white. I went up to the top of the house, for the roofs of the houses in the East are flat, and from there had a view of the mountains and the scenery around. The sight was grand. Everything was covered with snow, and, indeed, of all things, I was reminded of a New England winter day.

In the morning I went out with Abraham, and had a better view of the street called Straight, and the house of Ananias; but these have already been mentioned in former pages. On returning home I took to one end of the divan, while M— took the other, and there we lay till dinner-time, both of us feeling unwell; the elder A— complained also to-day, and confined himself to the room.

Saturday, 6th January.

M— to-day took to his bed; I felt better and walked about, but did not leave the room till the evening, when my friend called to take me to dinner. I accompanied him very reluctantly; the snow was still falling thick, but as I promised to go, I could not do otherwise; especially as I knew that some of my former acquaintances, who had not seen me for years, would be there, and would be disappointed if I did not present myself.

Well, I went: after a deal of winding and slipping, we at last stopped before a small low doorway. The exterior appearance of a house in Damascus is by no means an index to its interior; we entered, and were graciously received by the bride of my friend, with all the flowery salams of the East. She was a tall graceful girl of about sixteen years of age, of a fair complexion, black eyes and black hair; she wore a graceful *gimbaz* (gown), which fell lower than

her feet to the clogs; her waist was encircled by a rich Cashmere shawl falling negligently and loosely, over which she wore a black jacket, richly embroidered with gold; whilst her black hair fell floating on her shoulders, to which were attached sundry pieces of gold, giving a peculiar tint to the lustre of her hair. The jacket was short, and came only as far the waist, whilst at the arms it reached no farther than the elbow, so as to give room to the sleeves of the wide *gimbaz* to fall back and shew an arm of peculiar fairness and beauty; on the wrist was clasped a bracelet, which rather deducted from the beauty of that arm. Round her neck she wore an *akd*, a sort of chain, which fell from her neck, and was concealed in her bosom by ample folds of muslin; her feet were encased in white stockings, over which she wore a yellow slipper, edged with tinsels of gold; this she slipped into the clogs, which were about eight inches from the ground. Her head was covered with a small turban, studded with gold and diamonds; immediately over the brow came the *saffeea*, gold pieces generally of the value of twenty piastres, stuck near each other from one ear to the other, which mingle with the hair, and appear like a golden wreath. Over this, directly above her forehead, came the *natoor*, a diamond; there were other diamonds, but I don't know their names. She wore two golden ear-rings, which I think did not add to her charms; and over the whole was slung gracefully a white muslin veil, which admirably set off the *tout ensemble* of the wife of my friend. And now that I have described her costume, I will say once for all, that she wore nothing extraordinary. This is the general dress and ornaments of the females in the East. It is a great mistake, which prevails in England

and America respecting the colour of our ladies, that because we are Asiatics we must be dark. No such thing; our ladies are a mixture of fair complexion and brunettes; the former are to be met with plentifully in Damascus and Tripoli.

We were politely bowed into the sala—the sitting-room, whose furniture was altogether Oriental—the carpets, the divans, the pipes. Here we were received by a few friends, who were also invited; and who knowing me personally, took the liberty of saluting me with a kiss, this being the custom in Syria. I was then seated, and a small *fingan* of *arak* was presented to me, and with it some sweetmeats, of both of which I partook. Then came a glass of sherbet, with rosewater in it; after which a nargeelé was brought, and whilst I was smoking, a cup of coffee, as small as an egg-cup, but good and strong, was presented to me. This completed the whole ceremony of my reception, and with the exception of the kissing, this is the way strangers are generally received in Syria.

Whilst talking, supper was announced, and we marched off to a room in the opposite direction of the court, headed by our host, who played his part admirably well, for he is a lively and cheerful person. Here we met four more ladies, besides our hostess; one was her sister, and the three were wives of the other gentlemen; they bowed gracefully to me, and we sat down to supper. Now this supper was not on a table, nor were there either knives or forks; first of all was spread a towel on the ground, so that the crumbs should not fall upon the carpet; on this was a small *scamla*, or stool, about a foot high, over which was placed a large round copper tray,

holding the various dishes. Round this we squatted on the ground, and helped ourselves to the food, using our fingers in lieu of knives and forks.

The Syrians generally take two meals a-day; their first meal, which I omit, would not be considered one by Europeans; it consists only of a small cup of coffee, and a *nargeelé*; on this they subsist till mid-day, when they take their first substantial repast: it resembles very much a European luncheon, consisting of cheese and salad, or the cold remains of last night's supper. Their second meal is the supper, which takes place about sunset, which with them is twelve o'clock. The natives do still, as in days of old, count their time from the rise of the sun to its setting; thus you ask a Syrian, "What is the time of day?" and he answers you, "It is nine o'clock," which means that it is three o'clock in the afternoon, or thereabouts. This will remind the reader of the *sixth* and *ninth* hours mentioned in Matthew xxvii. 45 and 46. Our Saviour, therefore, must have "yielded up the ghost" about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The inhabitants of Syria, if not altogether vegetarian, are next door to it. They eat little animal food, and that which they do eat is mixed with a great deal of vegetables. One of their favourite dishes, *and a good one it is*, is *Muhshi*, a sort of sausage, made thus:—some minced mutton, rather fat, is cut very fine, and mixed with rice; this mixture is then seasoned with salt, pepper, and other spices. While this is being made, a vegetable marrow is hollowed nicely, leaving barely the skin, into which this mixture is put, and stopped in the entrances by a vine-leaf; it is then cooked. Cabbage is also used instead of the vegetable marrow. While the meat and rice is being mixed, a cabbage is put into hot water, in order to make

the leaves pliable—it is then taken out; the coarser portion is made into salad, whilst the tenderer part of the leaf is spread smooth, and the mixture is put into it, and afterwards rolled like a sausage. This, as has already been said, is a favourite dish. Rice is also extensively used. This article is imported in great quantities from Egypt, and forms a staple item of food in Syrian houses.

Our supper consisted of several Syrian dishes. Before eating, each of the persons present made the sign of the cross on his breast, and ejaculated a short prayer to this effect: “In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; Amen.” I avoided the crossing, but joined in the ejaculation; and here I will add, that saying grace on beginning and returning thanks at the end of meals, is a universal custom in the East; and one would be looked upon with horror, who does not use some form of thanking God for the bounty spread before him. The Mahomedan commences his meals by saying, “*Bism Allah el Haii.*” In the name of the Living God. During meal hours, little is spoken, and as they finish, they rise up one after another, without waiting for each other, ejaculating as they rise up, “*El Ham l’ Ullah,*” the thanks are to God. At the door the servant meets the person, and placing a copper basin under his hands, gives him a piece of soap, and then pours water over his hands. When the person has done washing, a towel is presented to him, which he uses, and then throws it on the shoulder of the servant, whilst he proceeds to the *sala*, where another servant brings him a pipe and a cup of coffee. I would here add, that whilst the stranger is eating, the host and hostess are continually pressing him to eat more.

We now entered the *sala*, and reclined ourselves on the soft and downy divans in lieu of the chairs of the

West. Rich ottomans surrounded the room, and carpets decked the floor—the furniture was neat, easy, comfortable, costly, well adapted to lounging, and certainly more graceful than the chairs, whereon a person has to sit bolt upright like an Egyptian mummy. A *mangal*—a brass machine—containing fire of burning charcoal, was placed in the centre of the room. This is substituted for the stove, or the fireplace, which are not yet known here. Our friends sat cross-legged, bending their knees inwards; others, sat more at ease, leaning on rich cushions behind their backs. In the presence of a superior, a Syrian sits with his knees close together, and rests the weight of his body on his heels. This is the most unpleasant posture that I know of.

We were soon joined by the ladies, who sat on one side, by themselves. It is not the custom for men and women to mix together. Among the Mahomedans it is actually forbidden; but as the present party were all well known friends and relations, and as the ladies wanted to hear what I had to say of my foreign travels, they were, therefore, allowed to join us; and in a few minutes the room was one bubble of nargeelés and noise. Both men and women smoked, and the room would have been in a high way to represent a London fog, were it not that it is so constructed as to be well ventilated. The houses in Syria are two or three stories high; in Beyrout and other places they are built of a sort of red sandstone, in which the country abounds. The plan of a house is nearly the same all over Syria; it is a square, in each corner of which is a room. In the intermediate portion between each two rooms is generally a *lewan* or court; this is walled behind and roofed, but open in front, and forms an acceptable place for sitting in summer. In this manner

four square rooms, and one or two courts, the ground-tier is built, and a similar story is erected above, and perhaps another one higher still. The kitchen, pantry, &c., are generally on the first floor. In towns like Damascus, where the water is plentiful, a pool of water with a spout graces the court and gives a refreshing appearance to the house. The walls of the rooms are not papered, but are white-washed with a solution of lime. The windows which are generally four, in moderate-sized rooms, have no glass, but are closed with deal shutters from the outside; the ceiling of the room is generally high, and in some places it is tastefully ornamented.

In the court of my friend's house, I saw three or four orange and citron trees, which, added to the view of the water, and the jessamine trained on the walls and lattices, and surrounding the windows, gave to the house a peculiar air of life, which at once pleased and refreshed the sight; and when you add the various groups that meet your eye round the pool of water—the father fondling his child; the mother gracefully walking on high clogs, brilliant with ornaments from head to foot; a black eunuch filling a pipe; and a turbaned man sitting on the *lewan* smoking leisurely; you have a picture of romance made more romantic.

During the evening, many of the friends of the family dropped in; those who knew me personally embraced me, and saluted me with a kiss on each cheek, and then kissed my left shoulder; this is the custom. Strangers to me, simply bowed and placed their hands on their heart, then on their mouth, and then on their forehead; a very genteel way of saluting. Placing the hand on the heart will remind the reader of the seat of the *affections*; on the lips, the kiss of *love*; on the fore-

head, *esteem* and *respect*: thus affection, love, and respect are combined in the salutation of a Syrian. As soon as any stranger came in, we all rose up to meet him, saluted him, and pressed on him the best seat, which is generally the farthest up from the door. As some of these gentlemen who came last brought their wives with them—three or four of them had infants in their arms—it was resolved, much to my regret, that the ladies should adjourn to another room, which was immediately done.

The topics of the conversation now turned on the war, and I told them all that I knew on the subject. This led us to speak of British enterprise. They were astonished at hearing of the railway, the telegraph, and the balloon; and were greatly amused when I told them how everything goes by clock-work in England. They admired the post-office system, and could hardly credit me when I told them that it was next to impossible to lose a letter in England. I told them how a letter is dropped into the post-office in London at seven o'clock on one evening, and at seven o'clock the next morning I would find it lying on my table two hundred miles off.

“Don't you go for it?” said one.

“No; there is a man on purpose to bring it to my house,” answered I.

“And who pays this man?” said another.

“The government,” I again responded; and here I told them of the red-coated letter-carriers, and their rat-tat rap at the door.

“But how does this man know where you live?” asked a third.

I here explained to them how the houses are numbered and the streets named; and how the letters bore

the address of the person on the outside; and, consequently, how easy it was for the letter-carrier to find the house.

“But how is it that you cannot lose a letter?” another one asked.

“Because,” I said, “the inside of the letter bears my address; and if my correspondent is not found according to the address which I put outside, the government opens the letter, sees my address, and encloses it back to me with a polite line, telling me that my correspondent is either dead or removed; and, consequently, a letter can’t be lost.”

“Mashalla! how good!” was the unanimous ejaculation.

It would be out of place to record here all our conversation; the above is given as a sample of the rest. I told them of the form of the government, beginning at the Queen, and ending in the free-born peasant, who looks upon his house as his castle. I told them of the police; and, in fact, of as much of the wonders of England as I could put together in a short space of time, and to all of which they all ejaculated *Mashallah!* A black girl who was replenishing our pipes and nargeelés, had communicated to the ladies an imperfect account of the wonders I was relating, and which made them more wonderful; and the result was, that the ladies sent the servant to say, “that it was shameful they were debarred from hearing these accounts,” a complaint which was backed by our host, who was a merry fellow, and who proposed that we should adjourn to the ladies’ saloon, as being larger, and would hold us all, men, women, and children. This was immediately agreed to, and we went there.

On entering the room, I saw a group of about twenty young ladies, and three or four more advanced in life sitting carelessly and negligently in one corner of the room, smoking their pipes and nargeelés; whilst a few boys of robust constitution and fair complexion gathered round the *mangal*. The sight that met my eye as we entered the room—the careless lounge—the dark and almond eyes, or still better as the ladies rose up gracefully to receive us, was most interesting and intensely thrilling. Their dress became them beautifully, and I could not help being reminded of Dr. Madden's description of our ladies:—"Strange as it may appear," he says, "I often thought that there was as much elegance of attitude displayed in the splendid arm of an Eastern beauty holding her rich chibouque (pipe), and reclining on her Persian carpet, as even in the lovely form of a girl at home, bending over her harp, or floating along with the music of the waltz." Speaking of their dress, he adds:—"Their apparel is superb and certainly becoming." Lamartine's description of the peasantry of Mount Lebanon is both beautiful and characteristic: he says—"It is impossible to describe with the pen the groups so redolent of the picturesque, from the richness of their costume and their beauty, which these females there compose in the landscape. I see among them daily such countenances as Raphael had not beheld, even in his dreams as an artist. It is more than the Italian or Greek beauty; there is the nicety of shape—the delicacy of outline—in a word, all that Greek and Roman art has left us as the most finished model; but it is rendered more bewitching still by a primitive artlessness of expression—by a serene and voluptuous languor—by a heavenly clearness, which the glances from the blue eyes,

fringed with black eyelids cast over the features, and by a smiling archness, a harmony of proportions, a rich whiteness of skin, an indescribable transparency of tint, a metallic gloss upon the hair, a gracefulness of movement, a novelty in the attitudes, and a vibrating silvery tone of voice which render the young Syrian girl the very houri of the visual paradise. Such admirable and varied beauty is also very common. I never go into the country for an hour without meeting several such females, going to the fountain or returning." But Mr. Wolff's enthusiastic description of a Syrian Jewess, even transcends the testimony of the above-mentioned writers. He says:—"I never beheld a more beautiful or well-behaved lady in my life, except the pretty girl in the valley of Cashmere (the Persian ladies are also said to be very beautiful); she looked like a queen in Israel. A lovely lady she was; tall, of a fair complexion and blue eyes, and around her forehead and cheeks she wore several roses. No queen had a finer deportment than that Jewess had." Bartlett, after describing the Syrian dress of a female, says:—"The ensemble, it must be admitted, is very fascinating." Modesty hinders me from adding my humble testimony to the charms of our ladies; but I will simply say, that of all my observation in this land, and I boast that it has not been little, the Tripoli ladies bear the palm for beauty over all Syria; one I know, who comprises in her person what all the above writers have written, exquisitely beautiful in features, elegant in form, fair in complexion; graceful in her movements, and devoid of that art which characterizes the features of her more enlightened sisters of the West. But for a testimony to the above, we need only refer to the Bible, and there we shall see a number of charming fe-

male portaits; pictures of beauty that are unsurpassed and rarely paralleled.

To return to our story. We were gracefully received, and as gracefully accommodated with seats; and the large room just held the whole of us. As a matter of fact, I was asked great many questions about the ladies of the West. I told them what were honestly my views, and ascribed the superiority of Anglo-Saxon ladies to their education and training, and not to their personal charms. I told them how most of the girls of that nation can read and write; how they are versed in the higher branches of education, and accomplished in their manners. I told them of their schools, both secular and sabbath, and of their various benevolent associations. I told them how good they were as daughters, and how superior they were as wives; and how they brought up their children, and how instead of being dolls to man they were his companions and friends. The men, I suspect, winked at this, as I heard many an "ahem"; but nevertheless I proceeded; my heart burning within me that such beautiful creatures should at all be in the rear, and my object was to provoke them to education, and consequently a better state of things. I said a great many things which I do not remember now; but one thing I know that the conversation turned on Queen Victoria, and many, and diversified, were the questions put to me on this head—to all of which I answered to the best of my knowledge; I told them that she was the greatest sovereign on earth.

"Is she beautiful?" a man said to me.

"I do not know," I answered, "never having seen her; but I believe that in the eyes of her subjects, who

adore her, she is not so much thought of for the charms of her person as for those of her mind."

"How proud she must be;" said our hostess.

"Far from it," said I; "she is very courteous to all her subjects—very plain and simple in her manner—drives about quite privately—and, when she visits her Scotch residence, she goes about among the peasants—goes into their houses, and talks with them, as if she was not the greatest monarch on earth, but one of them."

"*Ya ajeebe!* Oh wonder of wonders!" answered they.

"What is the number of her subjects?" asked a man.

"Upwards of two hundred millions; or, in other words, a quarter of the inhabitants of the globe, acknowledge her sway;" I answered.

"*Ajeebe!* Oh wonder!" was again the unanimous ejaculation.

"Do all her subjects love her?" asked a lady dressed in pink, and loaded with ornaments.

"They adore her," I answered. "She reigns not so much over them as she does in their hearts. It is there that she has lodged herself, and her people are quite enthusiastic in her praises; and, to hear them speak of her, you would think them all in love with her."

"*Eh! Haik ykoon el milk willa ballash.* Such is indeed monarchy worth having;" said three or four men at once.

"Does she wear a great deal of ornaments?" asked another lady.

"I have not seen her," I answered; "but report says that she is very plain in her dress, and is often transcended by her maids of honour."

"*Ya ajeebe!*" was again the unanimous exclamation.

"Do many people accompany her when she goes out?" asked a young damsel about twelve.

I said that she very rarely went out in state; and, when she did, the streets were crowded with people to see her; and, when once they got sight of her, they cheered her lustily; but that she often went out in private with few attendants.

"How different is her conduct from our pasha, who can't move his foot unless a host be near him;" said a little man who had been listening very attentively.

"Oh," said I, "as for that, your pasha makes ten times more parade and fuss than Queen Victoria."

"*Ya ajeebe!*"

"And does she love her subjects?" asked the mother of a young boy who was fast asleep in her lap.

"It seems so," I answered, "for she is always seeking their happiness, and recommending it to her house of Parliament."

"No wonder she is loved;" said the whole of them.

"In fact," I said, "she is a good woman—an affectionate wife—a tender mother—a constant friend; and one who would grace any circle, even if she were not a queen."

"Oh! will she ever come to Damascus?" said a bright-looking girl, quite enthusiastically.

"Oh, you fool!" said another to her; "she will not leave her kingdom and come here; and, if she did, you could not see her."

"Softly, my friend," I said; "if Queen Victoria ever comes here, which is very doubtful, she will relish an evening like this greatly, and her condescension will be

only second to her enjoyment. At least this is my opinion, if report has spoken truly of her."

At this moment the servant brought in a tray, on which were fruits and sweetmeats, to which we were invited, and partook; and, after smoking one more nargéele, and drinking one more cup of coffee, this pleasant party began to disperse, and I, consequently, went home, when I found my friends fast asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAMASCUS TO HASBAIYA.

The Parting—Michael an excellent Provedore—Departure—The Streets of Damascus—A fearful Morning—The Watchman—The Water—Reaching the Plains—A second Breakfast—A Herd of Antelopes—A Shepherd and his Pipe—Goats, Cows, and Sheep—Reaching the Kullâa—A Fall in the Snow—Khalil's Prophecy verified—The Caravan—The head Muleteer—Our Difficulties—Abandoning the Goods—Cry for Help—Ascent of the Hill—The Muleteers and the Mules—The Goods—Khalil's Remark—The Rescue—How we got to the Top of the Hill—The Excitement at Aiha—Hospitality and Good-heartedness—Arrival at Rashaiya—Its Christian Population, and their Bigotry—Reflections—The Oriental Churches—The Converts—Puseyism—A peculiar Case—Filial Devotion and Veneration for the Aged—Roads—First View of Hasbaiya—Impressions—Arrival at Hasbaiya—Cordial Welcome as expressed by the People—Visits—Entertainments—"Illustrated London News" and "Punch"—Influence of a Pictorial Bible—Death of M——.

Monday, 8th January, 1855.

AS I was to start early this morning for Hasbaiya, I bade my friends good bye on the previous evening. The snow had ceased falling on Sunday morning; and the sun once more shone bright in all its glory, sparkling in gorgeous beauty. Our party had also revived; the cook was well, P—— was better, the elder A—— had recovered from an attack of diarrhoea, and M—— was up

this day and dressed; so that when I bade them good bye on the evening of Sunday, it was on the understanding that they would join me in Hasbaiya by the succeeding Saturday. And thus I parted with them. Little did I then know, when I bade M—— good bye, that it was to be a farewell for life: but God's thoughts are not like our thoughts, nor are His ways like our ways. And thus the saying was verified, *that man proposes, but God disposes*. I will not, however, anticipate the evil; "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

So as not to disturb the party in the morning, it was agreed that I should sleep in an upper chamber, which our host kindly placed at my disposal. The younger A—— joined me there, nor did he leave me till it was very late. Meanwhile, Khalil, my new servant and guide, packed all my things, and laid himself to sleep in the court below.

At four o'clock I was up; but I found Michael and the cook, as well as Ahmed, had risen before me, and had already prepared a warm breakfast, and cooked enough victuals to suffice till I should reach Hasbaiya. Two large fowls and a shoulder of mutton had been roasted; an ample quantity of bread was thrust into the saddle-bag; a bottle of wine and a dozen of oranges, as also salt and pepper, a knife and fork, plate, cup and tea-cup, spoons, etc.; a supply of tea and sugar were also put into a canister, and handed to Khalil to put into his saddle-bags; in fact, nothing that could contribute to my comfort was forgotten by the attentive Michael.

At five o'clock we left the house, after having made a hearty breakfast on ham and eggs and beefsteaks, and drank three cups of coffee. It was pitch-dark when we started, and never shall I forget the trouble we had in

threading our way through the narrow, muddy, and slippery streets of Damascus. The Muezzin had already cried his morning call to prayer, and thus we found the gates of the various quarters open; but O what difficulty we had in making our way through the covered bazaars, which were as pitch dark as any winter night could be imagined. I could not see the head of the horse; and were it not for the footsteps of Khalil's horse, which struggled in the slippery path, and echoed in these sepulchral vaults—the streets of Damascus—I should not have known how to guide mine one step. Whatever may be said of the beauty of Damascus, my experience is, that its interior is anything but beautiful in winter. What added to the trouble was, that the noise of our horses' footsteps would wake some still sleeping watchman, who would raise up his head, and ejaculate "*Ya Allah!* (O God!)" in a tone as startling as it was sudden and unexpected, and my horse would start and snort like one possessed. It is easy to be cool now, and write of it as a mere incident of the way; but I still have an unpleasant recollection of that morning; and should it ever be my lot to visit Damascus again, I shall not leave my domicile till it is broad day-light. The only places we found open at this hour of the day were the baths and the ovens; to the former we saw straggling parties of Turks entering in its low doorway; and in the latter I cannot say that I saw anything but the fierce blaze which quite hurt my eyes, so that I had to shut them, only to open them on yet thicker darkness. One hour—a long, cruel hour—it took us before we reached the gate of the city. Was our trouble ended? Indeed not, gentle reader; for we had now to wade our way for more than half-an-hour—aye, nearly an hour—in a stream of water

which filled the pathway between the gardens. O it was a fearful buffeting with its waters, especially when our horses, as they often did, sank into its quagmires! How we were bespattered with mud and water I need not say; nor how great was my joy when Khalil told me that we were on the plains. It was still dark, for a heavy mist lay on the ground, and we impatiently awaited the rising of the sun to dispel it. We could, however, now see our way; and as I intended to do my best to reach Hasbaiya the same evening (and would have done so, were it not for the catastrophe which befell us), I put my horse to the gallop. Khalil, who hitherto was ahead of me, now followed behind. About eight o'clock the sun rose, and the mist began to clear; we found ourselves in sight of *Catana*, and not far from it. On we urged our horses, and by nine we had passed that village, leaving it to our left. We were now at the foot of the mountains, and I began to feel hungry; Khalil told me that we would soon get to a spring of water, and so we did—a fine brook bubbling from under a rock, and straggling amid the green grass, to which it gave health and verdure.

Here, therefore, we alighted and enjoyed a second breakfast. Whilst eating, a herd of antelopes, ten, fifteen, twenty of them ran up the crag. On seeing them, Khalil said:

“*El Hamdlullah* (thanks are to God).”

I asked him why he made this ejaculation.

“Because,” said he, “our day begins by seeing the gazelle; a nobler animal, and one *more prophetic for good*, there is not among all the animals of God’s creation.”

I learnt from him, that the sight of an antelope in the morning is the sign of a fortunate day, in which difficulties, however gigantic, will be smoothed one way or another.

“*Inshallah* (if God pleases),” I answered. I inquired again if there were plenty of these animals in that part of the country—

“*Kteer* (many),” he said; and added, that the whole range of those mountains—pointing to the ridges before us—were full of them. And such is the case: I saw another herd of these fine animals the next day. Pigeons and partridges were beyond number.

I was entertained here by a shepherd playing on a pipe. His goats were browsing on the crags above; and it was but little, I thought, they could get, for few were the places which the snow did not cover. The pipe was interesting: it was a double reed, tied together by strings, resembling a double flageolet. On the top, however, were two smaller reeds thrust into the larger, which acted as mouth-pieces, having a small slip in each to carry off the wind to the larger reeds.

I do not know whether I have made myself intelligible, but the above is an exact description of the shepherd’s pipe of the East, and which I doubt not is about the same as the shepherd king of Israel once used. The shepherd wore a striped *abba*, brought about his waist by a cord of woven camel’s hair; his head was covered by a handkerchief triangularly folded, and left to fall on the neck and shoulders, whilst it was tied over his forehead by a cord of the same material as that which was round his waist. In fact it was a regular Arab dress; and I am inclined to think it was like the one which David wore. This inference only enters my mind, because of the little change, if any, which has taken place in the East from the days of Abraham to the present time.

I asked the shepherd to let me have some goat’s milk, but he told me this was not the season to milk his goats

I gazed on the black-haired quadrupeds as they in a lively, playful, and capricious manner skipped from rock to rock, heedless of restraint; and well, did I think, do the children of the East hold it up as the model of liberty. There are two kinds of goats in Syria; one long-eared, and the other very much like the British goat. Their milk is sweet and nourishing; not so good as that of the cow, nor is the meat so good as mutton; indeed the latter is without doubt the animal food of the East, and superior to our beef or flesh of goats: it is used generally in towns by the superior classes, whilst the poorer of the community use beef. Goat's flesh is used in the mountains and the villages of the plain. With the Bedouins, a kid is considered a treat; and whenever they have a guest whom they wish to honour, they kill a kid for him, as we are told the father killed the fatted calf for the prodigal son in days of old. Our sheep have large tails, in which respect they differ from the English; but in taste I think ours is superior. Part of the milk of the goat is converted into butter, and part into cheese; whilst the skin is used for a *durf*, a large leathern sort of bottle, wherein wine, water, or oil is carried: the hide of the cow is used as soles for shoes, but the skin of the sheep is used either as a cloak or a cover for a seat. The sheep is a pleasant-looking animal: I have at this moment one before me, which was presented by one of the Emirs of Hasbaiya to my brother, for his little baby to play with; his meek, sweet countenance, bespeaks his docility, and his *tout ensemble* is lively; he is the most docile of domestic cattle; no one can help looking in his innocent face, either as he chews a green leaf, or bleats for one, without liking him; he is a picture of simple, guileless innocence.

After having rested half an hour here, we again mounted our horses, and were at ten o'clock at the entrance of the *kullda* (forts), a mountain-pass, which derives its name from its high pending and craggy ridges rising on each side, from which project bare rocks, having the appearance of natural fortresses. So far our road lay in the plain, and we did not suffer much inconvenience; but now we were wading our way through heaps of drifting snow. Immediately at the entrance of the pass, my horse made a leap and was embedded in the icy element, and to extricate himself, he made another jump, which only got him deeper still. In this attempt I was thrown off, but was not hurt; my only difficulty was to regain the road, which I finally did after a deal of trouble; my horse also extricated himself. Khalil, profiting by my mishap, took more care, and escaped. I now made him go a-head of me: all around was dismal and dreary, nor could we tell whether we stood on the top of a precipice, and the next leap would bury us in snow, or whether we were in the bed of a ravine; the whole scenery was a white undulation—the sight was more beautiful than the passage was easy. We were, however, fortunate in having that morning been preceded by a caravan, which had left *Catana* before us, and consequently the road was somewhat beaten, otherwise we should have certainly had to return. Khalil now remarked to me:—

“Do you see, sir, how our difficulty is smoothed?” referring to our fortune in seeing the deer.

I smiled at his credulity, and bade him go on, pointing his attention to the mercy of Him who holds us all in the hollow of His hand. Our way was made easy at the expense of the caravan a-head, of whose difficulties

we could judge by the buffeting in the snow, where it was evident many a mule fell, and by the loads of goods which we saw left in the way half buried in the snow. About eleven o'clock we ascended a steep hill, and by twelve we made up to the *kaflé*, or caravan, which we found at a stand-still; they were trying to raise up some of the foremost mules which had fallen. What a mercy that a bright sun shone over us to give us warmth, otherwise a short blast of wind, or a shower of rain or snow, and there would have been an end of the whole of us.

The caravan numbered about a hundred mules, loaded with Damascus goods, bound to Acre; a few camels, loaded in like manner; some twenty donkeys for the muleteers to ride upon, and about a dozen horses for passengers, some of whom I supposed were the merchants to whom the goods belonged. How much this caravan in this nineteenth century resembled that caravan seventeen centuries before the Christian era, when "a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt, the intelligent reader will at once be able to judge. *It is essentially the same.* As in the days of old, merchants and pilgrims still unite for mutual protection in traversing the regions and vast deserts of this land, as well as for offering more effectual resistance to the attacks of robbers. There are two kinds of caravans—one the pilgrim, and the other the merchant caravan; of the former we may have occasion to speak again; of the latter it is that we are now speaking.

The *Sheikh of the Mukairis*, or the head muleteer, under whose responsibility the goods are placed, was doing his best. Unlike the butlers of England, or the *maitre d'hôtel* of France, who do nothing but scold their

inferiors and take care of *number one*, this sheikh of the muleteers was working more than all the rest; but in vain; the mules had stuck like so many lamp posts, and nothing but their backs and heads were visible. Some held the mule by the head, and some by the tail, whilst others came on both sides and gave their support to the loads. It was useless; for there the mules stuck, and could not get on. The sight was both painful and amusing. Here we remained two hours, and in the interval I had my luncheon, whilst the muleteers were still struggling with the fallen mules. When all their efforts proved vain, and it was beginning to get late in the day, the head muleteer ordered all the goods to be unladen, and to be put near each other, whilst the men and mules should proceed to the next village to sleep, and, if the next day was fine, come for them. This was done; and whilst some of the muleteers were dispatched to the tops of the hills to call for help, the goods were brought from far and from near, and put near each other. Then we started off, leaving them alone in a great heap. But the road further was impracticable; so the head muleteer ordered that we should go up the mountain, and not go by way of the ravine. This was done, and after *innumerable* difficulties we reached the top of the hill. I would here remark, that we were all on foot, and a motley group we made. O it was a fearful day, and even Napoleon's iron soul might have shrunk from the task! It was a day of fatigue, confusion, and havoc, not often experienced in a life-time. Every step buried us to our waists in the snow, whilst the horses and the mules fared no better. But amid this scene of killing anguish, I could not help being amused at the way the muleteers cheered their mules. The mule

would stumble; "*Mar Mehail hawlo* (St. Michael be around him)!" the muleteer would cry. The mule buffets in the snow, and tries to gain a standing: "*Allah ya-jeero* (May God assist him)!" would be the next cry of the owner. He has gained a standing: "*Ma ashtaro* (How brave he is)!" exultingly exclaims he to whom the mule belongs; and thus we get on.

But the goods? I was told they were all right, and there is no danger of any one coming in the snow to steal them; and as for the damage, they could not help that: the merchants who send their goods at this season of the year must look to that.

"And how long do you let them lie there?" asked I of the head muleteer.

"Till we can go and get them," he answered.

Khalil told me that he knew goods to be buried in the snow for three weeks. This often occurs with the caravan between Beyrout and Damascus, as the roads between those two places in winter are almost impassable. This is the way things are done in the East.

We gained the top of the ridge as the sun was setting. I began to fear that we might be benighted in the snow; but Khalil told me there was no farther danger to be apprehended on that score, as what snow we might now meet in our way to the next village would be hardly worth mentioning.

"Here," he said, pointing to the ravine from which we had just escaped, "here is the danger, and I know many a man and many a mule who have met their death in this spot."

My answer was a shudder—a creeping of my flesh. I wanted no testimony to that fact; my dislocated legs were proof enough to me that, had we had anything

like bad weather in that spot, it would have been all over with us. But the mercy of God is over-abundant; yet how little do we appreciate it!

At this moment we heard a great noise ahead of us—screaming, tramping, and shouting. I imagined what it was, and found the noise came from the inhabitants of a village, who, having heard the call for help, had come *en masse* to rescue us. This is certainly very praiseworthy. As soon as they saw us, they shouted out, “*La bas alaikom ya shabab* (May no harm befall you, O braves)!” to which our muleteers responded by a similar cry, “*La yadimna mroowatkum* (May God never bereave us of your good will)!” The party that came numbered about fifty; but soon we met more, and more, and more. Village after village sent forth its quota to the rescue; and I should suppose that the number of people we met coming to our assistance must at least be *three hundred*; how many more came from the other side of the ridge I cannot tell, but perhaps as many more. Khalil told me that the custom is, that the moment the cry for help is heard in a village, the women echo it, and every able man is expected to fly to the rescue. I asked Khalil for the precise words of the cry for help, and he said, “*El mroowe ya shabab!*” which literally means, “*Your good will, O braves!*” or, in other words, “We stand in need of your good will;” which serves the purpose of “*Help! O help!*” of the West. It was now indeed a scene of excitement, as the hills echoed the cries of both parties; and pleasant was that echo, inasmuch as it bespoke “*good will.*”

But the reader may like to know how we managed to reach the top of the hill; it was thus done: the head-muleteer sent about twenty of the muleteers a-head to

break the ground; they marched in pairs, and trampled the snow; then came the camels, and were followed by the ablest horses and mules, and last of all came the donkeys, and thus it was that we were enabled to get to the top of the ridge on which we found ourselves after two hours' hard labour; otherwise I do not believe we should have been able to have made any headway. From this the reader will be able to conceive how glad we were to find ourselves in a better condition of roads, and with what enthusiasm we fell in with the spirit of the excitement just mentioned.

But this excitement was nothing compared to the one that met us at *Aiha*, a village, which we reached about eight o'clock in the evening; its inhabitants had heard our cry for help, and forthwith despatched their able hands to our rescue, who were now returning with us, thus swelling our caravan to more than double or triple its number. On reaching the above-mentioned village, we saw that the women had lighted up the houses and opened all the windows, that we might be directed by the lights, which we had seen from afar; but the best of it was, that the old men and women lined the terraces of their humble abodes, and on seeing us sent forth an exulting peal of thanksgiving, to which we responded by firing our guns and pistols. On passing under the houses, we were saluted by such shouts as the following: "*La bas alaikom ya shabab* (May no harm befall you, O braves);" "*Balna indakum* (Our mind has been with you);" or in other words, "We have been made anxious on your account;" "*Hamd Ullah ala salamétkom* (Thanks be to God for your safety)." To which we as cordially responded: "*La yadimna mroowatkom* (May God never bereave us of your goodwill);" "*La yoshgul lakm bal*

(May God never make your minds anxious);” or, “ may you never have occasion to be so;” “ *Allah yoosulimkon, wayadiem lina muhabitkom* (May God keep you safe, and preserve to us your love).” And whilst some were exchanging these compliments (and who will doubt their sincerity?) there were some women who were breaking forth into *zalagit*, a sort of peculiar tune, used by the females of Syria in times of joy, such as a marriage, or the birth of a son; and to which some of our men were responding, in loading and firing their carbines. The whole scene was one blaze within and without; our hearts were as joyous as the light which burst from every window.

Some of our muleteers belonged to this village, and consequently stopped here; whilst others were from the adjoining villages, and were going there, among whom was my servant Khalil, who wanted me to go with him to Rashaiya, where his family lived, and expressly desired me to stay in his house. I was tired, and would have preferred to have staid in this village, but his earnest and cordial invitation made me change my mind, and I agreed to go with him. We, however, were calculating without our host, for the people of Aiha would hear of no such thing; they would let none of us go.

“You are all our guests,” they said, “and *baitna baitkom* (our house is yours).”

I was exceedingly proud of my country’s hospitality, but still we persevered and were finally let off, reaching Rashaiya about nine o’clock, where I was welcomed at the house of my guide. Shortly after my arrival, the emir Ali, one of the princes of the Shehab family, hearing of my being in the village, sent his secretary to

invite me to stay with him in the palace, but I declined. And now I was housed, how glad I was to see myself by the fine blaze of a wood fire, after nearly sixteen hours' travelling! Khalil soon set my bedstead and spread my bed, and I laid myself down till supper was ready; after which I went to sleep, thanking God that He had so kindly and graciously opened my way, and brought me safely to this place.

Tuesday, 9th January, 1855.

Rashaiya is an extensive village of about four thousand inhabitants, mainly of the Greek faith, with whom Protestantism is a bye word; some of the principal men called on me this morning, from the tenor of whose conversation, I gleaned the fact that the light of the gospel has not begun to shed its gladdening beams on this place. They spoke in a derogatory manner of the Protestants of Hasbaiya, called them "*vile heretics*," and one of them angrily added, that if a Protestant was to come to Rashaiya and preach to them against the doctrines of the Greek church *they would kill him*. And so said once the people of Hasbaiya; nay, they carried their words into effect by stoning two of the native brethren of the Protestant church of Bayroot, who had come to preach to them a *crucified Saviour* through whom *alone* was the acceptance with the Father; and the fury of the Christians of Hasbaiya went so far, that the two Protestants barely escaped with their lives. Yet, the word of God has entered there, and in the incredible space of a few years a Protestant community has risen there, numbering at present nearly thirty communicants, who, assisted by the friends of Protestantism in Syria, have now completed the erection of the first native Protestant church; and have over them a native

pastor, the first native ordained in that country! May we not hope that such may still be the case with the bigoted christians of Rashaiya and elsewhere, and that the wrath of man may be overruled to the praise of God? To me such bigotry, certainly the result of the great efforts of the clergy to prop up their rotten systems, and to keep up their power over the minds of the people whom they ever wish to hold in bondage, is a sure sign of the speedy downfall of those churches. The efforts of the clergy, however, greatly resemble the sun when it is setting, and when is that luminary more glorious? when its streaks gild the horizon far and near, and yet amid this great effulgence of its glory, the sun nevertheless sets; so also, I deem, is the case with those churches who are now making great efforts to prop their surely falling cause. The more the Protestants are persecuted, the more do we see their numbers increase, and those of their persecutors decrease. Kill a Protestant? forsooth, it is the very thing to water the church and cause its growth to be the more rapid and the more sure. Surely that priest must have been very impolitic who, only two years ago, told a brother in Syria *to shoot his own brother because he became a Protestant*; but still worse was his palliation of the crime, when that brother indignantly asked his priest *if it was christian-like to kill his brother*; and to which the priest answered that "*the Pope and the Council of Trent (?) sanctioned the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, when the streets of Paris flowed with Protestant blood!*" Oh horror of horrors! Oh apology worse than the crime! and for a priest to make it! Is it strange then that the people wake up from their infatuations when their priests teach them such anti-

christian doctrines? Is it to be wondered at, that the people's eyes are beginning to be opened, and that the priest's influence over those whom they call their flock is growing "little by degrees and beautifully less?"

But some would say, *try and reform the churches of the East without making proselytes from them; teach them the truth and let them remain in their churches*; but what if those churches are so corrupted that they no longer deserve to be called christian; and what if those churches, not only did not tolerate, but *expelled* from their bosoms those who have found the truth as it is in Jesus? *What then?* Is it strange that thus expelled with anathemas and curses on them and all those who associate with them, they should organize themselves into a separate body, bearing the name of *Evangelical Christians*? What else should they do? If a father turns his son out of doors is it anything uncommon to learn that that child has sought a shelter under some other roof? Is it supposed he would sleep in the streets? What arrant folly to argue in this strain! it shows a bigotry of mind and a shallowness of comprehension, scarcely to be looked for among British divines. And to those who vaunt a great deal about the words "*Oriental churches*," the "*churches of the primitive fathers*," etc., if they think them fountains of grace, as once they may have been offsprings of christianity, they are greatly mistaken. As well may we say that Syria has stately buildings, and so it has, but they are in ruins; once they were indeed beautiful in the solidity of their structures, symmetry of their columns, and the exquisiteness of their workmanship; but now, the stones are displaced, the columns are fallen, and the workmanship defaced, and all that remains of them now is that they are splendid ruins,

for any purpose but for *goats* to herd therein. So is it also with these Oriental churches, from being the sanctuaries of the Most High, they have so degenerated that the theologian can now with difficulty wade his way through their mass of absurdities. And is it wrong to wake the people to the original beauty of the structure? What, if the priests, blinded by their all-sufficient power, will not accept the Word, is *that* a reason that it should not be preached to the layman? And when these people accept the Word, it seems not enough for them the persecutions they get at home, but it wants also, to fill the cup of their afflictions, that Protestant divines should cast insinuations on the sincerity of their motives, and, instead of thanking God for their reformation, shamelessly call them *Proselytes*. Out upon such a christianity, the tender flesh of which creeps at the word "*Proselyte*" (dear tender creatures!), and yet can see, unconcerned, the "blind lead the blind, and both fall in the ditch!"—how its votaries can "strain at a gnat," but "swallow a camel!" the simple term "*Oriental church*" has a charm for them which covers the multitude of its sins; the *name*, like "the outside of the cup and of the platter" which are clean, sounds to them so beautiful and so grand, that it redeems, in their opinion, "the extortion and excess" that are within it; the sepulchre is so whited without, that they fail to remember that within, it is "full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."

To return to our starting ground. I said, that such zealous bigotry as I have described was to me a sign of the speedy downfall of the Oriental churches in this land: the more they persecute, and the more the priests try to lord it over the consciences of the people, the

sooner will the people wake up from their infatuations, and leave their priests to the management of themselves. It has been so everywhere true Christianity has flourished. Take England, for example, and the English church. In 1850, and for some years previous, the Anglican church was every succeeding day nearing that fearful precipice which one day, sooner or later, promised to precipitate it into the arms of "*the man of sin.*" Well do we remember how the unfledged chickens of Oxford, the apostles of the nineteenth century, who, if they vaunted not the praises of the "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," yet thought a union with her—"hugging her," to use the words of one of them—would be a glorious achievement in the annals of the church! *Glorious, indeed!* perhaps, in the end, it would have appeared a LITTLE *too glorious!* Well, the pope, hearing this, thought the whole of England was in his favour, so he sent his famous bull. It is still in the remembrance of all, how high church matters ran then; but the result, far from being adverse, was favourable to the cause of true Christianity, and the looked-down-upon evangelical party carried the day. Even the Puseyites thought the bull premature, and many of them were driven back with hurricane force to the sea of evangelism, whilst the most resolute had their eyes opened to the impending danger, and since that day a more evangelical feeling has been engendered in British breasts. Who will therefore doubt that the excitement of Oxford and the bull of the pope were, in their results, of the utmost good to England?

One clergyman the author knew, and a fine fellow he was—fine in his person, fine in his deportment, and fine in his address—able as a writer—beautiful as he was eloquent

in the mode of expressing himself, and prepossessing in his *tout ensemble* ; but unfortunately he was what is termed a Puseyite; and when the pope's bull reached the shores of England, he had topped the pyramid of that deformity. On its top he stood; one foot rested on it, whilst the other was raised to make the fatal plunge. There he stood, doubting. Six foot upwards he was, a fine fellow, indeed! Many eyes looked wistfully upon him; his gown and his tassel, for he wore a college cap, were fluttering in the breeze; hearts sighed and eyes wept at the thought that *that* fine fellow was going, going; but, by the grace of God, he did *not* go. A strong breeze came—perhaps it may have been the bull, or perhaps it may have been something else—and blew him off the pyramid, not to the fearful abyss beneath, but backwards towards the sea of his own church, where (contrary to the expectations of many, who prophesied that he would soon be in the Roman Catholic church) he still is.

I did not intend to have entered upon this topic to the length I have done; but one word has brought on another, and this is my apology. I therefore crave pardon for the digression, which I trust has not been altogether devoid of interest; if so, the more earnestly is the pardon craved.

Now, then, to resume the thread of my narrative. I woke up this morning much bruised, as may be fairly expected. My head, back, and joints, all ached fearfully. I, however, got out of bed, and when ready received my visitors, and talked with them. They were all astonished at our escape. "None but the *Kafle* comes this way," they said; "you ought to have gone by the round-about road." And here Khalil received a torrent of abuse from his friends for attempting the direct road; to which

he answered, "Youth is fond of adventures." "And do you call this an adventure," said his mother, "to risk your life and that of your master? Think you that I have found you on the ground? See to it that you do not do the like again." Khalil kissed his mother's hand, and promised obedience. And here I remark, that *filial love* and *veneration for old age* are two characteristics of the Syrian. A son at the age of thirty or forty will not scruple to kiss the hand of his father whenever he meets him, whether in public or in private. I even know some young men, themselves fathers, who will neither sit down nor smoke before their parents, so great is the respect entertained for them; and, as for old age, it universally commands respect in Syria. Grey hairs are considered in high repute, since the natives swear by them.

At ten o'clock we mounted our horses, and made our way out of the village, descending into the ravine. Khalil proposed to go by an indirect road, which would take in the source of the Jordan by the way; and besides, he said, "It is the best road, though it is longer by an hour than the one along the ridge, to Hasbaiya." I decided to take the indirect road, for my recollections of the toil of the preceding day were too fresh to allow me attempting any but the best.

Best of roads!—the reader may, perhaps, dream of a level plain—good and smooth; O no! this *best of roads* was only so many descents into ravines, and so many ascents up steep ridges, where our horses had to climb like goats whilst we held fast to the manes thereof! *Best of roads*—pray who was to make them? the poor over-taxed farmer, who is abandoning his lands and migrating to the towns; or the speculators who fatten on the land?

Neither: and as for Turkey, her system of pulling down rather than building up is too well known to expect any such things at her hands! Give her the revenues and that is all she cares about. Good roads or bad roads may therefore take care of themselves. So much for any one concerning himself about them! Gladly would I have paid any tolls for good roads in Syria, but such things are not known. The system of Turkey seemed to me to be to make the most of the land, so long as she has it, without incurring the slightest cost.

We descended one ravine, and left a village on our left; and saw ahead of us, topping the shoulder of a cliff which rose perpendicularly from the ravine, another little village, like a light in a high place. This we soon, also, passed to our left, and continued our course on successive ridges. We stopped by a winter torrent where we had some luncheon; and, on mounting again, saw another herd of deer merging from the brook beneath, where they had been quenching their fiery thirst; and I was reminded of David's words, "As the *hart* panteth for the water brooks." A little before three we reached the source of the Has-bani, which the winter torrent above referred to covered, so that the spring was not visible. The *Abu Djaje*, or father of a chicken, as the winter torrent is called, swells gradually, and by the time it reaches the Has-bani, it becomes a respectable stream, looking beautiful as its waters meander between willows and mulberry trees; but I had no eye to-day to look at the beautiful or the wild, I was too anxious to reach home—not to say anything of the fatigue I felt, which most fiercely called for rest. At one time I was so knocked up that I began to doubt my reaching Hasbaiya that evening; and, indeed, had we seen any village then I do

not know but I should have stopped in it, so fatigued was I.

We now crossed the bridge that spans the Has-bani, and struck into a grove of old olive trees, under whose shade we saw some Druzes reclining; and now our road lay through a fearful craggy path to Hasbaiya; the village appeared to us as we emerged from the grove, and I thought the situation exceedingly romantic. At half-past three we were in the ravine dividing it, and the view was at once pleasant and prepossessing; first towered Hermon, in all its hoary glory, and then came the ridge above, where the Emir Saad-Ed-Dein had built him a summer residence; then came its sides which presented so many rills and cascades, tumbling and foaming into the ravine through which we were wading our way; and to complete the picture, on either side of us rose Hasbaiya, half covered by its terraces of olive groves, which encompassed it on each side from the heights above to the ravine beneath. We passed immediately under the palace, an antiquated-looking building, directly beneath which, we saw a *Wely*, dedicated to Reuben! What does it mean: I never could learn more than its existence, of which my eyes already had the evidence. A quarter before four; oh! the delightful sensation—I was at home. Permit me, gentle reader, with your usual indulgence, to drop the curtain.

* * * * *

As soon as it was known that I had reached the village, the people *en masse*, from the prince to the peasant, came to call upon me. This is a universal custom in Syria. When a family receives an absent member, though he may not be known to the people, as was the case with me, yet for the sake of the family who reside among

them, it is customary for the neighbours to come personally and congratulate them on the safe arrival of the absentee; each bringing with him a gift according to his ability; some brought a score of eggs, and others brought half a dozen fowls; one sent in a loaf of sugar; and another a parcel of coffee, and so on. This custom, however unknown in Europe, cannot but recommend itself to those who would view it in a better light; it is a pleasant, simple-hearted way of expressing their cordial feeling in welcoming the absentee; and thus the joy of his arrival is not only limited to his friends, but in a sense it becomes universal, and he seems, for the time, to be the guest of the whole place. It is, certainly, most pleasing to the heart of the wanderer. After the general run of visitors has ceased, it is customary to return the visits of these people, taking them according to their rank and station. I will now proceed to show how it took place.

First of all came the princes of the Shehab family; they were five in number. With them came a host of retainers; these generally seated themselves at the lower end of the room, or loitered at the door, whilst their masters sat with us: each of these princes had his pipe or nargeelé bearer, and as soon as they were accommodated and drank a glass of sugar and water, the latter filled the pipes and brought them in; some of the *chibooks* had large amber mouth-pieces, whilst the nargeelés were surmounted with silver; after they had smoked a short while—say, five minutes—then came the small cup of coffee; after which they retired, not extending the visit to more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Then came the sheikhs and governor of the place, who were treated in like manner. I would remark, that whenever a prince or a sheikh

called, he generally sent his messengers before him to announce his visit, so that we should not be taken by surprise. As they approached the house we generally met them at the door. After these, came the wealthy people of the place, who were followed by the poorer classes.

All came, from the prince to the peasant; and for a week the house was crowded from morning till night; it would have extended even farther, had I not told them that I expected some companions then, with whom I intended going to Jerusalem. For the whole length of this week, the house was in a constant uproar, and, as it would be naturally inferred, I had a good deal of speaking; but the reader would suppose I drank many tumblers of sherbet with my guests. No such thing; it is not the custom for the members of the house who entertain the guests to drink sherbet or coffee; they are only given to the guests. Of course, I ran in and out, and drank a glass whenever I wanted; but, with the exception of that, I had to remain quiet.

The topics of conversation were essentially the same with all parties: first of all they saluted me, and then congratulated my friends on my arrival. There are no such things as introductions in this country: every one comes in and talks with you. After the preliminary salutations, the topics of conversation generally turned on the war. It was fortunate for me that I had a number of newspapers, among which were many of the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*. The pictures in the former paper they relished exceedingly; the battle-fields of Alma and Inkermann, the ships of war, and the portraits of the various commanders, among whom they recognised Omar Pacha, who had once governed in this

country, and therefore was known. It was with no small difficulty that I could make them appreciate the trite jokes of *Punch*; but when once they understood them, they laughed immoderately. Of all things that interested them most was the newspaper system of England. I told them how every Englishman reads the papers every morning, and knows exactly how the world is going on. This fact, though it may appear commonplace to Englishmen, is a strange one when told to people whose only chance of hearing news is by rumour, and these few and far between, and often untruthful and exaggerated, or perhaps unfounded.

They were also greatly amused by the toys that I brought with me for my little nephew. It would have surprised any European to have seen how the governor of Hasbaiya was taken up with a little rabbit with small bells on its fore-feet, which, as it was drawn forwards, would start its ears up and down, causing the bells to jingle. Down on his knees went the governor, and played with it. It caused him so much merriment, that I had a good mind to give it to him to play with.

I then shewed them a fine Pictorial Bible—one of Blackie's Imperial Family Edition—which was the parting gift of some dear friends in New York. They greatly admired the binding and the gilding, and not less so the pictures within, which gave us an opportunity of explaining to them what they were meant for; and by this way we told them many a scripture narrative. We found this a very good way of preaching to Mahomedans, to which denomination all the princes belonged, and to whom the gospel of Christ was a "new way" unto salvation.

To make a long story short, these curiosities brought many people who otherwise might not have come, and to all of whom we exhibited them, and told them a great many things besides, which we hope will be of ultimate profit to them.

The fate of the numbers of the *Illustrated News* deserves to be recorded. After being seen by every man, woman, and child in the village, they were borrowed by the other villages, and now, while I write these lines, they are in a village two hours off. It may be a matter of interest to the reader to know how the natives could understand them, seeing that they did not know English. Well, the thing is thus done: to the villagers here we explained the subjects of the pictures; to those of other villages we explained them to the messenger who was to take them, and who, generally speaking, was an intelligent man, and he accordingly described them to his friends. In this way sundry numbers of the *Illustrated London News*, which not long ago left the fogs of London, are now going the round of the villages at the foot of Mount Hermon; and I am inclined to believe and affirm, that they are the first of their kind which have as yet been seen in these villages.

It is now my duty to record an incident which caused me exceeding mental anguish, and which threw a gloom over the whole of Hasbaiya, and for a fortnight continued to be the leading feature of the conversation, whether with us, or with the natives among themselves. The reader will remember, that when I left M— in Damascus he was, to all human foresight, in a fair way of joining me in this place a few days afterwards. The party did not come on Saturday as we expected, and we all attributed it to the snow, and none of us thought

anything of it. Conceive, therefore, dear reader, my surprise and anguish when, on Friday, the 19th of January, a messenger reached me from Damascus informing me of the death of my dear friend and companion. He was taken violently ill the second day after I left him, and, after a week's illness, died in the house of Dr. Paulding, at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 16th instant, a victim to typhoid fever. Poor M—! he was a good creature; generous, noble, and amiable; and the recollection of his virtues will ever preserve his memory sacred and dear to all who knew him. He was a resident of Philadelphia, U. S., a lawyer by profession, and a member of the Presbyterian church. His remains now lie buried in the Protestant cemetery at Damascus.

The same messenger brought me the news that P— had also been similarly, but not so violently attacked, and was now slowly recovering. The party then did not know what to do; but a couple of days afterwards I heard from them, by another special courier, that they intended returning to Bayroot; and thus this party, which left the place just mentioned so recently, under circumstances so favourable, was now broken up.

It was only a few days ago that I had stood with M— on the ramparts of Baalbeck, reviewing the past year, and anticipating happy events for the present one. He was then in very good health—young and strong, and in a fair way to reach the average life of mankind; a few days afterwards the fell destroyer comes, and the blossom is blighted. Such is human life, “as a tale that is told”; and the world furnishes us daily occasion to exclaim with David—“So teach us to number our days, that we apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

To his friends at home I have no other consolation to offer than what I feel most deeply myself. May God Almighty strengthen and comfort them! It must be to them, as it is to me, a great comfort to think that he died in the house of such a good and kind man as Dr. Paulding.

CHAPTER IX.

Hasbaiya—Change of my Plans—Returning Visits—The Emir, Saad-ed-Dein—His Sons—History of the Shehab Family—Condition of Mahomedan Females—Duty of English Females—The Protestants of Hasbaiya—Their History—Form of Worship, etc.—The Firman for the Protestants—Law against Mahomedan Converts—Hermon—Disadvantages of Hasbaiya—Marriages—A rainy Night.

ON first leaving Beyrout, it was my intention to have continued with my party till I had finished my tour in the Holy Land, as it would have been safer than travelling alone; and after parting with them I intended returning to Beyrout, in order to make a longer visit to my friends in that part of the country. The death of Mitchell, however, and the dispersion of the company, broke my plans; and I remained longer in Hasbaiya than I at first intended, which gave me time to return in person the visits of the friends who called upon me, and which I had intended to delegate to my brother John, in case my former plans remained uninterrupted.

We began, therefore, by calling on the princes; and in like manner as they did, we sent our messenger to announce our visit, and shortly afterwards we followed him to the palace, which has already been mentioned. It is a large, gloomy building, with an open court in it, wherein once a fountain of water was wont to play. In this place now resides the Emir, Saad-ed-Dein Shehab,

and his five sons and a married daughter, each of whom has separate apartments in the dilapidated palace. On the basement floor we were ushered into a small saloon, which was rendered dark by having all its windows shut. Here we saw the old Emir himself, whom I would take to be a man of about seventy years of age. He is somewhat tall in stature, with an unbent form, an eagle eye, and a silvery beard, which came curling down upon his breast. He sat cross-legged, but when we entered he rose up and received us graciously, a thing which the haughty prince would not condescend to do to others who entered whilst we were there. In our turn, now, we drank sherbet and coffee, and smoked nargeelés and pipes. This prince, now a wreck of his former glory, when the Shehab family had the government of the mountains, was once a great adversary to Protestantism, and did much to crush it in the bud; but it only recoiled upon himself, and he is now deprived of all power of mischief. He had just returned from an exile to Constantinople, whither he had been sent by the Pasha of Damascus, to answer for charges brought against him for having spoken disrespectfully of Queen Victoria. Since then he has felt the power of that great monarch; and he, who had abused her and her co-religionists a short time previously, was now glad to avail himself of the influence of Her Britannic Majesty's ambassador at Constantinople to get a remission of his exile, and, as before stated, he had only just returned. He filled up the time of my visit with laudations of the British Government and its ambassador at *Stamboul*, hoping therewith to make up for his former disrespect, that perchance he might regain his power again. I did nothing but smoke, listening to his tale, mentally ejaculating, as he

was exhausting the vocabulary of praises—"Old chap, you have felt the claw of the lion; it has shorn thee of thy power, and now thou wouldst make amends to regain his favour." Well, if this is any consolation to the old fellow, he is not the first prince who has learnt to heed the lion's roar.

We left him to visit his sons, taking them according to their ages. We found them pleasant and sociable people, and were they more enlightened, would do credit to their title. With two or three of them I was pre-possessed. One is blind; but he is a good fellow, and, I understand, is as talented as his mind is strong. Some of the courts before their rooms were beautifully ornamented with mosaics, and in one of them a solitary fountain was playing, the water of which, as, in fact, all that is used in the palace, is brought directly to it by means of an old aqueduct from the ridge above. The young princes were all very profuse in their condolences with me on the death of my late companion; and to do them justice, I must say that the expression of their sympathy was sincere. In no country in the world is the term *stranger*, and the Scripture command, "Vex not the stranger," so well understood and appreciated as in this.

But a word about the history of the Shehab family, which I have already promised to my readers in a former chapter. I cannot stop to speak of it at any length, but a paragraph or two will suffice to give the reader an insight into its annals.

Descended from a brother of the illustrious Khalid Ibn El Waleed, so distinguished in the early periods of the Mahomedan conquests, and styled by the "faithful" of his times, "the Sword of God," they trace their pedigree to Adnan, the supposed progenitor of the Arab

race. Their history from the Mahomedan era and downwards, is brilliant in feats of honour and incidents of feudal times; and until very lately they had the sole government of the mountainous districts where they chose their residence.

From the year A.D. 637, to the year 1190 of the same era, they had the government of the Hauran; and during that time, they not only repelled the invading Arabs, but had a considerable share in the battles of Jenadin and Jermok. In 1190, they came to Marj Ayun; and under their chief, the emir Munked, gave battle to the Franks, who had possession of the surrounding country; and soon after they drove a party of them to the castle of Hasbaiya, where they besieged them, and ultimately obliged them to capitulate. From that time until this moment, the castle, taken from the Franks, has been the place of their residence; and to this day they point out the cells and chapel of the devout crusaders, who, subsequent to their evacuation of that place, made several but ineffectual attempts to regain it. When the Mogul Tartars overran Syria, about the year 1308, the Shehab family had to take refuge in Damascus; and on the Mogul's leaving the country, they returned, and found their district ransacked and ravaged by the northern barbarians.

In 1544, owing to a family quarrel, a part of the Shehab family, removed their residence to Rashaiya, where their descendants still live. It was from this branch of the family that the Emir Bsheer was chosen by the principal men of Mount Lebanon to govern them. The Emir Ahmed, the last of the Maân family, had died, and the Shehabs were called to take their place. This occurred in the year 1731. Jealous of this exten-

sion of their sway and influence, strengthened by the almost arbitrary rule of more than one hundred and fifty years, the Turkish government removed the late Emir Bsheer, the only considerable man among them, to Constantinople, where he died. The lieutenant-governor of the northern part of Lebanon, and the local governors of Hasbaiya and Rashaiya are still, however, nominated by the government from this family. The other members still retain their titles, but their influence has gone, perhaps, for ever.

Such is the brief history of the Shehab family, which I learnt partly from one of the young princes themselves, and partly from the records, which, when I said I should like to see them, they gave me willingly.

After visiting the various princes, with all of whom we drank sherbet and coffee and smoked nargeelés, as is the custom, and which the stranger cannot decently decline; in fact before you have time to do so they are brought; and as for smoking, it is taken for granted that every one smokes, therefore they will not ask the stranger whether he will smoke or not, but whether he prefers a nargeelé or a pipe. We remained with each prince about a quarter of an hour, during which time no females appeared; indeed they are almost always closeted in their harems. Once or twice they called at our house to visit my sisters, and congratulate them on my arrival; but it was a meeting within closed doors, so I failed to see them. I understood, however, that if they did not look at my person, they had a good look at my daguerréotype likeness.

And now that I have mentioned this point, I want to add, that I can conceive nothing more degrading than the condition of Mahomedan females, and nothing more

abominable than the way they are looked upon and treated by those who constitute themselves *their lords*. It is difficult—perhaps impossible—to describe their wretchedness without wounding the feelings of the benevolent, or shocking the delicacy of the refined. But the truth must be told. The remedy can never be applied until the disease is known. The sympathy, ever anxious to relieve, cannot be felt before the misery is seen. The charity that kindles at the tale of woe can never act with adequate efficiency till it is made to see the pollution and degradation of millions of Mahomedan females now buried in the death-shades of Islamism. As I am now brought to think of it, I almost shrink at the contemplation of their *real* state, and of what they *endure*; indeed, as I briefly relate their condition, I can almost think that I see arising before my fancied vision weeping eyes, melting hearts, and bowels yearning with compassion.

The love of boys is so great in the East, that the birth of a daughter, and especially if she is the first-born, is considered an unpropitious omen, and often causes more sorrow than joy. The poor girl, therefore, is despised from the morning of her existence; and if her life is prolonged, it is only to witness the gathering cloud of darkness and misery which hangs over the whole course of her life. Regarded as inferior to man, and only to subserve to his wants and pleasures, she is looked upon as nothing better than a slave—at one time a doll, and at another a menial—unworthy the companionship of man. You cannot offer a greater insult to a Mahomedan than to inquire after the female part of his family, even were they dangerously ill. With her co-religionists, the Mahomedan female is created for obedience: at first she yields obedience to her parents, and, when married, she

submits to her husband. In Hindostan, the sacred books of the Mahomedans go farther than that; for they add the clause, that "*in old age she must be governed by her children.*" O horror of horrors! EDUCATION is thought to be too good for her; the cultivation of her mind is thought not only to be vain, but dangerous to the welfare of society. What wants she of education? "Surely," they argue, "she can sweep the house, cook the food, collect fuel, wait on her lord, and feed her children without it!" And, indeed, it is considered that when she has done this, she has accomplished the design of the Creator in her creation. Her immortal soul is utterly uncared for. When a missionary in India once told a Mahomedan, who was anxious to have schools established for boys, to establish others for the instruction of girls, the indignant reply was, "*What have we to do with them? Let them remain as they are.*" And when the missionary reminded him that females were passing into eternity ignorant of the way of salvation, and in danger of perishing for ever, he again replied, "*They do not know how to go to heaven; but they know how to go to hell, and let them go.*"

She is married—married to a man whom she has never seen, who has bargained for her, and paid her value in hard cash, as will be seen in the article on marriages. She is taken to his house, and the addition only resembles a new piece of furniture; no affection, no feeling are in it; she is one more to the number he already has, who vary from *four*, the authorised limit of the Koran, to as many more as he may please to purchase, and thus she can only say that she has a fraction of him—a *fraction of a husband!* Only hear that, ye ladies of the West! She is continually secluded and closely guarded;

she is not permitted to eat with her husband, nor mix with company even at her own house, and is never seen abroad with her husband unless on a journey. The idea of walking arm-in-arm with a gentleman is unknown to them; and when they saw Europeans do so, they thought them immodest and shameless! Whatever abuses she may suffer—among which *flogging is not the least*—none know it, and no one, therefore, can redress her wrongs. A traveller, while residing at Constantinople, says, “The body of a young woman, of surpassing beauty, was found one morning near my house. She had received two wounds, one in her side, and the other in her breast, and was not quite cold. Many came to admire her beauty, but no one could tell who she was, no woman’s face being known out of her own family. She was buried privately, and little inquiry was made for the wretch who had imbrued his hands in her blood.” Dr. Clarke tells us, that the Pasha of Acre (the Djezzar, I suppose) put to death seven of his wives at one time! The dark rolling waters of the Bosphorus, could they but speak, might tell us of many an awful deed—women sown in sacks, and thrown into its waters. And, finally, she is liable at a moment’s notice to be divorced. This, with the Mahomedan, is an easy affair: his slightest caprice is enough to break the conjugal tie; he has but to say the word, and the poor woman is turned adrift.

Such is the state of a Mahomedan female. Degraded in her condition—despised from her birth—exposed to continual persecution and insult—deprived of all that is delightful in domestic or social life—denied the blessings of education—excluded from the knowledge of God and the hopes of heaven—she is, in short, treated as a soulless being, whose highest aim should be to gratify the caprice

and obey the commands of haughty and unfeeling man. In his presence she must stand up, and keep her eyes fixed upon him, and be ready to obey all he has to command; when he speaks she must be quiet, and listen to nothing besides; when he calls, she must leave every thing else and attend on him; she must have no god but her husband; the most excellent of all good works she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion; though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard, or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god; she must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, without arguing, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet; if he laughs, she also must laugh; if he weeps, she also must weep; if he sings, she must be in ecstasy; she must never eat till her husband is satisfied; she must not think of being on familiar terms with him; she must take care not to be seen by any other person; and when she goes out in the street she must veil herself well, and not leave any part of her person exposed to the scrutiny of the curious; she must never call her husband by name, but address him as "my lord."

I want here to remind the reader, that this is the condition only of the Mahomedan females of Syria: their Christian sisters' condition, though, in the civilized view of Englishmen not a little degraded, is one of material improvement over their more degraded countrywomen. But still, both call loudly for sympathy at the hands of their more elevated sisters of the West. Let the Gospel be preached to all, and let those be protected who receive its truths, and we shall soon see a pleasing change; but this can never be, and will never take place, so long as a converted Mahomedan is punished with death for be-

coming a Christian. The first expression of sympathy, therefore, should be the weight of all-powerful England's influence to repeal this barbarous law from the judicial codes of her ally. England, of all the nations of the earth, is the one destined for this mission. Turkey can evade any other nation, by rejoinders as severe, as they may perhaps be just;—to the United States she can refer to her slave states and the intolerance of any abolition preacher there; to France, Italy, Austria, and Russia she can point to their intolerance of the Bible; but what can she say to England? Nothing. If this task is worth undertaking it must be by England's influence; and surely it is a task worthy of her Christian efforts. It is to English women, therefore, that I appeal in behalf of their sisters of the East! What avails all their tears, their anguish, or the melting of their hearts, if they will not stretch forth the hand of compassion, and raise their degraded sisters to that position in life which God has destined them to fill—the companion, and not the slave, of man? And this will never take place until *action* supercedes words. O may this soon come, and may the effort, worthy of British females, be crowned with success. It is then, and only then, that we can hope for the time—

When Syria's now degraded sons shall rise,
And learn her daughter's rights, and worth to prize;
When freedom's banner wide shall be unfurled,
Proclaiming loud to an astonished world;
On Syria's plains, and Lebanon's green heights,
Lo! freedom reigns—God and our sacred rights.

We now returned the visit of the Governor, the Emir Ahmed, Sheikh Saleem, and others who called upon me. Among these latter were our Protestant brethren, who received me kindly, and who spoke of the dealing of the

Lord with their souls. I was struck with their simple but *earnest* faith; and was no less pleased with their *entire* reliance on the Saviour *who is able to save unto the uttermost*. Some of the females looked like *real mothers in Israel*. There is a native, organised, Protestant church here, with a native, ordained, Protestant pastor. The history of this Church may not be without its interest.

About ten years, ago a large number of Hasbaiyans went to Bayroot, had several interviews with the missionaries of the American board, and declared themselves Protestants. It was soon perceived, however, that their real design was, by a change of their religion—the Greek denomination—to obtain British protection from the oppressions and exactions of their governor, the Emir Saad-ed-Dein Shehab. The missionaries took advantage of this new way of access to them, and freely instructed them in the true nature of religion. The party then returned to their mountain-home, accompanied by a number of books which the missionaries had given them. Here they declared themselves Protestants; and, soon after, they were visited either by the missionaries or by their native helpers, who continued their visits until a fierce persecution obliged them and a large number of the new Protestants to leave the place. For some time the exiles were thus thrown upon the generosity of the missionaries; but they had left their honest families and means of living, and they concluded to return. The news spread over the country; and the Greek patriarch was filled with alarm. He visited Hasbaiya, in person, and tried persuasion; but, as that seemed ineffectual, a decided step was then taken. The Pasha of Damascus was then a man entirely under the influence of Russia;

and he wrote to the governor of Hasbaiya, and ordered him to coerce the Protestants with the greatest severity to return to their Church, under the pain of death. Those who had not fled were obliged to enter a Greek church, *with some Mahomedans, to act as witnesses of this farcical recantation.*

Under these continued and unrelaxing persecutions, it became obvious, that the toleration of Protestantism, in Hasbaiya, could be obtained only by an imperial firman from Constantinople. Accordingly, one of their number repaired to the capital, and laid the case of his persecuted brethren before the Porte. Through the kind offices, and, without doubt, influence of Lord de Redcliffe, then Sir Stratford Canning—a name dear to every Protestant in Turkey—he succeeded in obtaining the important document. Since that time, no direct coercion has been attempted on the Protestants.

The Greek patriarch, an old, simple and ignorant man, gave vent to his rage, at this high-hand proceeding, in a public anathema, and ordered it to be published in all the churches. This was turned to account by the other Christian sects; and, as a matter of revenge, the governor ordered the Mahomedans, and Jews, and Druzes, to enter into the spirit of the anathema, and drop all connection, dealing, and even speaking with the accursed sect. For one year, this new way of persecution was so rigorously carried out, that the poor Protestants suffered very severely from it. Their business necessarily stopped, their friends disclaimed them, and they were often driven to the necessity of begging a secret friend (and of these Nicodemuses, Hasbaiya is still full to this day) to buy their indispensable articles of food or clothing. After the lapse of that time, however, things resumed their usual

course, and the Protestants were permitted to be free in their religious opinions.

Owing to these persecutions, the original number of Protestants dwindled to only a few, who, either from grace or principle, out-rode the storm. But as soon as they had obtained their liberty, and persecution was over, many hastened to join them. Again new expedients were devised for stemming the rolling tide of inquiry; every spring and chord were wisely touched at the right place and in the proper time, and again the work of Protestantism was checked.

This carries us to the time of the actual commencement of hostilities between Russia and Turkey. Since that time, the distractions of war, with its attendant laxity or rather nullity of government, and the dearth of the last two years, have tended very much to pre-occupy the attention of the people, and divert it from the great subject of the salvation of their souls.

We must now come to practical results. The numbers of duly registered and recognised Protestants in Hasbainya and its neighbourhood, amount to about fifty male adults, many of whom are joined by the whole of their families. Of this number, eighteen were organised on the 5th of July, 1851, into a native independent church, with its pastor and other proper officers. Since that time ten have been added to the church, making the whole number which were received to the Lord's Supper in connection with the church twenty-eight. Its present native pastor was ordained the 27th of March, 1853; but did not take the formal charge of his church until the 29th of May of the following year.

This may be said to form a fair sample of the Protestant Churches in Syria; its history may be said to be

the history of all of them; first, of all the people come to the missionaries impelled by worldly desires; they hear the Word, and become interested in it; and finally, by God's power have been truly converted and proved themselves valiant in the hour of persecution. It is not for man to know the heart, but He who knows it has given us a rule by which to know His disciples. He said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Surely to look at these simple churches, whose congregations are a few from here, and a few from there, with an abundance of faith, and an abundance of charity, the Christian is constrained to say that the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation." From being haughty, proud and persecuting, they have now become humble and persecuted: I must confess myself delighted with the exercises of the sabbath in this village; the reverential devotion to God; the attention with which they listened to the minister; their spirit of love to each other; nor shall I ever forget my last Sabbath in it, when we enjoyed a season of Holy Communion. At that time one man was received into the church, and two infants were baptised. I could tell no difference between this congregation and a New England one, except it was in the dress and language, and the earnestness of the minister.

Since this church has been formed, two schools in connection with it have been set a-going; one for the boys and the other for the girls; in both of which are to found the children of the princes, who are Mahomedan. Its members have also subscribed about five pounds sterling for the propagation of the Gospel in China, and at the time that I am writing these notes they are engaged in erecting a church edifice. The native brethren, assisted

by the missionaries, have subscribed about £200 towards its erection. It will be the first native church of the kind in Syria; and from the slopes of Hermon and vale of the Jordan will echo the tones of the first native Protestant bell that ever summoned the children of God to His holy sanctuary to engage in a pure and spiritual worship. The edifice, which is all but finished, looks very much like a New England country church. It is forty-five feet long by thirty-five wide, and has a basement story with rooms for schools, prayer-meeting, etc. It is built of neatly cut stone, and will be a substantial structure, calculated to last for ages.

I have already said, that it has a native pastor; it also has at present, one deacon and one elder; its form of government, if I understand it rightly, is pretty much congregational. The form of the service is thus: It begins with a short prayer invoking God's blessing; then a chapter is read from the Old Testament, and another from the Gospel; after which a hymn is sung, and then comes prayer again; the minister now gives out his text, and follows it up by an extemporaneous sermon of about forty minutes' length; then prays, and finally dismisses the congregation with a benediction. There are two services on the Sabbath day; a monthly concert on the first Monday of every month; a weekly Bible-class every Wednesday evening, and a lecture on every Friday evening. The pastor is also a Doctor of Medicine, which has greatly extended his influence. Modesty forbids me speaking of him as he is my brother; and therefore I will close this head by giving the reader a translation of the imperial firman given to the Protestants of this country. I must apologise for its many repetitions, but this is not my fault; I have tried to keep

as near the text as possible. The reader will observe that it is two firmans embodied into one; the former portion of it was meant for the Protestants of Constantinople; the latter is an extension to it, and meant to comprise all the Protestants in the Turkish empire. Here it is:—

“ To the honoured director of the good [*i.e.*, well ordering] of the world; the manager of the public order by his discerning mind; the finisher of the peace of mankind by his correct judgment; the possessor of the confidence of the government and the subjects; the high, the honoured, and the preserved under the protection of the Most High; the governor of the province of Damascus and its dependencies, ALI ASHGAR PASHA; may God the most High preserve his honour.

“ And to the most judicious among the judges of the Mussulmans; the chief among the believers; the mine of virtue and fidelity; possessor of the knowledge of law and religion; the inheritor of the instructions of the prophets and the apostles; the peculiarly protected of God; OUR LORD THE JUDGE of Damascus; may his virtues be increased.

“ And to the most worthy of their compeers, the MEMBERS OF THE MEDGLIS, and the principal men of the government; may their dignity be exalted.

“ On the receipt by you of this my royal instructions, be it known to you, that the body known by the name of Protestants, the subjects of my Sublime Porte; inasmuch as the patriarch and the heads of the people will not naturally attend to their affairs [*i.e.*, render them justice], and in accordance, therefore with my exalted and royal mercy which extends to all classes, and my royal unwillingness that any trouble or difficulty should

happen to any of my subjects; and as the same are a peculiar body by themselves, whose only desire is to get on in the world, and at the same time have peace and safety extended to them.

“ I, therefore, have chosen out of this body of Protestants, now formed in my sublime capital, one of their principal men, chosen by themselves; a man of respectability, and possessed of the confidence of the said body, the subjects of my sublime kingdom; and I have nominated him to be agent for this Protestant denomination, to the end that the register in which their names are enrolled, as also of their births and deaths, should be under his supervision. And all the necessary permits for marriages, passports of the way, and in the management of all their concerns, whether connected with this our high tribunal [*i.e.*, Constantinople], or anywhere else under the sublime government, should be considered and given them according to their petitions, which should bear the seal of the said agency.

“ And in the paying of their taxes, or for their passports, they should not be charged with anything more than the specified sums; and in giving them permits of marriages, or for enrolling their names in the register, nothing should be taken of them in the shape of fee or tax; and every necessary protection should be afforded them, as also every facility in the prosecution of all that concerns them—be it in their burial-grounds or their places of worship. They should be treated like all the other bodies who form the subjects of my sublime Porte; and there should be no interference in their religious principles or worldly affairs on the part of any of the other denominations; but they should be safe in the continuing steadfast in their faith, and nothing should

occur to them in the shape of molestation or trouble whatever.

“Inasmuch as complying with the above, and the carrying out of all its details, to the end that peace and safety may be granted them, is my sublime and royal wish, I had therefore given a previous order to the above effect in the month of the sacred Moharram, A.H. 1267; and had been accordingly carried out.

“Inasmuch, now, as there are other places in my preserved territory, which contain some Protestants, particular orders are sent thereto, that they likewise may have all facility in the prosecution of their affairs, spiritual and temporal; and to have agents appointed to see to their affairs, like the other sects. And in such places, where it may seem that this my imperial edict has not been properly understood, and the Protestants there have no agents to watch over their affairs; a petition has, therefore, been addressed by the agent here, as also from the heads of the said sect, resident in this our sublime metropolis, requesting that this my noble order should be published in all the necessary places: it has, therefore, pleased my sublime wish to have this fresh order struck off, and to command the compliance with its tenor already mentioned.

“To you, therefore, O Governor, already referred to; and you, our Lord; and all above-mentioned; be it known that this my imperial edict is expressly written by my royal Divan for your observance: on learning its contents, therefore, you will see that all the subjects of my sublime government, who are Protestants in your part of the country, should enjoy the same privileges as those resident in this seat of my sublime majesty (i.e. Constantinople). And should possess all their rights,

hitherto enjoyed in full; and that every care should be used by those officers who represent my sublime sultan-ship, in the furtherance of their peace and protection, the same as is afforded to any of all the other subjects of my sublime Porte.

“And further: as the said body is not connected with any other, all their petitions should, therefore, be presented, personally, to the officers of my sublime Porte, and should be looked into and considered, whether it comes from their agents or from their persons. And, as the laws of my sublime justice forbid any deception or fraud to be practised upon them on the part of any of the other sects, the subjects of my sublime Porte, you are to publish this, to the end that there should arise no occasion for complaint.

“This is my imperial order, as deposited in all my courts of justice, in order that it may be carried through. Learn it ye, therefore, and, by my imperial signature obey it.

“Dated this first of I’mad Awel, A.H. 1270.”

I have only one remark to make on this; that, whilst the Turkish government allows liberty and toleration to all who would become Protestants, and grants them her protection so far as she is able, she does not include converts from Islamism. Any of these, *by the laws of Turkey, are punishable by death.*

Come we now to a description of Hermon, whose towering summits rear themselves overhead, midway to the sky, and around whose hoary top Luna walks her

star-bespangled way, and seems to linger like a love-sick maiden,

“As if she talked with spirits of the dead,
While moving onward through the blue serene.”

Its white top, covered with perpetual snows, which descends here and there, in light streaks, has gained for it the name of *Jabel-esh-Sheikh*, or “old man’s mountain,” from its hoary resemblance to the head and beard of a venerable Sheikh. Its height is estimated to be 12,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, from its top a beautiful view of the surrounding scenery is obtained for many a mile, as far as the eye can reach. Some writers have declared it to be a rival to Mont Blanc, the king of European mountains; the high ground on which it stands, however, detracts considerably from its apparent altitude, and makes it a less imposing object than its rival. Its snow is still, as of old, carried to the neighbouring cities, and used for cooling the water. St. Jerome tells us that it was carried to Tyre and Sidon, whose inhabitants designated it the Mount of Snow. Its dew is still remarkable; and, one evening, as I was riding along its slopes, I lost my way, and did not get home till late; and when I reached my room, I found it necessary to change my clothes, even down to my boots and stockings, so wet were they with the dew of Hermon. Mount Hermon is placed in the Scriptures as the northern boundary of the Promised Land, beyond the Jordan. It belonged to Og, king of Bashan, and the Hivites dwelt “from Baal Hermon unto the entering in of Hamath.” Moses informs us that it was called Sirion by the Sidonians, and Sherir by the Amorites.

For days and days I gazed at Hermon: from my bedroom window, from the court, from the parlour, from every part of our house, Hermon was visible. On its slopes our mountain home is situated; and often did that mount form a theme of my daily meditations. As I walked or sat, Hermon was before and above me. I rode up and down its steep and craggy sides, covered by the thick foliage of olives, fig-trees, and vineyards. I could not get to its top, because it was covered with snow; but I often stretched my eyes to its hoary summit, and dwelt on visions of its past history—when its sides were peopled by the brave, the beautiful, the young and the old, the purpled tyrant and the naked slave; when from its vales were heard the festal throng, or the wailing funeral band; when Hivites and Jews, Greeks and Romans, Crusaders, Tartars, Babylonians, and Turks, moved on its slopes, or dwelt beneath its towering heights, ever and anon gazing on its hoary head, and proclaiming it the Mount of Snow. Many are the temples built on its slopes; and the mind of the antiquary, as he gazes on it, naturally goes back to the time when bands of pilgrim worshippers gathered at its base, sides, or top, and paid their homage to idols of their own making.

O had it but tongue to speak, how each stone could unfold to us matters of deep interest! Could we but call one lingering spirit from its sepulchral resting-place, charged to declare its history, what events of interest would he not tell us? How kingdoms on its slopes and base have risen, flourished, and decayed; of the clang of arms, the shout of war, and the rush of furious chariots, which resounded on its slopes, and echoed from amid its vales; or the wails of woe which rose on the breeze as one dipped his hand in the blood of another.

Say, Hermon, and hast thou gazed on all this? Hast thou heard the war-cry, and been profaned with idol-worship? Ah! the tale is but too true. Yet thou hast also looked upon a sight far different and truly glorious. Thy Creator, He that framed thee, and made thy majestic pile a wonder unto many, He has honoured thy base, perhaps thy slopes, and not unlikely thy top, with His holy presence. The Prince of peace has been in thy vicinity, and wrought miracles there. Thou lookest on the spots where He trod and prayed; and the lake of Genesareth, on which he sailed, seems but in thy shade. Thou didst hear His sermons, and saw how He fed the five thousand on five loaves and two fishes, and well mayest thou wonder at their stiff-neckedness in not receiving Him as the true Messiah, the Promised One of Israel. Thou didst look on His brow; say, did not calm and holy dignity sit there? Thou sawest His eye; say, did it not beam with love and peace to man? Yes; He, the Just, came to suffer for the guilty. Despised and accursed He was by those who were His own; and yet, O glorious tidings, the best in thine annals, He is now blest and adored by those who live in thy vales, and from thy slopes the morning psalm of praise is now offered to Him.

Heardst thou it not? Thou shalt soon hear the tones of the first bell which shall call thy people together to worship Him, the only Living One. Look from thy mighty top, and rejoice; His word, the word of that despised King of Israel, has become the "power of God" unto the salvation of those who now people thee. Hark! now the glad tidings of peace are published on thy slopes! and on thy hills, where once the temples for the worship of idols rose, behold the church of God now rears its head. Thy wondering people now listen

to a tale of deepest love. Within its walls they now learn how He who died for guilty man now sits enthroned to bless a suffering world, and has a name above all other names—though once despised, yet now the most revered. Happy change, from the worship of idols to the worship of the True one! Now, indeed, mayest thou exalt thy hoary head, and exclaim with Simeon of old, “Now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”

But turn we to other matters. I have already said that Hasbaiya is romantically situated: it has, however, its disadvantages; in the first place, I cannot see the use of one keeping a horse in it, since it has no pleasant rides: it is all climbing work—a neck-or-nothing-scramble—and you must keep strong hold on the mane of your horse, if you do not wish to see your saddle and yourself slipping off. During my stay at Hasbaiya I had half a dozen rides, but I cannot say that I enjoyed them: the view from the hills above, is beautiful, and may perhaps repay you for climbing up there. I also took several walks, but they were short ones, for torrents of water meet your perplexed steps every where. In summer, it is considered unhealthy. But another disadvantage which greatly militates against it, in my opinion, is the absence of any post-office in it—in Turkey, except in the cities, there is no such thing as a mail; and people resident anywhere out of large cities depend upon the muleteers, or special messengers, for their letters. A messenger to Bayroot or Damascus generally cost me about seven shillings sterling—sometimes it cost me more, depending altogether on the condition of the roads. The time which a messenger generally occupies in going to Bayroot and back, a distance altogether (to and fro) of about

eighty or ninety miles, was five days in fine weather—the muleteers generally take ten days to perform the trip. Oh, what a luxury it was when the messenger arrived with letters and papers! How we gathered around him, and devoured the news more than read them.

During my stay in Hasbaiya, there occurred two marriages, and, as it will be in keeping with this chapter of rambling heads, I will conclude it by giving the reader an account of this interesting ceremony as performed in the East—the life and excitement of such a scene I must pass over, as no pen can convey an idea to the reader of the method in which these bridal festivities are carried on. Now to begin:—

Marriage in the East is considered the most brilliant era in a man's life—an event to which a young man looks forward, with no small share of impatience, as upon it he builds his hopes of *limited* happiness, so much so, that the heartiest congratulations you can offer a young man, or the warmest manner of returning him thanks for any favour or kindness conferred by him, is to wish him a speedy marriage. *Inshalla nifrah minnak!* We hope to be made glad by you, that is, get you married! is a congratulation always on the lips of an Arab. In thanking parents who may have sons, the heartiest manner of expressing your sentiments is to wish them the happiness of seeing their sons married. No compliments are paid to the daughters—they being considered inferior to the sons; so much so, that the cold return for any kindness rendered by a young lady, is to wish her *the happiness of seeing her brothers married*, or, if she has not these, any of her unmarried male relatives, while of her, it is considered improper to take any notice. I

would remark, before I go any further, that this and other customs of the like are falling rapidly in the towns and cities of Syria, and especially where European and missionary influence has been brought to tell on the people.

The ceremony of the wedding generally lasts three or four days, viz., from Thursday afternoon till Monday morning. Formerly, it lasted a fortnight or more, during which time the bridegroom and his father-in-law used to send the bridal sweetmeats to their friends. Now, the bridegroom's friends come to his house, and spin out the time with him. In the interval the greatest sumptuousness and luxury is displayed by all parties—it is an expected thing, and so much is it so that men and women—but mostly the latter—deck themselves in fine clothing and jewellery, which in many cases are only borrowed for the occasion. Much like this, seems to have been the custom in olden times; and in our Saviour's parable of the marriage of the king's son, we see He puts great stress on this fact, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?"

To these marriages, hundreds of males and females are invited; but as they have different rooms for their reception both can easily enjoy the ceremony without mixing with each other. Many houses have two doors for the different sexes, so that the ladies coming in from the streets, enveloped in their white *eizar*, or covering which wraps them from head to foot, cannot be seen by the men. The veil, which the women wear over the face, is a Swiss handkerchief made for the purpose, and which is transparent enough to allow them to see through it, but, in return, they cannot be seen. Something of the kind seems also to have been worn by the women in olden

times, as we hear of Rebecca veiling herself when she saw Isaac, and so much did it conceal the face that Judah could not recognize Tamar. The custom, therefore, of using the veil, which, however obnoxious to some, is no Eastern novelty, seems to have been quite familiar to the patriarchs of old; and I am inclined to go one step further, and say that, considering the little change which has occurred in the customs of the people since the days when Rebecca was brought a bride to Isaac, that the veils of those days, whether outdoor or indoor, resemble much those now in use.

At these festivities, everybody shouts and chatters confusedly. Whilst a band of country musicians is entertaining the men with its discordant tones, the women are keeping up the *viva voce* by a chorus of shrill cries peculiar to the occasion, and which they call *zalagit*—a cry so strange, that it takes the powerful lungs of a woman to give vent to it. I am sure I can't, though I have often tried to imitate them. During this interval of astonishing excitement, your eyes will rest on a few advanced-looking men who are carrying trays in their hands, containing refreshments in the shape of wine, preserves, and sweetmeats. They are a grave-looking set, and are called the "Stewards of the Feast," and are generally the relations of the bridegroom. These go round and press on the guests not to spare the luxurious repast, repeating at the same time an Arab proverb which says, "*The more you eat, and the more you drink, the more you show your love to the bridegroom.*" They leave no room for refusal, and enough as you may have ate, you must still take something, otherwise your attachment to the lord of the feast will be doubted. One goes, and another follows, and so on, till the old man appears before you himself again, and crams something down your throat.

One more preliminary, and I come to the point. If the pair be not of the same sect of Christians, there is trouble, and it often stands in the way of the marriage being ever fulfilled. For instance, a pair of the two orders of Roman Catholics, viz., Maronites and Greek Catholics, both of whom admit the supremacy of the Pope, cannot be united without a license from both bishops; but a Greek orthodox cannot marry either of the above. There is great animosity existing between these two churches; and marriages between them are generally avoided, especially in Mount Lebanon, where the clan rivalry still exists.

Marriages in the East are arranged between the parents in behalf of their children; in nine cases out of ten, the parties to be joined have never seen each other, and know nothing about the arrangements when made. A mother seeing a girl, to whom she would like to marry her son, mentions her to him, and sends her husband to make the preliminary arrangements, which being done, a betrothal ensues. On betrothing, the young man, or rather his father, sends jewels and stuffs as a sign of the betrothal. This is done through a priest. If the young man wishes to break the engagement he can do so, but loses the presents. If the lady breaks the engagement, she returns the present two-fold. Should the interested parties ever by chance see each other in their life-time, they must not do so after they are betrothed—it is considered a sin. This custom is fast falling off among the Christians of Syria; not so, however, among the chiefs of Mount Lebanon, by whom it is rigidly maintained; as also by the Mahomedans in general. With the latter, it is so much in force that even the bridegroom's father, old as he may be, is not allowed to see the betrothed of

his son. A divorce with the Mahomedans is a very easy thing; the slightest caprice of the husband is sufficient. Their wedding presents curious peculiarities; not a few of which are very revolting. The suitor and the parents of the girl, in the presence of the *cadi* and the *Mufdi* (the only two Mahomedan magistrates) make the bargain. The suitor is obliged to pay the sum agreed upon, which is called the *cash-value* of the wife, on account of its being paid in advance, and which serves for her maintenance when divorced. As soon as the word "divorce" is pronounced by the husband, she ceases to be his wife, and must immediately veil her face from him, as she would do towards any other stranger. If she is pregnant, she must be delivered at her father's house; the child when two years old is returned to the father. A Turk is allowed to have four wives by the laws of the Koran, but he can buy as many more as he can afford; in fact, every Mahomedan has a harem on a small scale. He can divorce his wife three times, and re-marry her again; but he cannot do so after the third time, unless she be married to, and repudiated by another husband; a transaction so ignominious, which it is needless to aggravate by supposing that the first husband must see her enjoyed by a second almost before his face. This is the law of the Koran; and history tells us that the sultan Bajazet sent the following message to Timour, the Tartar: "If I fly from my arms, may my wives be thrice divorced from my bed; but if thou hast not courage to meet me in the field, mayest thou again receive thy wives after they have thrice endured the embraces of a stranger."

But let us return to the wedding. Early in the week the female relatives of the bride go and invite their female friends to assist at the ceremony; and in so doing,

present them with a candle, a waxen taper, and a packet of *Henna*; a sort of powder with which the females in the East dye their hands and feet; and on the following Friday they accompany the bride to the bath. On their return home, she is dressed like a doll; they then dye her hands and feet with *Henna*; besmear her eyelashes with *Kohl*—a powder which gives brilliancy, effect and expression to the eyes; and seat her cross-legged on a raised cushion. In this awkward position, with her eyes closed; a gauze thrown over her face, and her hands crossed on her breast, she sits during all the ceremony. Once in the course of an evening she is placed on a pair of pattens about ten inches high, and supported by two of her relations she makes a slight inclination towards a dance. She then is seated as before, and the ladies take their turn at dancing. I would here remark, that in Syria women never dance before the men—it is considered highly improper and sinful.

The ceremony of the hymeneal altar is generally performed at night; consequently, on the Sunday evening of the wedding, the bridegroom sends about fifteen of his nearest relations, and the most respectable of his guests, to accompany the bride to the church. On arriving at her father's house, they demand her in a formal manner, and then sit down and smoke a *nargeelé* while she is prepared. The bride, in going to the church, is accompanied by as many women as the bridegroom sent men. Before leaving the house, a call is made upon the father to bless his daughter. If the church is far from the house, the bridal party are mounted on horseback; otherwise they go on foot, which is the most fashionable mode. In a great many cases, the ceremony of the hymeneal altar is solemnized at the bridegroom's house, to which

the clergy have no objection. Whilst the procession is passing in the streets, the neighbours open their windows, and sprinkle the party with rose-water. Presents are distributed among the lower orders, such as coffee-shop owners, guards, policemen, etc., who, in expectation of the present, come forth and assist in rending the air with their vociferations. It would be impossible to describe the excitement attendant on a bridal party passing the streets—noise from above, and noise from beneath, noise from before, and noise from behind, added to the light of the many tapers carried by the people, as also those beaming from the windows, and the effect in a narrow street becomes grand. The procession never passes before a bath, nor returns by any of the streets through which they passed in going to the church, it being considered a bad omen. A Mahomedan wedding, if anything, is more noisy, and is preceded by drums, fifes, and sword-players. When the ceremony is performed the married couple do not return together; some of the friends of each take them to the house by different routes, after having made them parade every street in the city but those through which they had already passed. On the return of the party to the bridegroom's house, the sexes are ushered into different apartments. Late in the evening, or rather early the next morning, the bridegroom, accompanied by his father and father-in-law, or in the absence of these, by two friends, enters the saloon of the ladies, all of whom at once veil themselves. The bride is now mounted on a pair of pattens, and made to approach her husband. A gauze is over her face. Trembling she approaches him, and he, with no small share of anxiety, lifts the veil from over her countenance, and for the first time, perhaps, in his lifetime, looks on

the bride of his bosom. He then gives her his hand, which she kisses, in token of submission to her future lord.

The ceremony is now supposed to be ended. The bridegroom remains at home a couple of days, receiving visits and congratulations; and on the day following, Thursday, goes with his father to his father-in-law's house, where all his guests assemble to meet him, and in their presence he kisses the hand of his father-in-law, and invites the whole assembly to his house on the following Sunday. In the evening he goes to the ladies' saloon, and there, in the presence of her female guests, he kisses the hand of his mother-in-law, and thanks her for her daughter, and invites her and her friends to honour his house on the Monday following. A fortnight afterwards the bride returns the visits of the ladies, beginning with her mother.

I have already remarked, in a former chapter, that the females of Mount Lebanon wear a horn, as a sign that they are married. In Aleppo, the veil is taken off a woman's face by a naked sword. In other places, the bridegroom stands in a lofty place, and removes the veil as the bride passes under his arm. All this is to denote that the woman is considered an inferior; and the man takes no pains to hide it from her; but, on the contrary, shows his absolute authority, and that henceforth she must obey and have no will but his. The intelligent reader will perceive how much resemblance there is between the marriages of the present day in Syria and those of olden times, and how likely it may be that at such a process our Saviour was once present.

During my stay at Hasbaiya I made a visit to the sources of the Jordan; but a narrative of this I will

reserve to the next chapter. Meanwhile, I will close this with a short description of a scene which I witnessed at Hasbaiya a few nights before I left it.

I have already mentioned that the houses of the mountains are made of mud, and, consequently, are not waterproof. This was one night beautifully illustrated. It had not rained for some days; a fierce sun had made many seams in the terraces; and one night, about ten o'clock, it began to rain very hard, and the houses began to leak. The people took their lanterns and went to the top of the house, and began to roll the *Mahdlé*, which has already been referred to. The sight was singularly grand—a thousand lights were going to and fro, crossing each other in all directions; the night was dark; and this increased the effect. It seemed as if the whole village was moving. My poor room, too, shared the same fate; but after the servant had been a few minutes on the terrace, rolling the *Mahdlé*, it soon ceased to leak, and did not disturb me any more.

CHAPTER X.

THE SOURCES OF THE JORDAN.

Tuesday, 6th February, 1855—Leaving Hasbaiya—A Craggy Defile—The Source of the Hasbani—Wells of Bitumen—A Fair—A View—Watchmen and Sheds—A Poor Druze—A Syrian's Ideas of an Appeal—Luncheon—Pic-nics in Syria—Sites for the Same—Castle of Banias—Ruins—Banias—Sheikh's House—His Hospitality—Story of the Property—Syrian Hospitality—The History of Banias—The Fleas—The Source of the Baniasi—Herod's Temple in honour of Augustus—Gates and Walls—A Ride to the Castle—The Towers—Went to Dan—The Source of the Leddan—A Luncheon—The Houlé—The Jordan—Abel Beth Maachah—Rashaiya—Protestants—Party and Prayers—School—A Desire for Education—Potteries—A Ride to Hebbarea—The Temple—A Russian Coin—Return to Hasbaiya.

THE sources of the Jordan have excited much interest, especially of late, since the expedition sent out by the United States of America, under Lieutenant Lynch, whose investigations were given out to the world in a book on the subject. Josephus tells us, that the river Banias is the source of the Jordan; whilst others give us to understand that the latter has its origin in the Leddan, under the hill Dan, or the Hasbani, immediately under the craggy clefts of Hasbaiya. There can, however, be no doubt remaining, that these three rivers which fall

into the Huleh, or the waters of Merom, conjointly form different sources of the Jordan.

Under this impression, accompanied by my brother John, I went to visit them. We left Hasbaiya at about nine o'clock on Tuesday morning the 6th of February; and after half an hour's toil in the craggy defile of Hasbaiya we reached the bridge which spans the Hasbani, immediately above which, and not much more than a hundred yards from it, is the source of the river. At present, the source is covered by the waters of the Abu Djaijé, a winter torrent, which flows from the sides of the Anti-Libanus. In summer it is dry, and the source of the Hasbani is then visible. It issues from under a rock, and forms a beautiful pool of goodly water. This is the northernmost source of the Jordan, and is, therefore, interesting, from the fact, that the river in whose waters the Saviour of mankind was baptized, had its rise under this rock.

We now ascended a ridge immediately west, and in about a quarter of an hour reached sundry wells of bitumen. Here we saw tents, and men at work drawing out buckets of this mineral ingredient. Further on, we reached the little village of Kawkaba, from which we descended in a southerly direction to the plains beneath, where we saw a fair held. A crowd of about five or six thousand were here, gathered from the various villages around. Here was a man selling a few yards of calicoes; next to him was a man selling gunpowder; a third was roasting small bits of meat on an iron pin, which he kept turning near the fire, and when done, rattled it all down on a large cake of bread, before his customers, two or three of whom sat down and enjoyed the repast; and further on, sat an old man exchanging

nails for oranges. Lower down was another row of men selling oil, which they had in large skins; and not far from them was a man shoeing horses. The fair was well supplied with all the necessary elements for a mountain home. It is held daily in different parts of the country; and in this place particularly, it occurs once every other Tuesday. The villages patronise these fairs, and hence you are always sure to see a crowd, and an equal share of excitement wherever and whenever these fairs are held. A mass of men and women kept moving all round, making their purchases, or bargaining for an exchange; and to this medley concourse, an appendix of horses, mules, and donkeys, grazed around the fair grounds.

This fair is called "*Sook el Khan*," or the fair of the inn, from an old inn which once stood here, but is now in ruins. The Hasbani rushes rapidly by the swell of land where the fair is held, which, added to the groves of olive-trees abounding here, enliven a picture already beautiful. We remained here upwards of a hour, gazing on the scene before us, now and then engaging in conversation with the people whom we found to be exceedingly simple. The Sheikh Selim of Hasbaiya, with a host of retainers on horseback, made a visit to the fair while we were there, and then proceeded to the mountains to hunt deer and wild boar, which, as has been already stated, greatly abound here. He had with him a lot of fine greyhounds.

Here we were joined by one of the Protestant community of Hasbaiya, who promised to accompany us as far as Baniyas, of which we were very glad. Precisely at twelve o'clock we left the fair grounds, and after crossing a bridge again spanning the Hasbani, which is here

swelled by another mountain torrent falling from the clefts of the hills above, we began the ascent of a ridge which gradually rose up till it opened to us a most beautiful view. High on our left towered Hermon, venerable in its hoary majesty. Rashaiya and Kefr Hamam, two villages, lay on its bosom, as an infant on its mother's breast. On our right rose up a succession of hills and ridges graced by many a village, whilst before us lay a ravine which gradually opened till it showed us the plains and waters of the Huleh, walled up as it were by high mountains on each side, whilst at its extremity a gorge was seen, through which the waters straggled till emptied in the sea of Tiberias, parts of which we could see from where we were; a scene of cultivation met the eye, and rendered the picture more beautiful. High amid crags and rocks rose endless terraces of green patches. Even to the edge of the road was it cultivated—the wheat was at this time about eight inches high, and as the wind waved over it, the effect of the picture, combined with the grandeur of the scenery around was sublime. Watchmen, called "*Natoor*," were placed here and there in order not to let animals stray into the fields. One man's cow entered in at the edge, and the *natoor* came down upon the owner—a poor old Druze, and would have taken his *Abba* from him, as a compensation to the owners of the field, were it not for our intervention. These watchmen are to be met with all over Syria—they generally have a large portion of land appropriated to their inspection, and on which they get a certain allowance. Sometimes they may be seen moving about the fields, but generally they have a shed on the top of a hill from which they look down on the fields below. These sheds remind one of the booth

which Jonah made for himself on the east side of the city of Nineveh, and sat him under its shadow that he might see what would become of the city. They are generally made of the branches of trees. Here the watchmen sit under their shadows and look down on the gardens and fields entrusted to their care. Their badge of office is a large cane which they are empowered to use at discretion. As soon as the poor Druze, whose *abba* had been taken by the *natoor*, for the trespass of the ox, saw us: he ran to us, and conjured us to interfere in his behalf. This is never done in vain in Syria: deaf must be the ear, and cold must be the heart which would not respond to such a call; hence, we stopped, and would not proceed till we finally succeeded in restoring the *abba* to its poor owner.

At two o'clock we stopped by a rapid mountain stream where we had a hearty luncheon; our horses in the meantime were let loose to graze on the grass which grew luxuriantly on the banks of this rivulet. It was a glorious luncheon; and this leads me to say that there is hardly any place in the world which affords better pic-nic sites than Syria; or where they can be better enjoyed. The balmy air, and bracing breezes; the luxuriant groves, through which the gentle winds ever rustle, and on whose boughs linger many a bird; whose sweet singing charms the ear; and the murmuring brook either sweeps gracefully along, or madly leaps among rocks, forming many a cascade; all alike contribute to make a keen appetite, and give a zest and pleasure to eating unknown anywhere—at least, this is my experience, and so I write. Let it not be supposed that I am making a better picture of Syria than it really deserves; indeed, I do not; for write as I will, I cannot exaggerate

a picture rendered glorious by being chosen by Almighty God as a gift to His own people. Upon this fact I fall for the veracity of my statements. Blighted as Syria now is, and accursed as it may be, it has still enough wherewith to attest to its former beauty, and what it may still be when the curse of God shall have been taken off the land; when the "wastes shall be builded, and the desolate lands shall be tilled;" when the land that is now "desolate shall become like the garden of Eden, and the waste, and desolate, and ruined cities shall become fenced and inhabited." When the reader pauses, to think that the Great Jehovah, in whose "hand are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also," chose this country, *par excellence*, over all the other portions of His creation, surely he will admit, that God's taste in choosing a piece of ground to give as a gift to His servant Abraham, and his seed after him, is of itself an ample testimony for the beauty and fruitfulness of this land. It is true, Syria possesses no madly leaping Niagara, or broad sweeping Mississippi; neither has it the succession of lochs which render Scotland charming; but it has other scenery, which in their way are equally as beautiful, as charming, as sweet, or as lovely as any that are to be found anywhere else in the world. It is God's own choice—the gift of the Almighty; where He who was God and man was pleased to be born in the flesh, and where He trod, sailed and dwelt.

Here we remained an hour, and then rode on for another hour, when we came to another beautiful piece of ground, where we saw a spring bubbling from under a fig-tree. This was another temptation; and here again we alighted for about half an hour or more, and then mounting our horses, we made the best of our way to-

wards Banias. At five o'clock, we came in view of the castle above the village, topping a conical peak, which I should suppose rises from twelve to fifteen hundred feet from the ground, if not more. Simultaneously with this first view we found ourselves amid a heap of stones which lay scattered about in the fields. Here and there, we came upon a column or pedestal, shewing, evidently, that these are the ruins of either Cæsarea Philippi, or some adjacent suburb. The appearance of the stones, lying about like the lava of a volcano, seem to suggest the idea that some great convulsion took place here—perhaps of an earthquake—which shook the very foundations, and scattered the stones in all directions. Our road then turned to the right, and led us through a long wood of old oaks. It was in this neighbourhood that the Saviour asked His disciples, “Whom do men say that I am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some Elias; and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered, Thou art the Christ; the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon-Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven.” And it was in this vicinity that Christ uttered these memorable words: “For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul.”

It was getting dusky when we left a grove of old olives on our left, and crossed the river Banias by a small bridge, under which the water was madly rushing, and then immediately fell into three or four cascades on the right. We gazed at them but for a moment, enough

to give our horses time to drink, and then passed on through the dirty village which bears its name, and alighted at the house of the sheikh, with whom my brother was acquainted, he having some two years ago attended him as physician during a severe illness. It would be superfluous to say that we were therefore heartily welcome, and the best of everything was placed at our service. A supper was at once prepared for us, which, when ready, we partook of. The honey and molasses were good, and better than the rice, which was not so well cooked as it generally is: we enjoyed the *lebban*, a kind of curdled milk. On the whole, we fared well, and were pleased with the hospitality; in the meantime our horses were cared for.

The sheikh's house was composed of three or four upper chambers, built on the fragment of an old ruin. The room assigned to our use was the best in the house, and, were it not for the fleas which disturbed our night's slumbers, I am inclined to give it the preference over other lodgings to be met with, in these parts of the mountains—but they annoyed us terribly, and next morning, when I awoke, my body was spotted red, all over. There is a saying in this country, that “the king of the fleas holds his court in Baniyas:” I am prepared, from experience, to bear ample testimony to the fact. The sheikh, who is a middle-aged man, took supper with us, and then chatted on politics, as *Jonathan would say*. Our topics were, however, more in relation to the times; the question of the war engrossed almost all the evening. At ten o'clock, after having ordered beds for us, he retired, leaving us to make the best of the night.

On our arrival, I saw a host of horses in the court below, as also many men, both in the rooms above and

beneath; and I naturally asked if these men were his retainers? My brother told me that they were guests, and that if I stayed here any length of time, I should see the house full every evening. I was beginning to applaud such unheard-of hospitality, when I was told that this liberality was the result of a bequest of one of the great-grandmothers of the sheikh. She bequeathed her property to the family on condition that they would keep an open house for every stranger; and hence now all who pass through Banias come and take up their abode at the house of the sheikh, who provides for them and their horses. The property, it is said, gives an income of about five hundred pounds sterling; but, of course, I do not place much reliance on this statement; it may be so, or it may be more or less.

The story of how this property came to the family is no less interesting. It is said, that as one of the governors of Damascus was passing through the village with a host of retainers, he was stopped by a woman, who begged that he would honour the village by stopping over night in her house. He declined, on account of the number of his officers and guards; but she said that she was prepared for them all, and the governor was at last persuaded to stop. The story goes on to say, that he was so pleased with the entertainment, that he gave her a great amount of land: this she at once placed under cultivation, and on her death-bed bequeathed it to the family, on condition that they should always keep an open house for every stranger who visits Banias and chooses to come to them. Well done for a Syrian woman!

I am thus led to speak of Syrian hospitality; it is too far famed to require any testimonial from my pen. As in the days of Abraham, so it is in this day; and a

stranger in Syria can never lack a lodging or a supper; he has only to go to the first house and make himself known as a stranger, and an Oriental hospitality awaits him. Great deference is paid to strangers, and much stress is put on the words of the Scriptures, "Vex not the stranger that sojourneth within thy gates." The European or American traveller will always find a welcome at the house of his consul, or at the sheikh of the village; a native generally goes to the house of some one he knows. Besides these, there is in almost every village in Syria, a house called the *manzool*, a sort of Stranger's Home, supported by the inhabitants. On entering a house, if a native, he at once washes his feet, and then proceeds to the sitting room, where sherbet, coffee, and pipes await him; if a European, he washes his hands. This at once will remind the reader how Abraham received his three guests, and washed their feet. It is still the custom, as in the days of yore, to press upon the stranger to accept the hospitalities of your house; the custom for a stranger's sojourn is generally three days, but it is not enforced, the traveller can stay as long as he pleases; he will, of course, use his good sense in not obtruding too long upon the hospitalities of the people, who will press upon him to lengthen his sojourn with them. For this hospitality nothing is asked, but a present is generally given to the servants on leaving.

Banias is the ancient Cæsarea Philippi; its original name, however, seems to be Paneas—a name, perhaps, given to it by the Phœnicians, who here erected temples to the god *Pan*, as is shown from the inscriptions still existing. Philip, the Tetrarch, however, on enlarging and beautifying it, changed its name to Cæsarea, in honour of the Emperor Tiberius, adding the cognomen of Philippi to distinguish it from Cæsarea of Palestine.

Herod the Great also bestowed upon it great attention, in further extending and embellishing it; and here, in honour to his imperial patron, Augustus, he erected on the ground of Zenodorus, a most glorious temple of white marble; Josephus says that it was “near the cave that they called Panias, which is at the bottom of a mountain, famous for being the source of the river Jordan. The cavern is prodigiously deep, and springs of water in it perpetually bubbling; and the mountain above is as eminent for a pleasant prospect, but more remarkable still for this temple of Cæsar’s than for all the rest.” In compliment to the Emperor Nero, its name was changed by Agrippa to Neronias. Titus, after overthrowing Jerusalem, exhibited some public games here, in which the Jewish prisoners were compelled to fight as gladiators; and numbers perished in the inhuman contests. It was near this city, as already stated, that our Saviour drew from His disciples their express acknowledgement of Him as the Messiah, and His transfiguration took place on one of the mountains in this vicinity. In 1129 it was possessed by the Crusaders; the city and castle were given as a fief to the knight, Rayner Brus, but in 1132, when he was absent, it was taken by the Sultan Ismail of Damascus. It was, however, again captured by the Franks, aided by the Damascenes, and in 1139 the temporal control was restored to the knight, Rayner Brus, and the city made a Latin bishopric under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Tyre. Such is its past history—its present tale will be told in a few words. It is a dirty, mean, and wretched place, hardly numbering more than one hundred and fifty inhabitants; and of its ancient splendour nothing remains but its name, which is still Banias, the Arabic corruption of Paneas.

Wednesday, 7th February.

Thanks to the merciless fury of the Baniās fleas, we were up betimes this morning, and sallying forth, proceeded to visit the source of the *Baniās* (the river). It is not far from the Sheikh's house, and accords with the description given of it by Josephus, as being at the bottom of a mountain. The stream issues boldly from under the rocks, and tumbles down the ravine. Directly above the spring niches have been cut in the face of the perpendicular rock, doubtless meant to receive statues. We also saw some inscriptions, all of which purported the dedication to the god Pan. We waded our way through folds for goats, and stopped for a moment before the great cavern mentioned by Josephus. It had a little water in it, but the main spring was immediately under it. Immediately above this cavern, a little to the left, is a Mahomedan wely, dedicated to the *Khodr* (the prophet Elijah). We ascended to it, and were repaid by seeing a marble column, as also a marble cornice, which I suppose belonged once to the famous temple built by Herod in honour of his patron. On the lawn, to the left of it, I imagine must have been the site of that temple, as in one of the hedges I saw a curious piece of carved masonry. We then descended to the village by a grove of olives. Here in this grove, thirteen years ago, whilst on a visit to this place, in the company of some English friends, we encamped for two days, during which time we visited the lake Phiala, mentioned by Josephus, and deemed by him as the true source of the Jordan. It is about a couple of hours' ride, bearing east from Baniās, and is called by the natives *Briket-Ran*. It is a small circular basin of water, about a mile in circumference, and said to abound in leeches. I am not, however, in-

clined to believe that it has anything to do with the waters of the Banias, though Josephus asserts that the Tetrarch Philip cast some chaff into it, and it came out at the cavern of Panias.

We now proceeded to visit the castle on the top of the mountain: accompanied by a guide, we made our way out of the village. Here we saw the remains of ancient walls, towers, and trenches, all of which prove their Roman masonry. Our road then lay first through a small grove of olives, and then directly up the mountain. It was a most fatiguing ride, and took us upwards of an hour to reach the fortifications above. Immediately under the castle we saw a large cistern, which reminded me of Solomon's pools in the vicinity of Bethlehem. We were now under the walls of the castle, and could see the Roman and Saracenic structures: the one bevelled and beautifully cut; and the other, plain masonry of an inferior kind. On the walls we saw shepherds looking down on us; and I could not help thinking of the time when these same walls were lined with warriors. We entered the fort by the gate at its south-western extremity. Here we saw the grooves for the letting down of the portcullis, and also the holes in the wall, by which it was barred.

And now for the building. Its position, lengthways, is east and west, and flanked with towers two stories high. We entered the basement of one on the south side, and were struck with its strength and beauty. We saw six port-holes for arrows. The admittance to the second story is by a double-sided staircase on the outside. The upper story seems to be a second edition of the basement below. The view from the top of one of these towers is beautiful, and claims a passing notice. All

around the scenery is grand, wild, and romantic; high mountains rise on each side, locking the plains of the Huleh, which lie stretched at our feet, and whose green pasture lands are beautifully intersected with rivulets. The site of the castle is certainly well chosen, being on the top of a conical hill, commanding the city of Paneas and the adjacent villages. The walls of the fortress are ten feet thick. The exciting times which it must have seen, when warriors clad in mail trod its towers, is strangely contrasted with its present desolation. It shares the same fate as all other ruined fortresses in the Turkish empire, viz., converted into a fold for cattle. Here we saw a host of peasantry tending their flocks; hundreds of goats we saw in the fort, and as many more were outside grazing on the slopes.

At eleven o'clock we returned to Banias. During the preceding evening, we were told of a small ruin about an hour and a half's ride, s.s. w., from Banias, called "*Sayed Yahuda*," and to which we had intended to go, returning to Banias in the evening, but the fleas of the past night proved a formidable objection in the way of the undertaking, and we determined to miss seeing *Sayed Yahuda* than to sleep another night in Banias. What this *Sayed Yahuda* is I cannot tell, more than that there is a *Wely* dedicated to Judah, and some ruins around it: I rather think it a modern invention, as we all know that Judah died in Egypt. Our plan now was to procure a guide to take us to Dan, and then to put us on the way to Rashaiya, where we intended to pass the night. We made known our wishes to the Sheik, who protested that he would not let us go to-day, but his Oriental hospitality was at last overruled by our earnestness, which was rendered vehement by the recollection of the fleas

to whose keen appetite we shall ever bear ample testimony.

At twelve o'clock we left Banias, and in about forty minutes reached *Tell el Kady*, or the Hill of the Judge: the ancient Dan. We rode over it, and saw nothing save stones scattered about, indicating that it was once inhabited. We thought of its former history, and the phrase from "Dan to Beersheba," which denoted the limits of the Holy Land from north to south, forced itself peculiarly on our mind. Here, then, we were in the limits of that land which was hallowed by the footprints of Emmanuel. The original name of the place was *Laish*, but when the Danites, whose coast, we are told in the book of Joshua, was "too little for them," possessed themselves of it, they called it "Dan," after the name of Dan their father. Its present name, "*Tell el Kady*," or the Hill of the Judge, is very significant when referred to a place belonging to that tribe whose Hebrew name signifies "*Judge*," and of whom Jacob speaks in these terms: "Dan shall *judge* his people." After the conquest of *Laish*, the Danites degenerated into gross idolatry, which had been suggested to them during their march against the place, when they robbed Micah of Mount Ephraim, of his idols, and carried off the person who officiated as his priest. We are told that "the children of Dan set up the graven image, and Jonathan, the son of Jershom, the son of Manasseh, he and his sons were priests to the tribe of Dan until the day of the captivity of the land. And they set them up Micah's graven image, which he made, all the time that the house of God was in Shiloh." So well known was the character of this place for the idolatrous propensities of its inhabitants, notwithstanding the zealous efforts made by many of the

distinguished Judges in Israel to put a stop to it, that Jeroboam was induced to set up one of his golden calves in it, while he erected the other at Bethel.

We rode over the hill, and stopped under a large tree at its north-western extremity, where the Leddán has its source. This is the third source of the Jordan. Here we had luncheon, exactly on the same spot where, on the 13th of May, 1843, I had a similar meal. The plains of the Huleh lay before us, as also the “waters of Merom,” against which, in days of old, the confederate kings of the Canaanites pitched their camp “to fight against Israel,” but whose hosts were, as we are told, “even as the sand that is on the sea-shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many,” were defeated before the victorious army of Joshua, who “chased them unto Great Zidon, and unto Misrephoth-maim, and unto the valley of Mizpeh eastward; and they smote them until they left them none remaining.”

The Bahret-el-Houlé, once called Lake Semechon, and supposed to be the waters of Merom, is an extensive marsh, and nothing else: it stands in the midst of a small plain. We intended to have gone nearer to its shores, but the condition of the roads was such that it was deemed impracticable. It is said, that at this season it is about seven miles long and three and a half broad: its banks are covered with reeds and rushes forming a shelter for wild boars, where, I was told they abound plenteously, and are hunted by the Arabs. *A propos* of this, whilst we were taking our luncheon, four or five mules passed us loaded with these wild animals, which the muleteers told us had been shot in Ard-el-Houlé. This lake, however, receives its great interest, necessary to this chapter, from the fact that it serves as a kind of

reservoir to collect the waters which form the Jordan, and again to send them forth in a single stream.

Now, then, for the true Jordan; hitherto we have been speaking of its sources. The Baniasi and the Leddan join their waters and form one stream, about one hour's ride from Tell-el-Kady: shortly afterwards they join the Habsani; and the two, now the Jordan, continue their course to the Bahret-el-Houlé; emerging from it, the Jordan then flows for about ten miles in a narrow and somewhat tortuous valley, the upper part a rapid stream, the lower slow and turbid. Two miles below Bahret-el-Houlé is Jacob's bridge, where it is said Jacob met with his brother Esau, and where he wrestled with an angel; and here the river is about eighty feet wide and four feet deep. I bathed in the Jordan in 1843, just before it enters the sea of Tiberias. In its passage through the lake of Gennesareth the Jordan does not mingle its waters with that of the lake, but can be easily traced through the middle of it by a line of muddier water. On leaving the lake of Gennesareth the river enters the valley called Ghor, which simply signifies a hollow; and here I trace the name of the Jordan from Ghor, a hollow; and Dan, the hill from which arises one of its sources, and not far from where it is first formed by the union of the three waters, as already mentioned. The natives of the present day called the Jordan El Sharia, or the *law*. I have never been, as yet, able to discover the origin of this name, but it strikes me that it may be because God *commanded* that twelve stones be picked from the bed of the Jordan "where the priests' feet stood firm," by twelve men out of the twelve tribes of Israel, and to be left in the first lodging-place, where they shall lodge for the night, as a sign to after

generations "that the waters were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord."

The Jordan here becomes very rapid, and its descent, between Gennesareth and the Dead Sea which are about sixty miles distant from each other, is in the bed of three valleys one lower than the other: at first it flows near the western hills, then near the eastern, but as it advances towards the Dead Sea it becomes less serpentine and makes its way more towards the middle of the valley: at present it is lost in the waters of the Dead Sea. It was long a matter of perplexity to determine what became of the waters of the Jordan previous to the formation of the Dead Sea, but recent discoveries suggest that they were carried to the Red Sea—a fact not unlikely. Burckhardt considers the plain or valley of the Jordan to be continued under the names of El Ghor and El Arabah, to the gulf of Akaba, and demonstrates that the river discharged its waters into the eastern gulf of the Red Sea, before its course was interrupted by the great event which befel the Cities of the Plain.

About three miles from where the Jordan enters into the Dead Sea, is supposed to be the spot where our Saviour was baptized; and here annually a crowd of pilgrims come a few days after Easter to bathe themselves. The river here is thickly beset with willows, tamarisks, oleanders, and other shrubs, which conceal it from the view till it is nearly approached. I have often visited this spot, and as often had a plunge in this turbid but highly honoured stream. The natives think that it is invested with the property of washing away sins.

Whilst reclining under the shadow of the great oak tree, where we took our luncheon, my brother pointed out to me the village Abel, the ancient Abel Beth

Maachah, bearing north-west from us. It crowns a ridge, and is now inhabited by a few peasants. It was, however, once a city, and famed for being the place where Sheba, the son of Bichri, fled for protection, when pursued by the army of King David, under the command of Joab; and the inhabitants, to avoid the miseries of a siege on his account, by the advice of a "wise woman" cut off his head, and threw it over the wall.

The account given of this event in 2 Sam. xx., is very interesting. Sheba, the son of Bichri, a Benjamite, had rebelled against David; he blew the trumpet of revolt, and harangued the people to this effect:—

"We have no part in David, neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse. Every man to his tent, O Israel."

This had the desired effect; and the excited Israelites left the standard of their king and followed him. David, therefore, commissioned an army of the men of Judah, under the command of his general, Amassa, to pursue him. This general was, during his march, treacherously assassinated by his cousin Joab, who then took the sole command, and, with his usual energy, pursued Sheba, and blockaded him in this place before he could collect his partisans. He caused a bank to be cast up against the city, and his army battered the wall to throw it down. At this eventful moment a wise woman came out, crying:—

"Hear, hear; say, I pray you, unto Joab, Come near hither that I may speak with thee." And Joab came; and when she was assured it was he to whom she was speaking, she said: "Hear the words of thy handmaiden . . . I am one of them that are peaceable and faithful in Israel: thou seekest to destroy a city and a mother in

Israel: why wilt thou swallow up the inheritance of the Lord?" And Joab answered her saying:

"Far be it, far be it from me, that I should swallow up or destroy. The matter is not so: but a man of Mount Ephraim, Sheba the son of Bichri by name, hath lifted up his hand against the king, even against David: deliver him only, and I will depart from the city."

Then this wise woman said:—

"Behold, his head shall be thrown to thee over the wall."

And she was as good as her word, for by her wise counsel, the inhabitants of the place were induced to cut off the head of the traitor, and threw it over to Joab, who at once blew a trumpet and withdrew from under its walls, leaving the inhabitants in tranquillity.

We then read, that eighty years afterwards, it was plundered by Benhadad, king of Syria. It was also taken and demolished two hundred years subsequent to its sacking by Benhadad, by Tilgath-pileser, who carried the citizens into Assyria as captives. This is the Scripture history of yonder village now before me, and I trust that the thrilling scene which occurred there; will serve as an apology for my ample quotation from Sacred Writ. At present it is a poor and miserable place.

It was a warm day, and we lounged here longer than was necessary. At last, the object of our present excursion being over, we mounted our horses to return home. We crossed the fields, and regained our road of yesterday, and, as the sun was setting, we were slowly climbing up the ascent of Rashaiya. It was a glorious sunset; the tops of the mountains wore a golden mantle, while the horizon looked even lovelier; streaks of every brilliant hue rose up in all directions, and the effect was

sublime. These sunset scenes should be viewed in order to be appreciated. I pity, indeed, the inhabitants of England, who seldom witness such a glorious sight. Oh, how I missed our oriental sun when I first visited Great Britain—that orb which sheds cheerfulness into every Syrian bosom. And this leads me to say, that this is one reason why suicides are seldom heard of in this country. Nor do I wonder at their multiplicity in England; surely the gloomy climate must breed gloomy thoughts; and, when these rise, the poor and unfortunate being, encompassed by gloom within and gloom without, is goaded on to that act which hurries him at once to the presence of his Maker. Let me not be supposed as offering an apology for suicide. I disavow any such intention; and I look upon the man who cannot face the frowns of this world as a coward of the meanest stamp. I was only comparing the effects of our bright sun, with the gloom of England's fog.

We reached Rashaiya, and were hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. Elias Yakobe, a native Protestant brother, and a graduate of the Abaih Seminary. There is quite a community of Protestants here; and I was surprised to see, in the evening, such a host of them come to visit us. We had quite an interesting evening, which my brother closed by exhortation and prayer. Elias Yakobe, though not an ordained minister, nor even a licentiate, nevertheless preaches twice on the Sabbath-day, to a congregation of about twenty or thirty. There is a school also established here, containing about fifty children, some of whom are Mahomedans who come every morning from Kefr Hamam, a village half an hour off, simply to attend school, and return, in the evening, to their village-home: but, what pleased us most, was to

see grown-up men learning their alphabet, in order, as they said, that in due time *they might be able to read the Word of God*. Surely this is interesting. The cry for education is getting louder every day; and the people want schools. There is also a Protestant community in Ibel, a village about two hours off, and there also the Word of God is beginning to take effect. Thus we see that the light of the gospel is beginning to dawn on poor, forsaken Syria! Is it too much to hope that it is an earnest for better days at hand? In these schools are taught the primary elements of education; and the Bible is made a standard book. During the course of the evening the Greek priest called upon us, and appeared sociable and friendly.

Thursday, 8th February.

We slept soundly, or rather better, than the previous night, and woke up, this morning, greatly refreshed. Immediately after morning worship, our host told us that he had received and accepted an invitation for us to breakfast at the house of another Protestant brother; and, consequently, we went there, enjoying, by the way, a beautiful view of the scenery around, and of Tiberias in the distance. We found our friend waiting for us, who heartily welcomed us to his house. As our time was brief, we made quick work, and enjoyed our breakfast, which was plain but clean; and here I will remark that one of the effects which have resulted since the gospel light has dawned on this land is, that the natives have become cleanly in their habits, and more polished in their manners. There is no gainsaying this fact; and, as an illustration, I would only say that there was no comparison between the clean beds and good cooking

of our friends here, who, perhaps, have not an income of more than £20 or £30 a-year, and the house of the Sheikh of Baniyas, a chief by pedigree, whose income cannot be much short of £1000; and yet his rooms, and everything about him, were far from being as clean as those of our poor friends. Indeed this is a notorious fact, and I have observed it elsewhere; and no better illustration can I cite than Ireland, where we see her Protestant peasantry, though living in its sterile portion, cleanly clad, whilst the Roman Catholic, of the same class, though residing in its fertile portion, live in the same hut with the pig and the cow; and the mischief is, that one can hardly tell *which is which*.

Immediately after breakfast we visited the school, where we saw about forty children, the rest not having come yet. They were then being taught in the primary elements of education; the school having only been opened about six weeks; it began with about ten boys, and now it numbers upwards of fifty.

We now prepared to mount our horses, in order to visit Hebbaria on our way to Hasbaiya, where we were informed that there was an old temple, which I was anxious to see. Before riding, however, we looked at some furnaces where earthenware pots are manufactured. The trade of this place is mostly in pottery, which is sold to all the adjoining villages; hence it is called Rashaiyat *El Fakhar*, or the pottery, to denote it from the other Rashaiya, which I passed on my way from Damascus to Hasbaiya, and which is called Rashaiyat *El Wady*, or of the valley. They make here a certain jug which they call *breek*, and resembles a teapot more than anything else, only it is rounder at the bottom and has a neck instead of a lid; it has, however, an

orifice like a teapot, and from this the people drink, not by putting the orifice in their mouth but by holding up the jug about a foot, or perhaps less, distant from the mouth, and let the water pour from the orifice down their throat. They relish this sort of drinking, and by this way they keep the orifice clean, and all can drink of one jug without having occasion to suck the same orifice which another has sucked.

At nine o'clock we left Rashaiya, accompanied by Mr. Elias Yakobe, who kindly came to show us the way as far as Hebbaria; some others accompanied us to the top of the descent, and then returned, "thanking God that they had seen our faces in safety"—a phrase in common use in Syria. The descent down the ridge was very bad, and we had to dismount, and lead our horses all the way to Hebbaria, which, however, was not more than an hour's distance from Rashaiya. Here, therefore, in this hollow we saw a temple of certainly ancient structure, some of whose stones were bevelled, and measured fifteen feet long, by two feet and ten inches in depth; and two feet and eight and a half inches thick. The length of the building was fifty-five feet and two inches, by thirty feet wide; its position lengthwise lay east and west; the entrance was from the east side. The temple itself was about thirty-six feet in length, and devoid of any columns or statuary, unless they are buried in the stones; it has a fine doorway, eight feet wide, and fourteen feet and two inches high. The temple was apparently never covered; the north wall has fallen; there is a staircase in the western corner of the southern wall, which apparently led to a sort of a pulpit; outside the doorway was a portico, which seem to have been supported by two columns, the pedestals of which still remain and measure

ten feet in circumference and three feet in diameter. The portico extended from the entrance to the doorway, a space of sixteen feet. The situation of the temple seems to have been solitary, and is in a hollow between Hasbaiya and Rashaiya; immediately under Hermon, at the entrance of the Wady El Taim. The doorway of the temple has two niches on both sides of it for the reception of statuary; on the left side between the upper and lower niche is a Greek inscription, which time has nearly worn out. A basement extends all under the building. Such is a description of the temple at Hebbaria. A little north-by-west of it I saw two cisterns for water, whilst half a mile south-west of it are two singular hollows in the ground, where a grove of olive trees now grows. They are immediately under the mountain, and can be easily distinguished. It is a small plain temple.

We asked the natives if they had ever found any coins here, and they brought us a lot of defaced antiques, of which we could make nothing; one we made out was a Russian coin, struck in 1716. How came it here? The boy told us it was found in the ground: perhaps some Russian traveller dropped it. We asked if there were any remains of ruins in the vicinity, and were told that there was nothing in the shape of antiquity, save an aqueduct on the top of the hill. There was, they said, a small tower on the other side; but from the description they gave of it, it seems to be a modern affair.

What, therefore, can this temple be? I am not inclined to believe that the Greek inscription on the left side of the wall is the work of the original builders; otherwise it would have been in a more prominent place.

Some of the stones resemble those at Baalbeck, not, of course, in size, but in shape and form; and the temple struck me as being quite devoid of Grecian architecture; nor does it bear comparison with the temples at Baalbeck, either in beauty or finish. May not this be Baal-Gad? This is in the valley of Lebanon, immediately under Hermon: or it may be Baal Hermon, whose name would lead us to search for it in the vicinity of that mountain.

Satisfied with our visit to this place, we then mounted our horses, and bade our host farewell; and, after descending into the ravine, we again ascended up the mountain, and in about an hour were at Hasbaiya, where we at once enjoyed the luxury of a thorough good wash, and clean linen.

After reaching Hasbaiya, I was told that on the top of Mount Hermon, and now covered by the snow, was an old temple, called *Asr Shbeeb*. There are the ruins of another certainly very ancient building on the ridge above Hasbaiya. The vicinity of Hasbaiya is full of small temples: one, a beautiful little thing, at Ain Hersha, about three hours from Rashaiya; and another one further off at Nabi Safa. But perhaps these last were temples of the Romans.

CHAPTER XI.

HASBAIYA TO BAYROOT.

Farewell—Scenery—Season for Travelling in Syria—Difference in Traveller's Descriptions—The Peasantry and their Horses—Ijon—A Night at Djed-dai-dé—Love of Children—Coast of Phœnicia—A Village—Kalat Esh Shkief—Scenery—A Breakfast—En route—Thirsty—A Gallop to the Zahrani—Luncheon—The Last Ridge—Arrival at Sidon—Movement in Deyr El Kamar—History of Sidon and its Associations—En route to Bayroot—The Road—Lady Hester Stanhope—The Belgian Consul—Consular System—Protection System—Remedy for Evils—Nebi Yonas—River Damoor—Porphyreon—Khaldé—Mount Lebanon—Arrival at Bayroot—Letters.

Wednesday, 21st February, 1855.

FAREWELL HASBAIYA!

It was half-past two in the afternoon, before we were on our way. The party comprised, a muleteer, and my brother J —, who would see me as far as Sidon, in my tour of the Holy Land. Our course was directed to Sidon, from which place my brother intended returning home, whilst I proceeded to Bayroot, prior to deciding on any fixed plan for making a tour of Palestine . . . One more farewell to the many faces, who lined the terraces to see us off, and we dashed down the wild ravine. In half-an-hour we crossed the bridge, which spans the *Hasbani*, and in a similar space of time we

reached Sook El Khan, the site of the fair, mentioned in a previous chapter.

But the scenery was more lovely than ever; green foliage and beautiful flowers met the eye everywhere; fields of corn, waving with majestic splendour; groves of olive trees interspersed here and there; grassy slopes enlivened by a rich assortment of flowers, and the tumultuous river madly rushing along—all contributed to render the picture one of exceeding loveliness and beauty. This vale, like many others in Syria, was glorious to behold now.

And this was the season which I had chosen for my tour in Palestine. I am perfectly satisfied that this is the time for travelling in Syria; a little earlier, it would be too wet; a little later, and it would be too hot. The sun shone bright; the atmosphere was dry and clear; the air was balmy, and impregnated with the sweetest odours of nature's flowers; flocks of birds rustled amid olive leaves, or soared above us, enchanting us with their melodious warble. The eye rested on green pasture lands; on terraces waving with wheat; on hedges, where a thousand flowers bloomed in such loveliness as to remind the traveller of the saying, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" . . . and he was not, and never could be . . . such beautiful colours! such delicate outlines! such loveliness! was beyond man's power. I picked a flower, and long gazed at it; growing spontaneous and wild, yet who can look on it without verifying the littleness of man, and the the divinity of its creator? *That* flower proclaimed its Maker *Divine*. *Such* was the season in which I intended to make my tour, amid *such* a scenery. And *SUCH* is Syria!

The readers of this volume will be astonished to learn that flowers grew on the slopes of Hermon at this early period of the year, but it is nevertheless so; I saw almond trees in full blossom in Hasbaiya during the first week of February; and here I would remind the reader, that this village is more than two thousand and five hundred feet above the level of the sea, situated in a cold region, on the slopes of hoary snow-capped Hermon. Such is Syria, and the traveller who visits it, at this season of the year, will not only be surprised at its exceeding fertility, but will be enchanted with its garden-like beauty. No English hot-house plants present such a variety of tints and colours, or surpass the wilderness of Syria in luxuriance or loveliness; and the tourist will be at a loss to account for the descriptions of other travellers who represent the country as parched, dry and brown. Both accounts may, however, be correct, and the real secret of this difference in description, is not so much in the land, nor even in the temperaments of the writers, as in the season they visit the country. Syria in Spring, and Syria at the end of Summer, present very different aspects. At one time, the whole country has the appearance of a well-cared-for garden, whilst at the other it looks sterile and barren. I trust that this explanation will reconcile to the reader the glowing descriptions of some travellers, with the less enthusiastic accounts given by others, both of which are truthful as regards the seasons when the country was visited.

Leaving Sook-El-Khan, we now ascended a ridge to the right. The Banias road lay across the other ridge to the left. On gaining the top of the ridge, we confronted a conical-looking mount, which was separated from us by a deep chasm: on its slopes were a troop of

horses and mules grazing loosely. I observed that some of the turbulent animals had their fore-feet tied together, so that they could not run away were they inclined to do so. The peasantry not affording to feed their animals on barley, which is the staple food for horse, mules, and donkeys in the East, send them out under the care of a man to graze on the luxuriant hills. The watchman is paid *five paras*, or about a farthing, for every horse per day; and as he makes an arrangement to take the whole number of animals in his village, I apprehend he makes a good thing of it.

An hour further on, we had the view of a mound in the plains beneath, which I suppose would be a couple of miles in length, and resembles the back of a camel. This I was told was the ancient Ijon, a frontier town of the Israelites, which at the behest of Asa, king of Judah, was taken and plundered by Benhadad, king of Syria. Baasha, king of Israel, had made war with Asa, and "built Ramah, that he might not suffer any to go out or come in to Asa, king of Judah," or, in other words, he blockaded Judah. Thus constrained, Asa sent gifts of gold and silver to Benhadad, king of Syria, who then ruled in Damascus, and requested his assistance in the words of the following message: "There is a league between me and thee, and between my father and thy father: behold, I have sent unto thee a present of silver and gold; come and break thy league with Baasha king of Israel, that he may depart from me." Benhadad did so, and took the frontier towns of Israel, included in which we read, that he smote Ijon (1 Kings xv. 20). The natives call the mound, "El Khirbe," or, "the ruin," from the fact, that there are to be found some ruins. Near this mound are many cisterns.

At five o'clock we reached Djed-dai-dé, a small village of Greek Roman Catholics, where we were hospitably entertained at the house of a friend of my brother. Here we spent a pleasant evening in social intercourse with the people, who, in pursuance of old Eastern customs, came *en masse* to see the *hakeem* (i.e., doctor) and his brother. I hardly believe that there was a single man able to walk that did not come to visit us. Such a thing would have been thought, not only a breach of etiquette towards us, *but indecorous towards our host*.

Almost all the party who came to see us this evening were called "Abu Hanna," "Abu Butros," "Abu Mekhail," or, "Abu" something else, and which means, "Father of John," "Father of Peter," etc. It is rarely that a man is called by his Christian name, and still more rare to be called by his surname. The love of boys is so great in Syria, that a man at once takes the name of his first-born, and he is after that called "Abu Hanna," (Father of John), or any other name that his son may have. A mother likewise takes the name of her first boy; and in like manner to her husband she is called "Imm Hanna" (the Mother of John). Should she be childless, which is almost considered a disgrace, she is called, not by her Christian name, but as the wife of such a person; for instance, the wife of one Mr. John Tompkins is called, "Mrat Hanna" (the wife of John), and so on. The reader will observe that the surname is not used.

As much as it is a matter of joy to have a son, which entitles the father to be honoured with the epithet of "Abu" such a boy, so much also is it a matter of sorrow to a wedded pair if they have no children; and their friends, in order to mitigate their sorrow, generally give

them the title of an imaginary being yet to be born. I know one who is called "Abu Naseef," though he has no such boy to bless his existence, and is not likely to have any; yet such is the custom.

Parents never take the name of their daughters; indeed the birth of a daughter is looked upon rather in the light of a misfortune than otherwise. The mother looks dejected, and the father seems as if he were quite ashamed of himself. Had they a son, the house would be besieged by friends and acquaintances to congratulate the happy pair on such an event, and hope *they may live to see him married*. Not so, however, if a daughter is born; in that case none but intimate friends call, and if they allude to the newly-born babe, it is with a view of consoling the unhappy pair. The usual form of expression in such cases is, "She that has brought a daughter will bear a son;" to which the dejected parent replies, with hands and eyes uplifted to heaven, "*Inshallah* (If so it please God)."

It is only the boy, the heir to his father's name, that swells the pride of the parent, and makes him desirous of being known as the *father of A BOY*—one who, if he lives, is destined to preserve the name of the family. He is its *hope*, and the poor girl is thrown into the shade. Fortunate is the messenger who first brings to the anxious father the news that unto him *a son* is born, he is well rewarded. In the case of a daughter, no one dares to tell the father of it, but leaves him to find it out as well as he can. The reader of the Bible has only to turn to the birth of John, and all that I have already mentioned—the love of children—the reproach among men of being childless—and the joy of the parents will appear to him. Even as far back as

the days of Abraham we find the same sentiments prevailing, which force upon our minds that the present habits and customs of Syria, as also the taste of its inhabitants, are precisely the same as they were in days of yore. It strikes me, that it was the reproach of being childless that prevailed upon Sarah to induce Abraham to take unto himself another wife! What else could have operated upon her so powerfully as to make her willing to have the affection of her husband divided between her and her handmaiden? Jealousy would have been a sufficient antidote to prevent such a union, but the reproach among men of being childless, was apparently, in the estimation of Sarah, more powerful than that fearful remedy.

Another curious custom in the East in this connection, may not prove uninteresting to the English reader. If there is anything which horrifies the parents of a boy it is to see him praised. They are afraid of what they call the "Evil-eye," or the eyes of the envious, who, not possessing such a treasure themselves, it is supposed must be jealous of the happy parents, and therefore their praises must be insincere, and consequently terrible in their consequences. And were the child to die after being the object of such praises, the parents, most assuredly, would lay the evil to the door of those who praised him. This is what is termed the "Evil-eye," and of which the Easterns are particularly afraid — a superstition to which English mothers are not addicted, inasmuch, as no sooner the dinner is over than the new comer is introduced in swaddling-clothes to be the admiration of the company present. How different are the customs of the East and of the West!

During the course of the evening, my brother was

called out to attend upon a sick woman in the village. I should mention that he was well known in this place as a "hakeem," or doctor. It is only of late that such a thing as a respectable doctor is known in Syria. Till now the people had only recourse to simple herbal remedies; and when these failed, the case was given up as hopeless. No medical man was allowed to attend upon a sick female; for these the native "dayés," or midwives, were sufficient. But these old customs are now breaking down before the more enlightened ones of civilisation, and medical men are now being admitted into the private harem of a strict Mahomedan. There is, however, a prejudice still existing with them against amputation. This is a recourse which they would not hear of. They would rather the limb should mortify, and the sufferer die, than see his arm or foot cut off. Dr. M. of Jerusalem, told me of the following case:—A Mahomedan soldier had hurt his arm by the explosion of a gun. He (Dr. M.) was called to see him, and at once advised amputation in order to save his life: but this the friends of the invalid would not hear: four days afterwards, the arm mortified, and the man died. In one case only do I know of its being allowed. The son of our host of this evening, a few days after our departure hurt his leg, on which my brother prevailed upon the sorrow-stricken parents to allow of the operation, and they agreed to it: the result is that the boy not only lives, but is likely to reach the average life of mankind. This was only permitted, however, after a great deal of urging. Speaking of the medical department, it was, indeed, very low in Syria until the introduction of European doctors into the land; it was mostly confined to the "dayés" and a few old men. The remedies they

prescribed were very simple, calculated, in case they did no good, to do no harm.

At seven o'clock next morning (Thursday) we were in the saddle; our kind host accompanied us a little on our way, and then bade us farewell. In a quarter of an hour after leaving the village, we reached the top of the ridge on which it is situated; and here, for the first time since crossing the heights of Lebanon, did I again have a view of the blue Mediterranean, that glorious sea on whose shores I first saw the light of day, and upon whose rippling billows it has ever been my greatest pleasure to gaze. I am one of those beings who cannot live long away from the sea-coast. From my childhood, the sea has ever been to me a theme of delight. I can still remember in early youth with what zest I used to watch the mighty billows, as they first began to form themselves into mountains, curl, and then dash on the dilapidated fort of Bayroot. And now, after an absence of nearly two months in the interior, here I come all at once and unexpectedly upon a full view of it, for many and many a mile. O it was glorious; and that moment was to me one of thrilling delight! I cannot expect to meet with sympathy from every reader of this work in the feelings which now possessed me, but surely I know there must be some who have realized the same, and who will forgive this long paragraph, which to some I fear may seem a trespass on their time and patience.

Nearly three thousand feet above its level we stood; the Phœnician coast lay beneath us; and, as I strained my eyes over the blue waters, I thought of the time when the Phœnician galleys breasted its waves, or dove-like came into its harbours, bearing within them the produce of many marts. How truly have the prophecies

been fulfilled on this land! That "Great-Sea"—the "Sea of Zidon," still rolls as ever; its calms and storms succeed each other as in bygone days; its waves continue to spend themselves on the shore as of old; but where are its native mariners, its wise shipmen, or where are the cities which gave them birth? Once the inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were its mariners, the wise men of Tyrus were its pilots, the ancients of Gebal were its calkers; but where are they? Alas! the "renowned cities" of Phœnicia now lie desolate! Her sea-faring men are no longer; and the sea which once knew them, and went by their name, now knows them no more. Foreign ships now ride on its billows, and steam ploughs its waters; but little indeed has the land to do with them. O how long, how long shall things continue so? When will the spirit of the past infuse itself into the present; and when will the sons of Phœnicia arise to own their supremacy again, and be worthy sons of the ancestors whose galleys ventured into the distant seas, opening new places for the increase of its commerce? Ah! that time will assuredly come, but only when the curse is uplifted from the land.

But we will pass on. Immediately before us was a small village, situated on the top of a conical hill, which had more the appearance of a fort than anything else. Its situation was pleasant; but I thought that the fatigue of ascending to, or descending from it, must deduct materially from the pleasantness of its locality. Right before us, and only divided from us by the valley of the Leontes, and situated on a high mount, is "Kalaat Esh Shkief," known by the historians of the Crusaders under the name of Belfort. It is situated on the brink of a precipice about fifteen hundred feet high, overhanging

the madly-leaping waters of the Leontes; its position is strong, as also, I understand, are its fortifications; now it is the seat of one of the feudal chiefs of the mountains. Little is known of its original history. Professor Robinson of New York gives us an account of its investment by the Crusaders, and their final expulsion from it by Bibars, in 1268.

Our course now led us into a descent, in order to cross the Leontes by a bridge—a little to the south, where that river is fordable in summer. The course of the *Leitani*, as the natives call it, appeared before us, and added not a little to the charm of the scenery around—scenery which is common to this country, but anywhere out of it would be supposed unique, grand, wild and romantic—the high mountains before and behind you; the cultivated fields, and no less fertile ridges, covered with carpets of green grass, and strewn with flowers of loveliest colours and delicate outlines; the gaps which break here and there discovering a rushing mountain-torrent, entwining itself in a vale of loveliest green; villages topping the hills like so many light-houses: and, mayhap, some solitary convent rising above high rocks, overlooking some sweet and romantic glen; or some ruined fortress, grey with age, standing in a high place; and last, but not least, the rolling billows of the Mediterranean, with sundry white-winged craft, riding over them, all combine to produce a sensation on the mind of the traveller. Nor is this scenery peculiar to one part of Lebanon; it is the same almost everywhere. In no land does such varied and multiplied scenery court the admiration of the tourist. He gazes in silence, spell-bound. Not only the scenery, but the air and atmosphere, balmy, bracing and clear, conspire to make him think he is in

some fairy-land, unknown to mortal eyes. Any attempt to describe these views would be a failure. Lebanon needs to be seen ere it can be thoroughly appreciated, or the significance of the Bible description of "that *goodly mountain*, even Lebanon" can be understood. It is romance made more romantic, grandeur made more grand. Its peaceful vales and sweet scenery deserve a better fate. Oh, were it in England, how thousands upon thousands would visit it, annually, from every part of the United Kingdom! But, alas, few are those who take the trouble to visit that goodly mountain, or dwell on its beauties—views on which the painter may pore with delight, revelling in the wild and picturesque, but which his pencil, however artistic or able, will fail to depict, or do justice to a combination of scene unequalled anywhere.

At half-past eight we reached the bridge—a substantial stone structure, immediately under the castle of Belfort—at one end of which was once a *ggafar*, or a toll-house. Having made our way over it, we now stopped for breakfast, and whilst J — and I were discussing the merits of a half-broiled chicken, our horses were let loose to graze on the luxuriant banks of the Leontes.

Mention has already been made of this river; it rises in the plains of Baalbeck. There we first saw it a gentle stream, washing the foundations of the "*queen of ruins*." After watering the valley of the Bkaâ, or Cœlo-Syria, it enters the gorge of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, increasing in power and velocity as it goes, and, by the time it reaches the ruined fortification of Belfort, it becomes a formidable torrent; its waters madly leaping and rushing. Its further course becomes more quiet,

verifying the words that "still waters run deepest;" and, by the time it falls into the Mediterranean, which is a few miles north of Tyre, it is a respectable-looking river.

On its banks, we dallied for an hour! yet why this length of time I cannot tell. Our breakfast, a traveller's meal, we had finished long ago; but I think the waters of the Leitani, as they curled and dashed at our feet, had something to do with our detention. Need it be said that we enjoyed our breakfast? My only regret was, that the chicken was not broiled enough, but we ate it nevertheless. Such air and such scenery, worthy of many a glorious pic-nic, make keen the appetite!

At half-past nine, we mounted our horses, and ascended the hill—a ridge of chalk and limestone; in half an hour we gained its summit, and then our course lay through sundry plantations of tobacco, an article greatly produced in this part of the country. At a quarter-past eleven, we passed Nabateyat El Tahta, and soon afterwards we made our way through Nabateyat El Fowka—two small villages inhabited by Metawiles, a race who combine the craftiness of the Druze with the meanness of the Maronite. In the latter village, the Sheikh had built himself a nice-looking house, two stories high. Many fine-looking horses grazed round the house.

The Metawiles are now the remnant of a race once very powerful. They are heterodox followers of the Mahomedan faith; and, though they never numbered a large body, yet they were once so strong as to assume a powerful position in the country, and it was not till the butcher Djezzar, the Pasha of Acre, destroyed their strongholds that he succeeded in prostrating their power. Ever few, they had not many to bring to the combat;

and yet so ably did they defend themselves, and so unweariedly did they harass him, that it was not till treachery and cunning were brought to bear upon them, that they succumbed to their more numerous antagonists. No sooner did the Djezzar gain the upper hand over them, than, true to his character, he ordered thousands of them to be executed, and their headless corpses to be thrown into the Leitani. It is said, that he complacently gazed on the awful work of destruction!

We made no stop here, but pushed on. The sun was now waxing very hot, and shortly after leaving Nabateya, I began to feel very thirsty.

"J——," said I, "is there any water about here?"

"Yes," answered he, "there is a river about three hours off."

"But is there none in this vicinity?" cried I in agony, his remark being a very poor consolation for a thirsty man.

"Yes; but not on our way," was his calm rejoinder.

What was to be done now? I felt parched; and the more distant the water was, the more eager became my thirst: to go back to the village was now out of the question; to diverge from the road seemed equally as ridiculous; so no alternative was left me save to put spurs to my horse, and get to the river as soon as possible. I did so, leaving John and the muleteer to follow. I galloped over the table-land, pulled my horse down a gorge of white chalk, and at two o'clock I reached the banks of the Zahrani, a respectable stream, where I alighted to await my brother's arrival.

And now for the drink. *But I had drunk.* About three minutes before I got to the banks of the river, there was a fountain, and unable to wait till I reached

the river, I dismounted and quenched my thirst there. Is there one among my readers who has experienced the pangs of thirst? Does he still remember the dry lip, the parched tongue, or the rattling in the throat? I shall long remember the torment of those two hours!

Half an hour afterwards, John arrived; and here we discussed another chicken, if anything more raw than the last one; we were obliged to throw half of it away, and the rest we only ate because we had nothing else. Neither our muleteer, nor a Christian whom we overtook, would join in our meal, though we invited them; and as is common in this country, pressed on them the invitation; but it was *Lent*, and they would not join us. Their meal consisted of some olives and dry figs. The reader will observe, that notwithstanding the scantiness of our meal, we, nevertheless, invited our fellow-traveller and the muleteer to join with us. This is a Syrian custom; and never does a Syrian sit down to his meal, without inviting the bystanders to share his frugal fare. He is considered mean if he does not do so. It is not necessary, however, that you should invite your servant or your muleteer; but if the time will not allow of their taking their meal after you are satisfied, you give them something whilst you are eating: this is done in order to save time. I will, however, add, that the Syrian does not look upon his muleteer or his servant as an inferior being to himself; on the contrary, he treats him with the utmost delicacy; ever thinking, that were it not for a wise purpose of his Divine Maker, his lot might have been the servant's, or the muleteer's. Hence the intimacy which exists between master and servant in the East. It is not a rare thing to see a servant intermarrying into the family of his master, and yet ever afterwards, as well

as before the marriage, his treatment of his master, now his father-in-law, remains unchanged. It does not matter how familiar the master is with the servant, the latter is always deferential; never forgetting himself, even when he has become a son-in-law.

At half-past three, we were again in the saddle, and leaving the banks of the Zahrani behind us, we ascended a long undulation—the last ridge of which seemed to have taken wings and flown; the more ridges we ascended, the farther off did it seem removed. Now we are near it, and then seem as far removed from it as ever. It looked so near at first, that I thought we should reach the top in five minutes; but it took us one hour before we gained the last ridge, which opened to us a view of the sandy beach, on which the Mediterranean was spending its waves, and Sidon in the distance. The remainder of our day's journey will soon be told. We galloped down the ridge; crossed a small stream; saw a Roman milestone with inscriptions upon it, as also two sarcophagi—all lying by the way; at half-past five we reached the gardens (my brother pointed to me the spot where the gold antiques were lately found); and as the sun was sinking beneath the horizon we were entering the gate of Sidon. Precisely at six o'clock, we were welcomed by Messrs. Thomson and Vandyck, American missionaries, into their comfortable parlour; where everything was done to make us forget the toil of the day; nor was it long before they succeeded, as I still have a distant recollection of keeping my old teacher, the Rev. William Thomson, up till a late hour.

The missionaries, Thomson and Vandyck, with their families, and the excellent Tannus el Hadad, have now been stationed at Sidon for nearly four years. As yet

not much seems to have been effected; but it is to be hoped, that the seed which they are now sowing will yet spring forth to the glory of God. In the course of the evening, Mr. Thomson told me of a great movement in *Deyr el Kamar*; a large village on Mount Lebanon, and for a long time its capital. He had just returned from there, and his observations led him to think hopefully of the movement. The desire for education has become so universal, that the people of that village—once, and even till recently, very bigoted—overcame their prejudices against the missionaries, and for a long time have besought these last to establish a seminary in their place. At first, the missionaries did not seem willing to gratify this request; rather wishing to visit and see if the “root of the matter” was really in them. Their reception was earnest and sincere; instead of cooling down, the people became more urgent in their demands for schools. They importuned the missionaries by deputations and otherwise; so that the latter, no longer able to doubt their sincerity, now determined to comply with their request; and a couple of days after my visit to Sidon, Dr. Vandyck, accompanied by a native helper—a graduate of the Abaih seminary—repaired thither, in order to commence a high school for boys; an infant one for the same; and a female seminary.

In saying that not much as yet has been effected in Sidon, I do not mean that there are not those who had enrolled themselves as Protestants, and who attend on the ministrations of the Missionaries. Of these there are many in Syria, and were we to count them all, I think the Protestant band would number upwards of a thousand souls. But this, I apprehend, is not the object sought by the Missionaries. They did not leave their

homes simply to make us Protestants in name, but to bring us to the foot of the cross. The Roman Catholic priest may glory in the number of those who acknowledge the pope, be they Maronites, Greek Roman Catholics or otherwise; but the Missionaries only glory (and these only that count) in those who show signs that they are the subjects of Divine grace—born again to their God and Maker. It is to this class I referred, when I said that not much has been done in Sidon.

And yet it is *not* little which has already been effected. Is it nothing to break the power of priestcraft? Nothing to *convince* the people of the errors of their Church, and to make them desirous of a purer worship? These are the preliminaries; and until they are got over, not much can be expected. Looking on it in this light, I felt convinced that the work is progressing gradually but surely, believing that He who has begun the work will, for His name's sake, finish it in His own good time. It is much to bring the people to hear the Missionaries; and now that they have come, I am inclined to think that the spiritual seed now sown will yet spring forth to the glory of God.

It is with a degree of delight, by no means small, that I look forward to the day when a native evangelical church will be organized in Sidon. I feel a deep interest in the place; it was the scene of my father's labours in the Christian field. He was the first Missionary to Sidon; by his mouth was the "*word*" first proclaimed to the people. Long since, he has been removed to a better world, I trust; but the seed which has been sown, nearly thirty years ago, has not been in vain, it is still perceptible, and the Missionaries occasionally meet with it.

Nor is it only because my father was the first Evangelical Missionary to it, that Sidon is interesting to me; nor because it holds the dust of him I once called father, but because it was here I spent the earliest days of my boyhood. I do not feel at liberty, however willing I may be, to enter upon those early recollections of my life, which ever invest this place with interest to me; but this much I may say, that roam where I will, Sidon will always hold a great place in my heart, and I shall always feel an interest in its prosperity. *Many, MANY* a happy hour have I spent within its walls, or in its gardens.

But enough; apart from its interest to me, its historical associations are not less so to the general reader. I do not intend to enter upon them here; I refer the curious to more standard works. I would only say, that the antiquity of this place ranks it among the most ancient cities in the world. Sidon, the eldest son of Canaan, is said to have been its founder. Not only its antiquity, but its manufactures and commerce, were once the wonders of the world. Her workmen were made famous by Solomon when contracting with Hiram, king of Tyre, and sovereign of Sidon at the time, for labourers to build the temple. "There is not among us," writes the monarch of Israel, "any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians." Glass was manufactured here at an early date. Nor did the Sidonians only excel in the ingenious and useful arts, but they were also great patrons of science: they were good astronomers, able arithmeticians, and "*wise ship-men.*" If they were not the first who constructed vessels and navigated distant seas, yet they were undoubtedly, says a writer of reputed authority, the first who ventured beyond their own coasts, and established anything like a mercantile com-

merce. The women were peculiarly happy in their beautiful embroidery, of which Homer speaks in terms of the highest praise. The merchants of Sidon were celebrated for their commerce, wealth, and prosperity; and their luxury and ease can only be understood from the standing proverb in those days: "Careless, after the manner of the Sidonians."

But what is Sidon now, that regal city, which was once the scene of opulence and splendour, of fashion and of gaiety—for I doubt not the people of those days were as fond of the frivolous things of life as they are now? Viewed from the sea, it has a beautiful and imposing appearance; it is situated on a tongue of land, the isthmus of which is protected by walls flanked with towers, while a bridge of seven arches leads to an island, on which a ruined fort is situated. It has no harbour, but an artificial wharf, which, projecting into the sea to the distance of nearly a mile from the shore, protects the few *feluccas* and Arab brigantines which lie at anchor before it.

The condition of the present *Saida*, as the natives call it; its few inhabitants, hardly numbering seven thousand souls, and these mostly ignorant Mahomedans, who are averse to any improvement, especially if it approximates to European customs; its narrow, crooked, and dirty streets; its choked-up harbour, which the Emir *Fakhr-ed-Deen* filled with stones when he feared an invasion of the Turks; and the absence of any bustle in its streets or large ships in its harbour, make a great contrast to the Sidon of olden times—the great Sidon of the Sidonians. We review her past history, her former grandeur, her commerce, and her power; then note her decline before her rising daughter Tyre, and her spoliation from time

to time by various conquerors; and we are constrained, as we review these facts, and gaze upon her now, to exclaim, that "Sidon," "the mother of the Phœnicians," is indeed "ashamed;" she lies low in the dust, and has nothing whereof to rejoice!

Among the medals of Sidon which have been collected by antiquaries, there are some bearing Greek inscriptions, "*To the Sidonian goddess.*" In the eleventh chapter of 1 Kings, we are told of one "Ashtoreth, goddess of the Sidonians." Perhaps they are both the same; and, *apropos* of this, I would say, that, a few days before my arrival at Sidon, a new sarcophagus had been discovered in one of the gardens close by. The cover had the representation of a figure-head, whether of a man or a woman I cannot tell, as I did not see it, because at the time when I visited Sidon it was covered up, and sentinels stationed there to guard it. The reason of this was, that the British and French consular agents had got into a row about it, as to which should have it, both claiming the right to it. So warm became the discussion between these allies of the Turkish government, that the pasha deemed it best to bury the sarcophagus under ground, until these "*deputy-provisionary-sub-vice-pro-acting-consuls*" should have settled the matter amicably in a law-suit, which he would hear and decide upon. They had been a month engaged upon it, and the law-suit was as far from termination as on the first day it began. It was thus that I missed seeing it. Mr. Thomson, however, who saw it, told me that it had a long Phœnician inscription, out of which he had made that this sarcophagus held the remains of the daughter of some king, who died in the worship of one Ashtoreth. I have no doubt that this sarcophagus will one day enrich

one of the museums of the West, when we shall know more of it. Immediately under the mountain, east of Sidon, are many ancient tombs, but I am not aware that any have inscriptions upon them.

Sidon's greatest attraction now is its gardens; that forest grove of pomegranates, oranges, citrons, apricots, banana, and other fruits, which extends to the east of the town, for some miles, where the natives resort in summer and spend many a quiet hour with Sidon—now no longer great—before them, and the beautiful Mediterranean rippling at their feet, as it did in the days of their more enterprising compatriots. The clatter of social freedom which here meets your gaze, and the voices of laughing girls, which fall upon your ear, as you traverse this long range of gardens, is delightful and pleasant. The horrible outward decorum of the city, which makes beauty a prisoner, and which freezes the warmest channels of love and sociability, here act no longer. Thank God, in these gardens, you hear once more the voice of unrestrained mirth, the jocund laugh of free innocent girls! The dull monotony of the house, whose stern and gloomy air reminds you of a jail, is now exchanged for God's nature. Here, amid a grove of thick-set trees, groaning under the burden of their fine and luscious fruits, you may see once more a glimpse of outward happiness. For a long time the pic-nic has been planned, and the numerous circle of relations and neighbours, meet together to laugh, to romp, and to cut such capers, as would gladden your very soul. In these gardens only, you occasionally catch a glimpse of what the merry-hearted Syrian can be, when free from the oppressiveness of an Eastern home; and here can you gaze upon the Syrian maid, whose light form and agile step

remind you of some loved fairy at home; but whose large burning eyes, speak sorrowfully of a smothered nature, and affections trampled upon! Oh those girls can feel! Look at them now, and say if they cannot!

I only stayed thirty-six hours this time in Sidon, hoping on my return from Bayroot (whither I was now going) to spend a few days longer. The road, between the two places, is wearisome, on account of the heavy sand which composes the most part of the way. Some parts of it are, however, interesting and agreeable; for instance, as far as the river *Damoor*, which is about half the way, the road to Sidon is a succession of little bays a few hundred yards wide, romantically enclosed by promontories on each end, mountains reaching higher and higher to the east, whilst the waves of the sea beat on the sandy beach. As you approach Bayroot, you have the scenery of the most beautiful portion of Lebanon to gaze upon. The distance is about eighteen miles, and generally takes eight hours to ride it.

On leaving Sidon, the traveller comes at once upon the remains of the ancient wall; an interesting thought crosses his mind; under it he sees hauled the small *feluccas* of the present Saida, and he thinks that here too, perhaps, in days of yore, the Phœnicians drew up their galleys. But this is only a thought; one, perhaps, that might call for a sigh in regard to the contrast. Braced by the morning breeze I galloped on the beach, the waves of the Mediterranean often washing the hoofs of my horse. To my right, extended the gardens of Sidon, groaning with luscious fruit, and impregnating the air with their fine smell. In about twenty minutes I crossed the river *Awaly*, a fordable stream, but which after great rains swells considerably, and obliges the tra-

veller to cross it by a small bridge a little higher up, said to have been built by *Fakr-ed-Deen*. Professor Robinson thinks this stream to be the ancient Bostrenus described by Dionysius Periegetes as the graceful river upon whose waters Sidon was situated. Hence, a road branches to the right, which leads the traveller up by a circuitous course to the deserted ruins of *Djoon*.

Perched on a jutting eminence, amid wild ridges, and overlooking deep chasms and picturesque glens, at three hours' distance from Sidon, and double as much from Bay-root, in an old convent, whose position and the gloomy blankness of its walls give the idea of a neglected fortress, with none near her save the ignorant villagers, lived and died the Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, Chatham's fiery grand-daughter—she whose early womanhood was spent in luxury and comfort, such as is common to the mansions of English nobility, resided here in the utmost misery and wretchedness; the furniture of her house was plain, and hardly was there a room in her establishment which was proof against leaking. Amid desolation rendered more desolate she lived—she who was brought up in the society of the most refined, whose conversational powers were by no means small, lived here a recluse of the most exclusive nature, not permitting (unless with a few exceptions) a European to visit her—she, whilst living under the roof of her uncle, the second Pitt, was the dispenser of much patronage, and sole secretary of state for the department of Treasury banquets, died here amid this desolation, unloved, uncared for, with no eye to weep for her, no mourner to follow her remains to the grave. None sang the death dirge of the English lady save the rolling billows of the Mediterranean, as they coursed and chased each other, or the fierce gusts of wind which ever and anon broke over the main.

As you pass this way, your guide, with a sort of mysterious awe which puzzles you, points with his finger to the desolate ruins on the hill, and whispers in your ear—"There, *ya Kawadga*, lived and died the English lady!" You ask, "What English lady?" He knows not: this thing he knows, that "an English lady of great wealth, whose gold was like the dust of the sea and the mire of the streets, lived there alone—the Desert Queen, the Prophetess of the Mountains."

Queen! Prophetess! Sibyl! What was she? Your guide is right, the English lady was all that. A granddaughter of the great Chatham, after the death of her uncle, the second Pitt, became disgusted with her own home, and left for the East. Twice was she shipwrecked, and twice did she lose her all; and it was only after wonderful perseverance that she found herself in the land of her adoption. At that time the country was not enlightened as now, ignorance and superstition reigned supremely. Very few Europeans were to be found there, and these few were settled here and there, "far between." The people had hardly got over the excitement of Sir Sydney Smith's exploits, when this English lady lands among them. They all at once concluded that she was a princess destined to reign over them. Her wealth and her munificence soon gained for her the loyalty of the Bedouins, who proclaimed her Queen of the Desert. Her majestic bearing, her dauntless bravery, and the rumours of her high and undefined rank, as also her wealth, well sustained her imperious character; and she might have remained to her death the *Queen of the Desert*, had she not taken it foolishly into her head to become a prophetess also.

Of her prophetic career I am very ignorant; indeed, I do not think she thoroughly comprehended her own

creed. Those who had access to her say, that there were times when she doubted her own mission; and again the spirit of the prophetess would kindle within her, and from mere common talk she would bound onward into loftier spheres of thought. She looked for the speedy coming of Messiah, and kept two mares ready caparisoned, on which no mortal had ever yet ridden, one for Him, and the other for herself, on which she intended they should make their triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

It is said that the Metawilé, when they heard of this freak of the English lady, attributed it to a religious prejudice similar to their own, which is that in expectation of the advent of the Messiah, whom they expect in the person of the twelfth Imam of his line, whom the Turks allege to have been slain in the battle of Karbela, in which he engaged with the Kaliph of Bagdad; but whom the Metawilé believe to have been transported to Arabia by the miraculous interposition of the Divinity, and from whence he is to return in triumph, to re-establish the race of the Imams on the throne, and to punish all who opposed him or his followers. When the expected Messiah does appear, they believe that he will assume the government of the whole world—that he will visit with the utmost dreadful punishments all who shall have denied him—and that he will render unto all true believers eternal happiness. Well, in expectation of his advent, the Metawilé keep horses, money, and clothing constantly in readiness for his arrival; and whatever is once set apart for this purpose, is held sacred for ever after, and cannot be used by any ordinary mortal. On hearing, therefore, of the freak of the English lady, and attributing it to the same religious sentiment, they concluded that she ought to be considered as one of them-

selves. A council was held; but after many pros and cons, the vote was unfavourable to the lady's election, because, as one of the chiefs asserted, she was *so excessively eccentric as to ride on one side of her horse, and not to wear trowsers*. This leads me to add, that the females of the East ride on horseback in the same way as the men.

Her ladyship was a great believer in astrology and magic. She used to say that the life of Ibrahim Pasha, who, in her estimation, was a bold, bad man, was charmed against balls and steel; and that, after a battle, he loosened the folds of his shawl, and shook out the bullets like dust. Her doctrine was, that every creature is governed by the star under whose influence it is born; and that every star has attached to it two aerial beings, two animals, two trees, two flowers, etc.; that is, a couple of all the grand classes in creation; animal, vegetable, mineral or etherial—whose sympathies and antipathies become congenial with the being under the same star. In illustration of this she gives the following story:—

“ I had a mule whose star was the same as mine; and, at the time of my severe illness, this mule showed as much sensibility about me, and more, than some of the beasts who wait on me. When that mule was first foaled I had given orders to sell the foal and its mother; but, happening to see it, I countermanded the order immediately. It received a hurt in its eye; and, when with my hand I applied some eye-water, with camphor in it—which, of course, made the eye smart—it never once turned the head away, or showed the least impatience of what I was doing. When this mule was dying, some years afterwards, she lay twenty-four hours, seeming, every moment, to be going to breathe her last; but still

life would not depart. They told me of this, and I went to the stable. The moment she saw me she turned her eyes upon me, gave an expressive look, and expired."

Of Napoleon, she said, that some can only do well under the guidance of another person's star; so long as he had Josephine by his side, he was lucky; but, when he cast her off, his good fortune left him.

But from this we gladly turn to her bravery. In that half-demented recluse, there beat the proud heart of an Englishwoman; she was brave and dauntless, and I cannot help mentioning, in connection with this, the following anecdote, related by her ladyship to Eothen.

It was when the heroic qualities of the Englishwoman were first beginning to be felt amongst the people of the desert, that she was marching one day along with the forces of the tribe to which she had allied herself. She perceived that the preparations for an engagement were going on, and upon making inquiry as to the cause, the Sheikh at first affected mystery and concealment, but at last confessed that war had been declared against his tribe, on account of its alliance with the English princess, and that they were now unfortunately about to be attacked by a very superior force; he made it appear that Lady Hester was the sole cause of hostility betwixt his tribe and the impending enemy, and that his sacred duty of protecting the Englishwoman whom he had admitted as his guest was the only obstacle which prevented an amicable settlement of the dispute. The Sheikh hinted that his tribe was likely to sustain an almost overwhelming blow, but at the same time declared that no fear of the consequences, however terrible to him and his whole people, should induce him to dream of abandoning his illustrious guest. The heroine instantly took her part; it

was not for her to be a source of danger to her friends, but rather to her enemies, so she resolved to turn away from the people and trust for help to none—save only her haughty self. The Sheikhs affected to dissuade her from so rash a course, and fairly told her that although they (having been freed from her presence) would be able to make good terms for themselves, yet that there were no means of allaying the hostility felt towards her, and that the whole face of the desert would be swept by the horsemen of her enemies so carefully as to make her escape into other districts almost impossible. The brave woman was not to be moved by terrors of this kind, and bidding farewell to the tribe which had honoured and protected her, she turned her horse's head and rode straight away without friend or follower. Hours had elapsed, and for some time she had been alone in the centre of the round horizon when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer—soon it was plain they were making towards her; and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant with their pointed spears. Her face at the time was covered with the Yashmak, according to Eastern usage, but at the moment when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in the stirrups, withdrew the yashmak that veiled the terrors of her countenance, waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried out with a loud voice, "*Avaunt!*" The horsemen recoiled from her glance, but not in terror. The threatening yells of the assailants were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration at the bravery of the stately Englishwoman, and festive gun-shots were fired on all

sides around her honoured head. The truth was, that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attack, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage. The day ended in a great feast prepared to do honour to the heroine; and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly.

But the last to be told is the most painful; she who was born amid luxury and plenty, and who guarded the reception-room of the lofty-minded British statesman, and who filled with wholesome awe the minds of those who frequented the saloons of the great ministers, died at last in the utmost poverty! Chatham's grand-daughter, the Queen of the Desert, the Prophetess of the Mountains! This is no romance of the last century—she died in 1837! And now you understand your guide's words, "*there, ya Kawadga, lived and died the English lady!*"

Shortly after crossing the *Awaly*, I caught up with the Belgian Consul of Bayroot, who was returning thither after having installed an agent in Sidon, a native of the place. With the exception of Alexandretta and Jaffa, the consular agents in the various petty towns of Syria are appointed by the consuls resident in the seat of the Pashalik. Acre is the only Pashalik whose consuls are native agents; Aleppo, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Bayroot have European consuls, appointed by their respective governments, and duly paid. The native agents receive no emolument; they are satisfied with the dignity which the hoisting of a European flag on the top of their houses affords them, and for the protection which they and their dependents enjoy therefrom. Bayroot is the seat of the various consul generals.

Accompanying the Belgian Consul of Bayroot was the native agent whom he had just installed, and various other persons, whom I shall thus introduce. First of all rode three *cavasses* (janissaries), with silver-topped canes (the badges of their office); after them came the consul, the new agent, and a bare-footed friar; behind them rode various relations of the new agent, who having become all protégés, now went forth to do honour to the occasion which made their relation a consular agent; and after them rode a bevy of servants. To an Englishman's eye, who may have often seen a consul or a vice-consul walking the streets of his native town without the slightest notice taken of him, he would be astonished to see a sight like the present; and the first impression on his mind would be, that this consul was some foreign prince travelling in the sultan's dominions.

I am here led to speak of the consular system in Turkey. It is with truth that I admit the stranger's impression on first seeing a European consul in the East, living amid the luxury and profusion of the East and West, riding Arabian horses, and rejoicing in London comforts and Paris adornments, and, when walking out, preceded licitor-wise by yataghaned cavasses, and followed by an immense retinue of dragomans, chancellors, etc., that he may be some foreign prince. But I will at once dispel the traveller's illusion: it is not so; he is *only* a consul, whose salary varies from 100*l.* to 600*l.* per annum. You are surprised at that; the necessary creature comforts of life are cheap; the best houses in the town could be hired for a great deal under a hundred pounds a year; and then most of this retinue receive no pay; they, like the consular agents, are satisfied with the

dignity and protection which their office affords them. This is the real secret of this great display.

But why is all this display necessary? It is not so in England, nor in any part of Europe; you walk in Italy and you see no such thing. I answer, that Turkey is not England. Let there be such a thing as a protection system in Europe, and the vice-consuls of the petty courts will stride the streets of capitals like potentates—that is the word, potentates—for such are the European consuls in the East; they are absolute and imperious, and share the government of the place with the Pasha. Were a Frenchman to quarrel with a Turk, he would not be called upon to answer for his conduct before the court of justice in that town; but his consul deals with him as he thinks proper, without the interference of the judicial authorities of the land; in fact, these last cannot reach foreign subjects or their protégés, the natives; for not only does the consul protect natives, but every foreign merchant, tailor, or cobbler, protects all those that are in his employ, and who for the time being are as much the subjects of his power as he himself may be.

Nor only is the consul a sort of potentate, but every subordinate officer of the consulate, down to the yata-ghaned cavass who struts before his master, is a kind of one. They, too, have their list of protégés, etc., enough to ensure for them the honours of royalty in miniature, as to reach a consul, you have to go through cavasses, chancellors, attachées, dragomans, etc.; so also to reach a dragoman, a chancellor, or a cavass, you have to go through another particular list; and each of them, I assure you, gentle reader, keeps his dignity well, though the salary of a chancellor may be no more than 60*l.* a year, and that of a cavass 20*l.*

This cannot but be destructive to the Turkish empire; it is an abuse which ought not to be tolerated. Were a Frenchman, or a Spaniard, or a Turk to be guilty of misdemeanour in London, I wonder where they would be taken to: to their consulate, or to the station-house? Would yonder policeman understand me if I was to say that I was a Frenchman, and that he dare not lay hold of me? Would he not laugh me to scorn for making such a silly remark? Then why should it be otherwise in Turkey? If she has such a good government, as some would have us believe, then why should not her judicial tribunals suffice for all those who sojourn in her territory? It looks to me like a virtual admission of her incapacity to rule, and hence an insult which would not be tolerated by the least of European powers.

Apart from this glaring insult, this system includes under it an evil, which is as inhuman as it is infamous. Every native *protégé*, be he protected by consul, dragoman, chancellor, *cavass*, merchant, tailor or shoemaker, might be a dead loss to the Turkish treasury for the moment he becomes a *protégé* he ceases to be a Turkish subject, were it not for an act which makes the poorer subject of the PORTE liable for this defalcation. Now, when we think of *one* consul and his host of *protégés*, directly and indirectly protected, and then think of the other consuls with their similarly long lists of those they protect, we will find, therefore, that the number of the subjects of the SUBLIME PORTE *in one town only*, who pay her no taxes, is considerable; and when we come to add the other towns of Syria, as also all others in the Turkish empire, we shall begin to have an idea of the enormous loss to the Sultan's treasury by this infamous *protection system*! But Turkey has no idea of losing this revenue; and seeing,

therefore, that foreign powers will protect her subjects, who are generally Christians—for very few Mahomedans care for it—she fixes before hand the amount of taxes to be collected from each sect, and looks to the patriarchs and bishops for it. Having done this, she takes it easily, leaving these men to extort what should have fallen upon the rich *protégés* from the less fortunate of their sect, who, generally speaking, are the poorest. This is an inhumanity for which the civilised West has to answer.

I do not say that the taxes of Turkey, if equitably divided, are heavy and insupportable, but I do say that the load is unequal—the poor man paying for the rich man—the consul's creature—as well as for himself.

Speak of TURKISH LOANS, and all that sort of humbug! Turkey would not require any loans if her taxes were equally allotted *and got at*. As it is, she cannot add more to the poor man's load; but were she to diminish that a little, and, heedless of the *protection system*, require every one of her subjects to pay his share, the result would be, that she has not only done a humane act to the poor man, but her revenue would receive a great increase, for the taxes paid by the *protégés* will be more than equivalent to the slight reduction in the taxes of her poorer subjects.

Before entering farther into this question, I must tell the reader what this tax consisted of. It was not only the general tax, but it was the *tribute money*, already referred to in these pages. Hence it will appear, that the poor man had not only to pay taxes for a rich defaulter, but also for his Christianity. The reader will observe, that I make a distinction between the general tax and the tribute money; this last, I am happy to say, has been abolished.

But this *protection system* is not only an insult to the Turkish empire, and inhuman in its consequences, but it is disastrous to the welfare of Turkey. It allows the interference of other powers in her domestic affairs, which cannot but be dangerous to her preservation and integrity. A Christian is severely handled; he runs for protection to his co-religionist consul; if he is a Greek, he would find a protector in the Russian consul; if he is a Roman Catholic, behold the French consul is no less eager to befriend him; the result is, these consuls being applied to, now interfere. Should Turkey refuse to accede to the consul's request, the hue and cry is at once shouted; a case of oppression is made out; an express envoy is despatched to the Turkish metropolis to seek redress, and make new demands of concession from her, which if she will not grant, she must abide by the consequences. I need hardly tell the reader that the present war is an indirect result of the self-same cause.

But some will tell us, that surely this protection system is a boon to the Christians. As a general thing I admit it; but I deny that it is the best way to improve Turkey. Rather than protect the people, oblige her to make good laws, and see that she carries them out. This, I think, would be a greater boon to the Christians.

This leads me to descend to the beginning of this system; and I ask, why need subjects of Turkey any protection? If their government is good, and its laws just, what would they have more? Is it that they should not pay taxes — they are afforded protection? Then I say is this downright fraud. But it is not in reality that; its origin was a protection against Moslem intolerance. The reader, to understand the sequel, must go back to

the history of Syria a few years ago, when the Mahomedan insulted the Christian with impunity. It is this which made the latter fly for protection; and once protected, he felt himself a man again. This is the boon which European protection affords. This is the secret of the whole matter.

The case, therefore, as I understand it, resolves itself into a purely religious question. The intolerance of Islamism caused in the first place the Christian to seek protection out of his own legitimate government; to do that, he had to be a nominal dependant of some consul or other. Turkey was too weak to prevent it; and since that day her troubles began. She found Europe continually meddling with her; the ambassador shared the government with the Sultan; the consul bullied the pasha, and, in fact, this became the source of all the ills to which the Turkish government has been heir to—breeding wars and rumours of wars. This it is which is undermining her, keeping England in a perpetual fever about the integrity of her *protégé* and ally.

Now surely some remedy should be devised to alter this state of things! England cannot always be making up the quarrels of Turkey, or lending her money, not to say anything of fighting for her; she ought, by a grand blow, to effect the regeneration of the Ottoman empire. There is no use in mincing the matter; the blood of thousands of Englishmen spilled at Sebastopol demand that the root of the evil should be struck at, and what is it?—*It is the demon barrier standing betwixt Islamism and Christianity which gives the upper hand to the most ignorant and the most degraded of the land.* Till that is broken, it is in vain to hope for a better state of things, or for a cessation of troubles on behalf of Turkey. And how can

that be done? Only by repealing the capital punishment to Moslems professing Christianity which will at once put them on the same footing with their Christian brethren. Then, the protection system will fall down to the ground of itself, Turkey will become necessarily stronger; for the affection of all her people will daily centre in her more and more. Her Christian subjects, now eligible to offices in her government, will no longer seek foreign protection, since it will debar them from having a share or interest in their own government. Foreign consuls will no longer walk the streets of Turkey like little potentates. Everything in due time will come to its own level, and Turkey will be saved. This is my only hope for Turkey; and I trust Englishmen will consider it *now*, for they have much at stake in common with the Christians of Syria. The integrity and consolidation of Turkey is an essential question to them.

At Nebi Yonas we stopped to breakfast. Here it is said the whale threw out Jonah, and the Moslems have erected a wely to that effect. After breakfast, I saw a poor woman weeping bitterly. On inquiring the cause of her sorrow, I learnt that she had just lost an only son: I tried to console her but it was in vain, she kept crying and rolling herself in the sand—poor creature! she reminded me of “Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted.” The wely is a small building with a white dome adjoining a house where are two upper chambers; in one of them I slept several years ago; a well is in front of the khan, where an old man is always seen begging money for the benefit of the wely. We were now at a distance of two hours and a half from Sidon.

At twelve o'clock, after a considerable halt in which

the agent and consul made their adieus (the former and his suite now returned to Sidon), we were in the saddle: our party was now reduced to four, the consul, two janissaries, and the author.

“Allons donc,” said the consul.

“All right,” said I.

We put spurs to our horses. A mile hence we came on the site of the ancient city of Porphyreon. There are hardly any remains of this city left. Making the best of our way over a promontory, we arrived at one o'clock on the banks of the river Damoor, the ancient Tamyrys, where history records a battle between Antiochus the Great and Ptolemy two hundred and eighteen years before CHRIST. One hour's gallop brought us to Khan Khaldé, where the traveller sees the remains of an ancient city, and also parts of a Roman road. Hence there are two roads to Bayroot, one to the left by a series of sandy hillocks, and another by a grove of olive trees. We chose the latter. Here Lebanon, which rises immediately to your right higher and higher, till its snowy head meets the skies, now assumes a beautiful aspect; it projects and retreats gracefully, revealing many a village and vale on its sides. This is the most populous part of it, and hence it is studded with villages, and the traveller could see many in one glance of his eye. Shwaifat, Baabda, Haded, Kefr Shema, etc., lay on its lower regions; while high above them, standing almost in a row, were the villages of Mar Girgis, Aitat, Shemlan, Ainat, Ananoob, and others.

We rode on through the olive grove, and then through the forest of pine-trees planted by Fakr-ed-Deen; galloped down through a series of gardens, entered by Bab

Yakob, and at four o'clock I dismounted at the door of Mr. Heald's office.

"Any letters for me, Mr. Heald?"

"A drawer full!" was the answer.

These I got, and here I will end this chapter; but before doing so, I will inform the reader that the legitimate ride from Bayroot to Sidon occupies eight or nine hours. And now for my letters!

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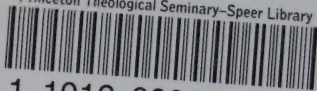
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